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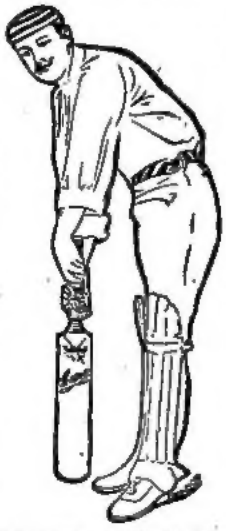

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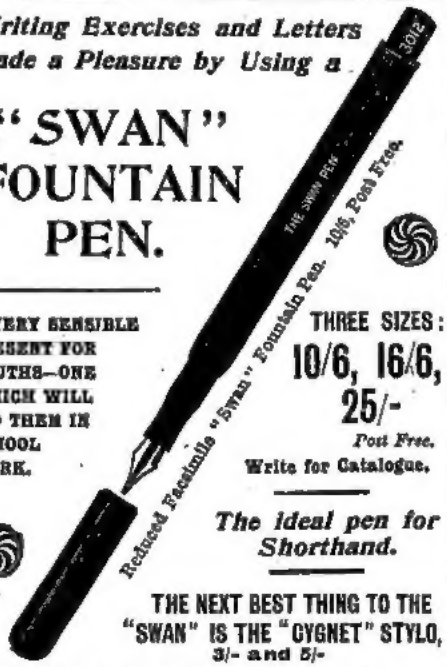

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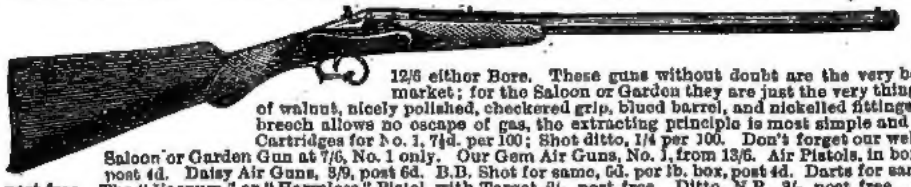

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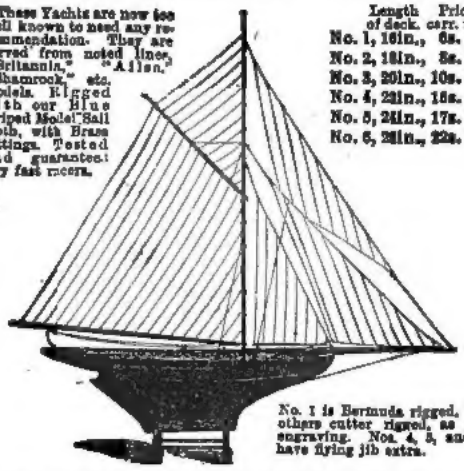

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Contents for July, 1900.

		PAGE
PUZZLE: "DESCRIPTION OF KRUGER"	*Back of Frontispiece*	
FORT No. 12 AT THE MODDER RIVER	*Frontispiece*	
KODAK PHOTOGRAPHY IN PEACE AND WAR With Illustrations taken in South Africa, etc.	C. G. PAUL	291
SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS... BRISTOL GRAMMAR SCHOOL; ASHVILLE COLLEGE, HARROGATE; BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL; ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL, HARPENDEN; FELSTED SCHOOL.		298
A BIT OF LUCK Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF	299
"THE CAPTAIN" PUZZLE CORNER	"SPHINX"	303
HOW TO BOWL (WITH PHOTOS OF M. A. NOBLE AND A. MOLD) AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	C. B. FRY	304
ACTON'S FEUD. (CHAPTERS XI.—XIII.) Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	FRED. SWAINSON	307
HOW RAILWAY SIGNALS ARE WORKED With Photographs and Diagrams.	J. A. KAY	319
THE GUNS THAT JACK BROUGHT Illustrated by G. M. DODSHON.	J. W. JOSEPH	324
DESBOROUGH AGAIN Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	H. ST. JOHN SEAMER	326
SOME PUBLIC SCHOOL LONG JUMP RECORDS		330
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (WAR STAMP ISSUES.) With Illustrations.	H. M. GOOCH	331
"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION." (MARK TAPLEY.)	P. A. CURLY	333
HOW SPARKES "BAGGED" A TIGER Illustrated by J. LITTLER.	H. HERVEY	334
THE THREE SCOUTS. (CHAPTERS XIII.—XVI.) Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	FRED. WHISHAW	244
OUR LIBRARY CORNER		350
THE FREE WHEEL With Illustrations.	HAYDON PERRY	351
LETTER TO YE OLDE FAGGE	EYED AWRY	355
THREE WHITE MICE Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.	W. M. ELKINGTON	356
A REAL MINING EXPERIENCE Illustrated by AYTON SYMINGTON.	WALTER ROBERTS	361
THE AMERICAN'S REVENGE Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.	EUGÈNE MOUTON	365
SOME SCHOOL FOOTBALL RESULTS		374
DRESS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS		375
SPECIAL PAGES	CONTRIBUTED BY READERS	376
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY		379
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL		380
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		382
RESULTS OF MAY COMPETITIONS		384

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CONTENTS.

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"DESCRIPTION OF KRUGER."

THE "Old Fag" had an appointment to dine with President Kruger when he was over in this country some twenty years ago. The "Old Fag" kept the appointment at a certain restaurant, but President Kruger didn't turn up. The "Old Fag" had to keep another appointment later on, and so, as the waiter did not know President Kruger by appearance, the "Old Fag" described the President to him. Now it is not a very easy matter sometimes to describe people, so this competition is as follows:—

Three Half Sovereigns will be awarded for the three best descriptions of President Kruger, of a kind that would impress themselves on the mind of a waiter having a great many other things to think of. Write as clearly as possible, and make your descriptions as short as possible. Only post-cards should be sent.

CLASS I. ... ... (Open to Everybody).
CLASS II. ... ... (Age limit: Twenty-one).
CLASS III. ... ... (Age limit: Fifteen).

Post-cards should be addressed: "KRUGER COMPETITION," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C., and should reach us *not later than July 12th.*

FORT NO. 12 AT THE MODDER RIVER.

The picket manning the fort was a company of Scots Guards under command of Captain R. N. W. Larking. From a snapshot by Mr. H. C. Shelley.

By permission of the "King"

Kodak Photography in PEACE AND WAR

A "P. K." PICTURE.

SO rapid have been the strides with which photography has taken its place as one of the foremost means of pictorial illustration, and so improved are the methods of photographic reproduction, that in the recording of the present war photography is playing an important part, and is a most keen rival to the war-artist in portraying scenes at the front. Indeed, some have said that it supersedes the war-artist by rendering a more truthful picture of the movements of our forces and the camp-life of our troops. This may be so to a certain extent; but for actual battle-pictures the war-artist holds his own—snapping being impossible within the zone of fire, owing to the probability of the photographer himself being "sniped" by some Boer sharpshooters.

THE MODERN GALLEY SLAVE.
A snapshot of the ship's cook on the deck of a steamer.

An enterprising Parisian photographer endeavoured to manufacture some photos of the actual fighting. He engaged a number of "supers," dressed them up to represent the rival combatants, provided the necessary smoke, etc., and when the films were finished for production on the cinematograph, described the action as "The Boers driving back the British," or "The British beating off the Boers," according to the pro- or anti-Boer sympathies of his audience. This is the nearest approach to photographic illustration of the actual fighting we have heard of—and a very convenient one, too!

Some months ago, at a lantern lecture given in a continental city, a slide was thrown on the screen as representing "A commando of Burghers leaving for the Front," but this was recognised by an Englishman in the audience as a picture of the New South Wales Lancers in the Diamond Jubilee procession! It is said "photography cannot lie." It can—but in neither of the above cases did it.

Conspicuous amongst the cameras taken to the front by the officers themselves were to be seen the Eastman Kodaks, in their neat khaki

THE IDLERS.
A remarkably well focussed picture, giving good distance definition

cases. Probably the reason for so extensive a patronage of this particular camera is, no doubt, the fact of its great adaptability to circumstances — there being no need of a dark room for loading purposes, thanks to the daylight cartridge system of filling this instrument - added to which there is the convenient "postability" of the exposed films to this country for development.

The war pictures illustrating this article were taken by Mr. Charles Shelley, special correspondent of the *King*, with a Folding Pocket Kodak, the films being posted in little boxes to London to be finished off and enlarged. Mr. Shelley is also provided with that most marvellous production of modern science, the "Telephoto" lens, a combination of the telescope with the ordinary photographic lens, with which, when used in conjunction with his Kodak, he is able to photograph objects at a distance of over a quarter of a mile, thus obtaining pictures which it would otherwise be impossible to secure.

This is the latest departure in the history of illustrated journalism, and gives us yet another glimpse of the possibilities of the future of photography — an invention by means of which it is possible to record on a sensitive plate events which take place almost out of sight of the naked eye; an innovation which owes its inception to Mr. J. H. Dallmeyer.

We recently had the pleasure of an interview with an official of the "Kodak" company, to whom our best thanks are due for permitting us to reproduce the accompanying "peace" pictures—all the work of amateurs — in the course of which we were shown some of the "kodakgraphs" taken by officers with our troops in South Africa. Particular interest attaches to a set of films exposed by an officer of the Royal Irish Rifles,

OUTWARD BOUND.
An excellent shot, giving good atmosphere.

WITH GENERAL FRENCH AT RENSBURG.
A snapshot of Boer prisoners on the way to visit the grave of a comrade.
By permission of the "King."

with one of which there is connected a most touching story. It was a photograph of a group of Lord Methuen's wounded, after the action at Belmont. One of the men in the front row held in one hand a Queen's chocolate box: in the other a Mauser bullet On closer examination we observed a hole in the chocolate box, tearing it almost from end to end. "Tommy" had carried his royal new year's gift in his haversack while on the march, when they were surprised by a party of Boers, and during the action which ensued he was shot, and had it not been for the presence of the chocolate box the bullet would have penetrated his thigh and maimed him for life, if not have given him his death-wound.

Another picture shows a party of British cavalry halting for a rest, and the look on the men's faces of intense strain and eager anticipation of a trap is startling to behold. On the horizon there is visible a scout spying the country for Boer entrenchments, which in the mountains beyond the puffs of smoke from the enemy's artillery are clearly to be seen.

THE THREE TOMMIES.
A snapshot taken before the war in the Transvaal.

Interesting, also, was the "snap" of the head quarters of the Royal Irish Rifles, which shows only too well that war is not all beer and skittles. Some of the officers were sitting on empty ammunition cases, writing, using other cases as tables; while others were actually utilising as seats great stones, which were in readiness to build a redoubt in the event of an attack.

No doubt after the war is over—and at the time of writing this period does not appear to be very far distant—we shall

THE SIXTH DIVISION, UNDER GENERAL KELLA BEASY, MARCHES INTO BASINGSTOKE ON THE MORNING OF MARCH 13TH, AFTER HAVING COVERED FORTY MILES IN TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS

By permission of the "King."

THIS EXTRAORDINARY SNAPSHOT WAS TAKEN FROM THE WAR BALLOON AT MODDER RIVER. THE SANDY NATURE OF THE GROUND WHERE OUR MEN WERE FIGHTING, THE RUTS MADE BY WAGGON WHEELS, AND THE PRINTS OF THOUSANDS OF HORSES' HOOFS, ARE PLAINLY SHOWN.

By permission of the "King"

be treated to no end of books by military officers; then, perhaps, we shall get a glimpse of pictures the film negatives of which will become family heirlooms on account of their having been exposed "under fire."

Of the pleasures of "Kodaking" in the piping times of peace little need be written, except to remark on the astounding universality of the Kodak, the great facilities it offers to tourists, by means of the assured ability of purchasing spools of film in almost all the large cities of the world -so world-wide is its sale. Wherever you may be—on the continent or at the antipodes, you need never be afraid of having to deny yourself a shot at any particular object of interest you may wish to bring away as a *souvenir* of a trip in lands afar. We should not be surprised to hear that when the North Pole is discovered "Kodak" will have a winter palace there in the shape of a depôt. Anyhow, we know for a fact that some of their film has been to the Antarctic regions — with Captain Borchgrevink in the *Southern Cross*.

MR. H. C. SHELLEY, THE WAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE "KING," TAKES IT EASY AFTER LUNCH.

From a snapshot.

No two pastimes combine more harmoniously than photography and cycling. While

THE WHIPPER-IN

A fine snapshot taken in frosty weather

cycling is an excellent exercise, photography is an interesting and instructive hobby, and the two go well together—the one helping the other. What better companion could one have when on a cycling tour than a camera? For the cyclist-photographer Kodaks are specially adapted, as, being very light and compact, they may easily be carried awheel in special dust-proof cases, which are fitted with springs inside, thereby absorbing all vibration and preventing breakages as might be the case with glass plates, while the spools of film may be changed by the roadside, without having recourse to a dark room—another distinct advantage.

In conclusion, just a few words about where, and the conditions under which Kodaks are manufactured. The factory of "Kodak Ltd.," the largest and best equipped of its kind in the world, is at Rochester, New York, U.S.A. It is built on the mill-construction, or "slow-burning," plan divided by a fireproof section, and possessing two complete power plants, so that, in the event of fire, the manufacture of Kodaks would not be stopped for a single day.

There is another building, a short way out of the city, known as Kodak Park a place essentially free from dust and smoke, where it is possible to turn out photographic materials absolutely free from that *bête noir*, dirt. It is here, in a building no less complete in all its appointments than that in the city itself, that the films, bromide papers, etc., are manufactured.

In addition to the regular goods elevators, there are two fast passenger elevators, or "lifts," while on each floor there are fire-proof vaults, in which are stored valuable tools; and the building is cooled in summer and heated in winter by the "blower" system, which also acts as a ventilator.

The output of film, universal as amateur photography is, is almost incredible, considerably over 150 miles of Kodak film being made in a week, while that of bromide paper, of cabinet width, exceeds 105 miles during the same period.

In order that this may be accomplished, over five acres of floor space are necessary, and for the proper distribution of the motive force no less than seventy-five electric motors are required.

The making of sensitised photographic material is so difficult a process that absolute control over the atmospheric conditions is necessary. Wherefore, in Kodak Park Factory, in addition to the elaborate heating machines for warming, there are two ice machines for cooling the air; so that, although the thermo-

G COMPANY, 1ST BATTALION, SCOTS GUARDS

This company took part in the four battles of Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, and Magersfontein. This photograph shows Captain Charles Sergison in front of his men at Modder River

By permission of the "King

meter outside may be registering 100degs. Fahr., it is an easy matter to keep the temperature of the coating rooms below freezing point.

THIS IS WHAT THE BOERS WOULD HAVE FOUND HAD THEY ATTACKED THE FORT AT MODDER RIVER CAMP.

By permission of the "King."

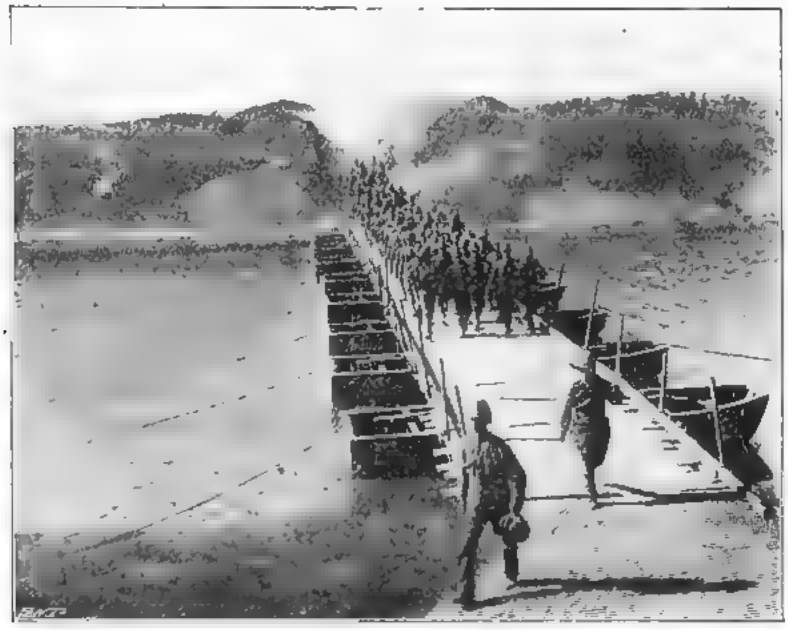
The combined factories give employment to over 1,800 people, of whom more than one hundred are required in the offices alone, so enormous is the correspondence of this vast establishment.

There is also a very large Kodak factory at Harrow, Middlesex, but its output is not nearly enough to meet the continental demand, and so the greater part of Kodaks and their accessories are still supplied from the "other side."

One cannot help remarking on the wonderful growth of the Kodak. We distinctly remember when the familiar Kodak was put on the English market some eight years ago. Since then we have watched the influx of new and improved varieties, until at last we have no less than eighteen distinct patterns of this facile instrument, varying in price from five shillings to seven guineas.

Truly an astounding outcome of the firm's motto—"*You press the button, and we do the rest.*"

C. G. PAUL.



PICQUET CROSSING PONTOON BRIDGE OVER MODDER RIVER.

By permission of the "King."

SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS

BRISTOL GRAMMAR SCHOOL

ASHVILLE COLLEGE HARROGATE

BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL

ST GEORGE'S SCHOOL HARPENDEN

FELSTED SCHOOL

A BIT OF LUCK.

By Bella Sidney Woolf.

Author of "Jerry and Joe," "My Nightingale," "Miss Almira Muggins," etc.

"SOME day I may even be Lord Chancellor," concluded Hugh Rawlinson, and he waved his hand majestically.

Timmins, his friend and admirer, was much impressed. In fact, Hugh never failed to impress Timmins. Handsome, clever, and ambitious, Hugh was just the sort of fellow to be worshipped by a lank, retiring boy like Timmins, who never did himself the little justice he might have been accorded, and who hadn't an atom of "pushfulness" in him, so that he was, of course, jostled by his little world—the school-world of Devonshire House. You must do some elbowing in life if you want to get on—it's a painful fact, but true.

Hugh had a great liking for Timmins, not only (in justice to Hugh be it said) because of the lank one's undisguised admiration of his noble self, but because Timmins was ignored and scoffed at by "the other chaps." The oppressed was always sure of finding a partisan in Hugh.

"Well, I hope you'll remember me," sighed Timmins, "when you're on the—what do they call it?—woolsack, isn't it? You *are* lucky, Hugh! I wish I had your chances. Fancy being stuck to adding up figures all the days of one's life!"

Timmins was destined to become a clerk in an uncle's office. It was considered a great chance for Timmins, for he would certainly never choose anything for himself.

"It won't be as bad as all that, Tim," said Hugh, laughing. "You don't think business is figures, and nothing but figures? Besides, what *would* you like to be?"

"I don't think I know," replied Timmins, limply. "But, you know, you *are* a lucky chap, Hugh!"

"Think so?" said Hugh. "I suppose I am."

There could be no doubt of it at that moment. The only son of a distinguished doctor, gifted, good-looking, Hugh had just secured a foundation scholarship at Eton, which was to be the stepping-stone to Oxford, and eventually the Bar—his chosen profession from a very early age. Life seemed to open up flowery paths to him.

"Still, you know, Tim," Hugh went on, "luck *may* change. It's no use hallooing till you are out of the wood, and some Greek josser said it's no use calling a man lucky till he's dead and you can see how he finished up."

To this masterly exposition of Solon's philosophy Timmins listened with becoming deference, but apparently with little conviction. Timmins would have preferred a pleasant present, and would have been content to let the future take care of itself. Hugh proposed that it was a pity to waste a "half" indoors, and they sallied out.

Hugh's words were prophetic. That very evening a telegram arrived for him, saying that his father had lost his life in a railway accident, when on his way to a case in the provinces, and summoning him home. The blow seemed too great to realise. Dazed and stunned, Hugh left Devonshire House, the last picture impressed on his mind being Timmins' pale face, full of sympathy and affection for the friend on whose "luck" he had been dilating. Those "old Greek jossers" knew what they were talking about, thought Hugh dully, as the train rushed towards his home.

* * * * *

"Isn't it dreadful, Hugh?"

"Yes, mother, it is, but"—(Hugh's voice was suspiciously husky)—"but we must put a brave face on it"—and his arm stole round his mother's neck. How pale and delicate she looked in her sombre black!

"But, Hugh, dearest, do you understand what it means?"

"I—I think so, mother. I shall give up my school, I suppose—and——"

"Oh, Hughie!"

Hugh struggled on bravely.

"And—and look out for some work. I must look after *you* now, mother."

"My little Hugh—my brave boy—my darling!"

And then Hugh did forget his fourteen years and the restraint he had put on himself, and

IT WAS NO EASY MATTER FOR A BOY OF FOURTEEN TO FIND A CLERKSHIP.

broke down. No one—not one of the boys of Devonshire House—would have considered such tears as "babyish," for poor Hugh's ambitions had been swept away. After his father's death it was found that he had been swindled by his solicitor. Dr. Rawlinson had been so busy a man that he had left all his affairs in his solicitor's hands, with the dire result that Mrs. Rawlinson and her boy found themselves almost penniless.

Mrs. Rawlinson's sister insisted on doing what she could for them; but Hugh and his mother were very proud, and determined to struggle on through their own exertions.

Friends had endeavoured to persuade Mrs. Rawlinson to allow them to bear the burden of Hugh's Eton life; but she reasoned—and Hugh, too—that it would be wrong for him to go to Eton if he had no prospects of living up to it afterwards.

"I must begin to help my mother," Hugh replied, firmly.

The Rawlinsons had no relations save Mrs. Rawlinson's one sister and a brother of Dr. Rawlinson's, with whom he had had a dispute years and years ago—a dispute which had never been made up. Therefore Hugh had no family influence, and he saw that the city life Timmins

so much dreaded was to be his after all. What it cost the boy to give up his dreams, his scholarship of which he had been so proud—everything—none knew. There are more heroic deeds suffered in silence than proclaimed to the world.

One wet March day Hugh set out in search of employment. It was a bitter trial. His mother watched him till the corner hid him from view, and she guessed what it cost him to look back at her and smile. She turned away with a sigh from the window of the dreary apartments in which they now lived—such a contrast to their lovely home!—and set to work on the painting she was commissioned to do. Hugh had been told of an opening in a business by a friend, and he had a letter of recommendation in his pocket. It was no easy matter for a boy of fourteen to find a clerkship.

Never, it seemed to Hugh, had London looked so grey and hopeless as on that rainy, windy day. He tried to build up castles in the air, but the mud, the clang of the traffic, and the dripping umbrellas shattered them. It was impossible to feel a Dick Whittington in such weather.

Hugh boarded a 'bus, and after a long and weary ride, varied only by the entrance and exit of damp passengers, and their still damper umbrellas, he at last found himself at the Bank. He soon discovered Cornhill, where the gentleman to whom he had an introduction had his offices. His heart sank as he marched in at a door marked "office," flanked by another one marked "private." Behind those glass doors lay his fate. Several clerks were bending busily over desks. They looked up as Hugh entered, and eventually one of them—a pale young man with an abnormal stretch of collar—lounged over to him, and lifted his eyebrows interrogatively.

"Can I see Mr. Hardwick?"

"He's engaged at present. Who d'you come from?"

"I have a letter from Sir George Darlington."

"Oh!" The clerk's expression changed in a remarkable manner. "Oh, from Sir George Darlington. I'll take it in to Mr. Hardwick, and no doubt he'll see you."

Hugh sat down and waited, while the pale clerk tapped at a door to the left, and, on a response from within, disappeared behind it. The moments seemed interminable. At last the pale one reappeared, and said:—

"Mr. Hardwick will see you in five minutes."

Hugh's courage seemed suddenly to evaporate, and his knees felt as if they were made of cotton-wool. When the hands of the clock had registered five minutes, Mr. Hardwick's door opened.

"Let the boy come in."

And the boy went in, and found himself in the presence of two gentlemen. The one who was sitting at a writing-table, and whom Hugh supposed to be Mr. Hardwick, told him to sit down, and said:—

"I shall be glad to do what I can for anyone sent by my friend Darlington. He says that you will tell me about yourself. I knew your father by name—a clever man—a dreadful loss to you."

These words almost unnerved poor Hugh, but he sat down and said "Yes," in a low tone. He hardly glanced at the other gentleman, so that he did not notice how keenly he was being observed from under the bushy eyebrows.

"Darlington says you want something to do; but surely you are too young to leave school?"

"I was going to Eton, sir. In fact, I had taken a scholarship there, but things—things are different now, and I must work for my mother." There was a quiver round Hugh's mouth, which he struggled manfully to control.

"What had you intended to do if you had gone to Eton?"

"I wanted to go to the Bar—I have wanted to for years, but——"

"You must have begun early, then," said Mr. Hardwick, jocularly, trying to spare the boy. "It was very good of you to give up your scholarship."

"There was no goodness about it; anyone would have done the same," replied Hugh.

"Did no one come forward to help you?"

The question made Hugh wince.

"We do not want help from strangers," he said, quietly, but proudly.

The other gentleman, who sat silent in the shadow, might have been seen to nod approval.

"Well, Rawlinson, of course you have had no experience, and Eton scholarships are fine things, but, you see, they aren't what I deal in."

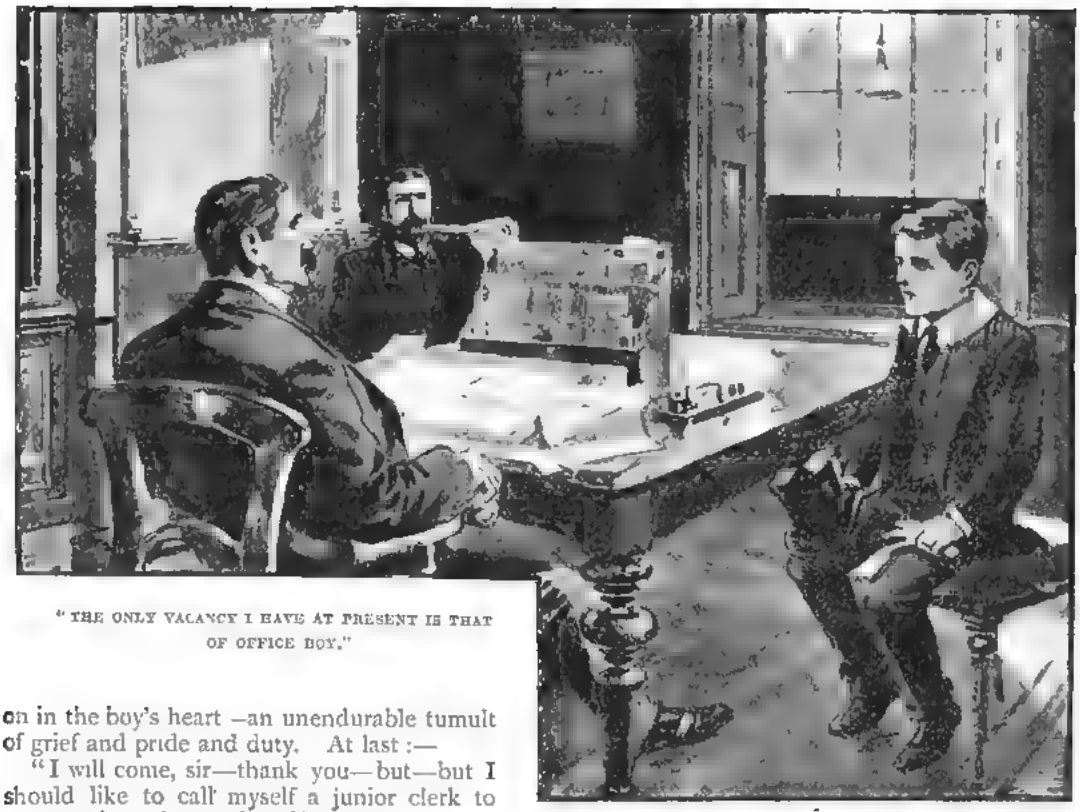
"No, sir." Hugh's spirits were sinking lower and lower.

"But you would be willing to take any post I might offer you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the only vacancy I have at present is that of office-boy, but I do not think that anyone would offer you a better one at your present age. The salary is ten shillings a week, but as soon as I see you are worth your salt, I shall make you junior clerk and take another boy. And remember, it never hurts to begin at the bottom rung."

The two men watched Hugh's face. They could read the sharp struggle which was going



"THE ONLY VACANCY I HAVE AT PRESENT IS THAT OF OFFICE BOY."

on in the boy's heart —an unendurable tumult of grief and pride and duty. At last :—

"I will come, sir—thank you—but—but I should like to call myself a junior clerk to —to mother—just at first, if I may?"

The two men glanced swiftly at each other.

"Of course—of course," said Mr. Hardwick, taking off his glasses, which had become unaccountably dim. "Then I shall expect you on Monday, nine o'clock sharp. Good-day."

And in a few moments, bewildered and despairing, Hugh found himself in Cornhill, jostled hither and thither by the passers-by. He pulled himself together and walked towards the Bank. Could it be true? Was he dreaming? A hideous dream! An office boy! An office boy!

But when he was seated once more in the 'bus his thoughts flew to his mother, and he felt that he ought to be grateful for this "small mercy," perhaps. Everyone said it was so difficult to get on nowadays, and that fifty people were clamouring for one post. He must make the best of it and trust to good fortune.

When he came home he told his mother the result of his interview, with as bright a face as he could manage to adopt, and her pleasure at his brightness and at the "junior clerkship," as she called it, was in itself a reward. By bedtime Hugh was a partner already in imagination, and living at a lovely place in the country with his mother. But it was when Hugh reached his own room that he gave way and flung himself upon the bed in an agony of grief.

The next morning two letters lay on the breakfast table—one was for Mrs. Rawlinson, the other for Hugh, from Timmins. Hugh was deep in the intricacies of Timmins' letter, which was not distinguished for penmanship, style, or spelling, and had just made out that: "We're having a rotten term. Old Budge is down on you like a ton of bricks. He won't let Briggs keep his doormice any more, because one got out and old Budge found it in his boot. Briggs is jolly sick and swears ——"

"Oh, Hugh," from Mrs. Rawlinson, "read this!"

She was very pale and the letter shook in her outstretched hand. Hugh flew to her.

"What is it, mother!"

"Read that, dear! It's nothing — I'm not ill."

Hugh took the letter and read the following, written in cramped, old-fashioned handwriting:

Cherton Court,
25th March, 1900.

DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW (I've forgotten your name, so you must excuse me),—You will be surprised to hear from me

after all these years, as surprised as I am to find myself writing to you. The fact is I wanted to patch up the old quarrel for many a year, but we Rawlinsons are obstinate dogs, and the opportunity never came. Now it is too late, in one way. But chance threw me across your boy's path yesterday. He little knew that it was his uncle who was present at his interview with Mr. Hardwick. When the note came in and I heard the name I pricked up my ears, and said, "I'll stay and see him." Then I plotted with Hardwick. Your boy, no doubt, misjudged him. I made him ask those somewhat brutal questions to test the metal. He's a fine fellow—your boy, and you must be proud of him. I know he told you that he was engaged as junior clerk. This was only to spare your feelings. He took a place as office boy. He's—well, bless me, ma'am, I can't write any more! I'm coming to see you almost as soon as you read this letter, and you must try and find a little affection—both of you—for a crusty old man, whose temper has been his worst enemy.—Your obedient servant,

THOMAS RAWLINSON.

The above will serve as a guide to the fact that you will find Hugh amongst the oppidans at Eton, and that Cheriton Court is no longer tenanted by a solitary old bachelor.

"It was a bit of luck," said Timmins, gazing admiringly over Cheriton Park one sunny day in the Easter holidays.

Yes, but not all luck, Master Timmins.

"THE CAPTAIN" PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY HENRY E. DUDENEY ("SPHINX").

SOLUTIONS.

(1) **"Blacks" and "Whites" Puzzle.**—The point of this puzzle was to select the smallest number that would "count out" the greatest possible number of "Whites." As a matter of fact it is possible to count out *all* the "Whites," and the smallest number that will admit of our doing this is 322. But it is necessary that we should start at the right boy and go in the right direction, or we may find that we have instead counted out all the "Blacks." Referring to the original illustration in our May issue, you must start at the boy in flannels who is standing third from the spectator—the one on the extreme right of the picture with his hands in his pockets—calling him 1. And you must go in the same direction as the hand of a clock, supposing the ring of boys to be the numbers round a clock face. It is not necessary to count the full 322 every time, for it is a mere question of remainders. Thus, there are 12 boys at the start and, as we say, "12 will go 26 times in 322, with 10 remainder;" therefore, 26 times round will bring us to the point we set out from and we need only count 10. The first boy to fall out is thus the tenth—the "White" at the top of the picture with his right hand extended. Now there are only 11 boys left, and "11 will go 29 times in 322, with 3 remainder." Count 3 from the "White" next to the one who fell out, and the second boy to retire is the one at whom we began our count. As the remainder after dividing 322 by 10 is 2, the next to fall out is the boy nearest to us in the picture; and so on until all the 6 "Whites" are counted out.

(2) **The Seven Money-Boxes.**—On February 24th, 1901, the boy will have for the first time to deposit one penny in every one of his seven money-boxes, and he will find that he has amassed the sum of £4 10s. 9d. by his peculiar method of thrift.

(3) **The Cornish Fishermen.** — One of the men received his nine gallons of wine in the hogshead.

PRIZE AWARDS.—Though a very large number sent solutions to Nos. 2 and 3, which were quite easy, only one competitor gave the correct answer to No. 1, the "Blacks" and "Whites." This was in Class I., and the prize of 7s. has therefore been awarded to P. A. ALDRIDGE, 26, Beechfield Terrace, Lancaster. M. H. McSweeney also gave the correct answer. In Class II. several sent the number 27,720 (starting with the "Black" next to the "White" at the bottom of the picture and going clockwise, or starting at the "Black" at the top of the picture and going in the opposite direction), which will count out all the "Whites," but is not the smallest, and therefore correct answer. The 7s. will be sent to one of these, R. H. WILSON, 167, Moseley Road, Birmingham. The only competitor in Class III. who counted out all the "Whites" with any number (he also used 27,720) was H. MCCROSSAN, 39, East Beach, Lytham, to whom will be forwarded the remaining sum of 7s. I may just mention that though 322 is the correct answer, as being the smallest possible number that will count out all the "Whites," there are an infinite number of higher numbers that will do it, and several competitors in Class I. sent correct numbers between 322 and 27,720, and some higher numbers than the last.

HOW TO BOWL.

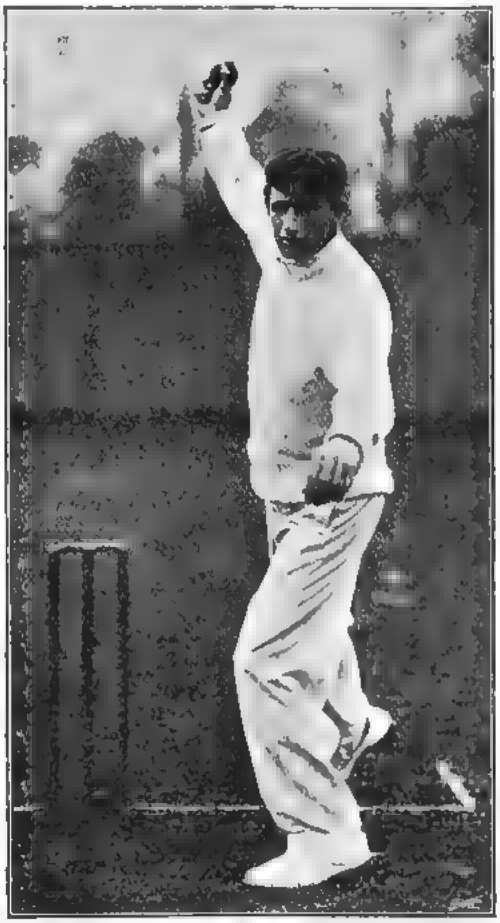
By C. B. Fry.

I.

YOU wish to become a bowler? Very well, then, you must be prepared to take some trouble. The same old story, I know—I daresay you are tired of it—but, in simple truth, you cannot wriggle, glide, slide, or jump into success—you must work for it. In bowling, as elsewhere, inferiority consists of those who have little talent and take no troubles; superiority, of those who have much talent and improve it by a considerable deal of work, and those who with little or moderate talent take an infinite deal of pains; superfinity, of those with great ability who take great trouble.

You cannot obtain natural ability: this is yours — or not — as a birthright. But observe that how far you win towards the degree of excellence of which you are capable, depends upon the amount of trouble you take; so, in all circumstances, you may regard it as a solemn fact that in order to succeed you must work.

A dry and unenthusiastic aspect of your case? —not so, if you are a true-hearted cricketer; for then the patient and persevering practice you must undertake—which to the lesser soul seems drudgery—to you will be full of interest and pleasure.



M. A. NOBLE.
"A swerver."
From "The Book of Cricket."

II.

Beware of bowlomania—a prevalent disease, of which the most virulent form is an overweening desire to be put on, complicated by a strong distaste for taking steps to become qualified. It is an intermittent fever: it rarely breaks out on practice days, at the nets, or even in practice games, but appears frequently in matches. Good bowlers suffer from a milder form of the disease—a desire to go on to bowl, or to continue bowling, regardless of circumstances and the interests of their side.

A keen, young bowler should beware of hatching, or catching the epidemic. The best preventative is a knowledge of the game, which, as heretofore explained, may be gained by observation and intelligence.

III.

A would-be bowler may save himself an infinite amount of waste in time and trouble, and may greatly facilitate his progress towards success, by finding out what good bowling is — in a word, what points to aim at, and what methods to pursue. For, as S. M. J. Woods once said: "A cove isn't bowling just because he is sending down five balls an over."

Were it not that I am continually — almost by every post—receiving inquiries betraying complete ignorance of the most elementary points of the game, I would not repeat the advice given over and over again — read the best books on cricket. And, ye bowlers, read the chapters on bowling in (1) Ranjitsinhji's "Jubilee Book of Cricket," (2) The Badminton Library, "Cricket," Vol. II., (3) W. G. Grace's "Cricket." These state and explain almost every point. Anyone who does not possess, and does not want to buy these books, can obtain them from a library. If you do not take the trouble to avail yourself of information of this kind, you do not deserve to succeed. How can you do a thing without knowing what it is you have to do? How can you learn to bowl without knowing what bowling is, and what points to aim at? But, of

course, it is no good merely reading instructions —you must also do your very best to put them into practice. Having obtained knowledge, you must endeavour to translate it—*viâ* practice—into power.

IV.

Here are the elements of bowling as stated by "W. G.": Bowl straight; bowl a good length.

V.

You will often hear bowling described slightingly as "only plain, straight, good-length stuff," the implication being that it is easy to play. Why, then, are straightness and good length so fundamentally requisite? For this reason, my friend. Though a good batsman finds bowling that is merely straight and good length quite easy to play, yet straightness and good length, properly understood, are the essential points in bowling, without which, as a foundation, all the other qualities and artifices that make bowling difficult go for naught. No one can be a good shot unless he can hold his weapon steady. Accuracy in judging distance, windage, and light, a knowledge of his rifle, and all other qualities required in a rifleman go for nothing if he cannot hold steady; yet the mere power to hold steady, though essential, is only a small part of marksmanship. So with bowling—deceptive flight, change of pace, a big break, etc., are ineffectual save as supplementary to a power of bowling straight and a good length.

A. MOLD.
"Third man right back for Mr. Ranji."
From "The Book of Cricket."

VI.

How are you to learn to bowl straight and a good length?

First, understand that the word "straight" as applied to bowling is somewhat of a portmanteau word; it really means the power of bowling the ball in precisely the direction you desire. What you need to cultivate is not a mere mechanical power of sending down ball after ball to hit the middle stump, but rather a power of bowling exactly where you want to—in fact, power of direction. To be able to pitch a ball on the wicket every time is no doubt valuable, but it is not enough. You need to be able to bowl at the leg, middle, or off stump at will, and also 3ins., 6ins., 12ins., or 24ins. outside the off stump either of a left or right-hand batsman. Not only do you need to be able to bowl more or less wide of the wicket in order to get the batsman caught at the wicket, in the slips, or in front of the wicket on the off side, but you must be able so to pitch the ball that, though it break a bit after pitching, it may hit the sticks; for most bowlers break a little, even without meaning to, even on fairly true pitches, and when the pitch is sticky or crumbled this natural break increases so much that unless the ball be aimed rather off the wicket it cannot possibly hit it. I remember once playing in a country match against a bowler who was a local terror. He bowled very straight indeed on hard wickets, and was used to firing away dead straight at the sticks, and reaping sheaves of wickets. That day, however, the wicket was pure glue, and he could not help breaking a good deal. As, however, he still aimed at the middle stump, all his balls went wide of the leg, and nothing was easier than to walk in front and hook him for four. After a bit he saw his mistake, and tried to pitch the ball to the off, but, being unused to this method, he lost his length, bowled long-hops and half-volleys, and proved an easy prey. That man was a wonderful natural bowler, with a beautiful action, and plenty of devil and spin. Had he known

how to bowl, and been able to use his advantages, he would have dislodged a county side on that pitch for seventy or eighty runs; as it was he did not get a solitary wicket against our village team.

The only way to acquire power of direction, or "straightness," is by constant practice, keeping the requirements of the case in view.

VII.

A good-length ball is one that is neither pitched so short that it may be easily played back, nor so much up that it may be smothered at the pitch by driving or forward play. "W. G." gives, as a standard estimate, these distances for good length:—

Slow bowler,	4 yards	from batsman's wicket.	
Medium ,,	4½ to 5 ,,	,,	,,
Fast ,,	5 to 7 ,,	,,	,,

Hence you notice that the best length for a ball varies according to its pace. No doubt it is excellent practice to put down a visible mark at a standard distance according to your pace, and bowl at it. For boys I would suggest, for a slow bowler 10ft., for a medium 12ft., for a fast 15ft. as the right distances. But you should endeavour to acquire, not a mere mechanical habit of bowling one fixed length, but the power of pitching the ball within a few inches of where you want to. The reason is that there is no such thing as a definite, fixed good length. Good length varies, not only with the state of the pitch, but also with the batsman. The slower the wicket the farther up you must pitch the ball, because a length that would be difficult to play back on a fast wicket proves quite easy, not only to play back, but to hook or pull on a slow wicket. Then, again, a ball that is good length to W. G. Quaife is almost, if not quite, a half-volley to Gunn, owing to the difference in the length of reach of these batsmen. Practically there is only one way of finding out what is good length on a particular wicket to each batsman that opposes you—it is to start with what length you think suitable, and alter it according as the batsman finds it easy to play back or forward. When you discover a length at which he does not seem to know which to do, stick to it or thereabouts. From this it is easy to understand that unless you acquire a power of pitching the ball where you want to (or nearly so, for you have a small margin) you cannot hope to be a master of good length. Here, again, it is a case of assiduous and intelligent practice. Note that in bowling at a spot the tendency is to pitch short of it by two or three feet. Correct this by aiming either rather beyond the spot or at a point in the air wo or three feet above it.

VIII.

How often does one see a bowler, practising at a single stump, noting his length and his direction, and endeavouring to perfect them?

Yet what might not be done by ten minutes of such practice three times a week?

How many young bowlers trouble to find out their natural pace, and when found stick to it as their standard?

Yet this is essential.

How many settle on a definite length of run, and make a habit of it?

Yet without this progress is uncertain.

How many give any thought to bowling, or even try to use their heads at it?

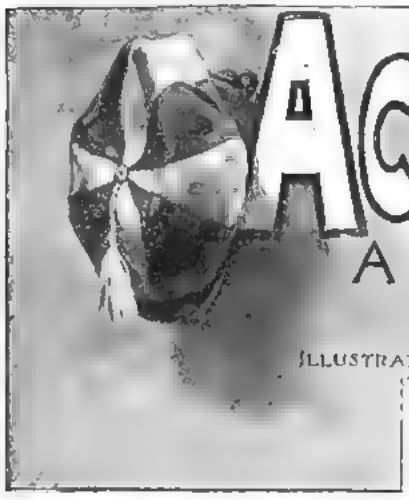
Yet Spofforth used to lie awake at night wrestling with ideas about how to get batsmen out; Alfred Shaw knew what he was doing every ball he bowled; George Lohmann tried some device or other with every delivery.

If the master need think and attempt, plan and wrestle, how much more so the apprentice?

C. B. Fry

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Panax Quinquefolium. — Your measurements appear to me normal and proper. I do not think you need be afraid of over-development; you seem sound and sturdy. It is over-growth in point of height—running to seed, in fact—that is deleterious. Cycling is a fine exercise in itself, but, in my opinion, it is not nearly as good for boys as an all-round education of cricket, football, and games in general. Play games if you have the opportunity. **A lover of "The Captain."**—There is no reason I know of why you should not weigh 8st. 3lb. at your age—fourteen. I do not believe in boys worrying themselves about their weight. Play games keenly; they will see you through. **E. H. O.**—The best time for you to practise running is an hour or so after lunch, that being the time at which your race will take place. But you may run at any time not immediately before or after food. You might run on grass when it is not wet; otherwise, on the road. Dumb-bells are good every morning; use light ones, 1lb. or 1½lbs. each. Before a race, lunch at your accustomed hour; beef or mutton in any form, and a milk pudding, rice, sago, etc. The only cure for nervousness is to take yourself in hand and simply decline to be nervous. Say to yourself "I won't!" and don't; think of nothing else but the ball. **A. F.** (Streatham).—If you must run before breakfast take a glass of milk and a couple of biscuits first; but it is the worst possible time. Can you not manage the evening? A cold bath is good as long as you feel warm after it. **F. W. G.**—Your "spec" is successful. Two and a-half hours is rather long every evening, but if the boys have spells off fielding it might be all right. Could you not manage batches to field for one hour? But it is a matter of whether keenness is kept up; the great thing is to strike a mean between boredom and slackness. I am glad The Captain was so opportuno. Mind you recommend it to your friends.



ACTON'S FEUD

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY FRED SWAINSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. M. R. WHITWELL.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—VII.)

The tale is related by Carr, captain of St. Amory's School. Acton, a fifth-form boy, and a brilliant full-back, is seen by Bourne (the 'footer" captain) and Carr to deliberately trip one of the opposing team. On this account Bourne refuses to give him his colours. Thus the feud begins. As the matter of the "foul" (for the school's credit), is kept quiet by those who witnessed it, the school in general supposes that Acton is denied his "cap" on account of the existence of a private quarrel between himself and Bourne, who promptly becomes exceedingly unpopular. Acton, posing as a martyr, seizes the opportunity to win the goodwill of St. Amory's in every possible way, and as a beginning starts regenerating his house—"Biffen's," hitherto the slackest, both in school and out of it. At the end of the term a crowd of Amorians give vent to their feelings at the railway station by hooting Phil and cheering Acton to the echo. The following term Acton determines to strike at Bourne senior through the latter's young brother Jack. With this end in view he introduces him to a low sporting character named "Raffles of Rotherhithe," who, previously instructed by Acton, leads young Jack Bourne to transgress as many school laws as possible, eventually landing him very heavily in debt.

CHAPTER XI.

It was with hearty thankfulness at the idea of being finally rid of Raffles that Jack walked over to the "Lodestone" by himself on the Thursday, jingling his last few shillings in his pockets. Raffles was waiting for him in the stables, and he was very friendly and familiar, which always annoyed Jack immensely.

"Glad you're in time, sir, and to 'ear the dibs a-rattlin' in your pockets."

"Because they'll rattle in yours, soon, I suppose. I make out I owe you about ten shillings, Raffles."

"'Ow do you make that out, Mr. Bourne?"

"Rabbits, cartridges, and dummy pigeons. I'm about right, I fancy?"

"Right as far as they go."

"As far as they go, of course—not farther. Then here you are."

"And the gun," said Raffles calmly, looking into vacancy, and not seeing Jack's coins—"leastwise, wot was a gun."

"Am I to pay for that filthy article?" said Jack angrily. "Why, it nearly blew my brains out!"

"'As 'e to pay for that breech-loader gun?" said Raffles, laughing softly as at some good joke. "Why, of course you have."

"My opinion is, Raffles, that that gun was rotten. It wasn't worth a sovereign. I don't believe it was ever fit to shoot with, now."

"Of course, *now*," said Raffles with a sneer. "*Now*, when you've got to pay for it."

"I don't know so much about 'have got to pay for it' at all. That grin of yours doesn't improve your looks, Raffles," said Jack, who was rather nettled by Raffles' sneer.

"Well, my bantam cock," said Raffles savagely, "I only 'opes as this 'ere bill won't spoil yours. And let me tell you, young shaver, I want the money."

Jack calmly took the piece of note-paper which Raffles hurriedly fished out of his pocket, and flourished dramatically before Bourne. There was a touching simplicity about Raffles' bill-making that would in ordinary times back have made Jack split with laughter, but, naturally, at the present time he did not feel in a very jovial frame of mind. Hence he read through the farrago with only one very strong desire—to kick Raffles neck and crop out of the stable. This was the bill:—

Mr. burn owes me daniel raffles this money.

To bunneys at sixpence each	2	0	
To 50 *cartrigges*	6	6	
To pidgins	1	6	
1 *gunn breech loder*	£7	0	0
totel	£7	10	0

"Now, Raffles," said Jack, in a white heat, "what do you mean by this rotten foolery?"

"There's no foolery about it," said Raffles, sulkily. "That's my bill."

"Why, you unspeakable rascal, did you fancy I'd pay it?"

"I did, and I do."

Something in the fellow's tone made Jack a trifle uneasy, and he considered within himself for a moment what he had better do. That the rascal had made up his mind to be nasty was evident, and when Jack thought that the gun, poor as it was, was destroyed, though through no fault of his own, he thought perhaps he might give his old jackal something as a solatium.

"All right, Raffles! I'll pay you for what I owe you now, and I'll give you a sovereign for the gun. I'll send you that in a day or two. I've no more money with me now."

"That ain't the bill. I want this 'ere bill paid."

"'This 'ere bill' is sheer rot!" retorted Jack.

"Rot or not, it's what I want from you. You pay up that seven odd, or it will be the worse for you. What is seven odd to a young gent like you? Aren't you all millionaires at St. Amory's?"

"Not by a long chalk."

"Well, I don't want to be unpleasant, my buck, but if you won't pay over I'll show you up."

"Show me up, you beast—what do you mean?"

"I'll write to Corker and blow the gaff."

"If you did that," said Bourne grimly, "I'd kill you first day I could do it."

"Or I'd write to your brother."

"And he'd do it now, you skunk!"

"No names, young gent. That won't pay my bill. You don't seem to imagine I mean what I say."

"No, I don't, for you wouldn't be any *nearer* getting the money."

"But then you say you aren't going to pay anyhow, so I may as well touch you up a bit. You've most every time told me not to be so beastly friendly, and I ain't going to be. I'm going to have the seven ten or show you up. That's straight."

"Show me up," repeated Jack, blankly. "You miserable blackmailer!" Bourne felt then the beautiful feelings of being in the grasp of a low-bred cad who could play with him as a cat with a mouse. He sat staring in front of him livid with rage, and Raffles, who was watching him covertly, and with no small anxiety, could see he was digesting the whole situation. Jack would indeed then and there have let Raffles do his worst, and would have stood the racket from Corker—and his brother—rather than be blackmailed by the villain by his side, but he said hopelessly to himself, "How can I do it without bringing Acton into it? When this comes out all his training with the Coon must come out too; perhaps he'll lose his monitorship for not keeping his hand on me, and Phil's done him a bad enough turn already. I can't round on him. Heavens! I can't do that."

This reads rather pitiful, doesn't it, under the circumstances?

Jack at the end of his resources tried a desperate bluff. "I'll put Acton on your track, my beauty, and perhaps he'll make you see—or feel—reason."

"That game's no good, young shaver. I don't want to see Mr. Acting no more than you want to tell him of your little blow-outs. Look here, are you going to pay? Yes or no?"

"I haven't got the money," said Jack, at his wits' end.

"Ho! that's very likely," said Raffles, with a sneer, "anyhow, you could mighty soon get it if you wanted to."

"How?"

"Why borrow it, of course. Ask your chum, Mr. Acting. *He* 'as money. No end of brass, the Coon says."

"I can't do that," said Jack, in utter despair.

"Orl right," said Raffles, seeing his shot had told. "I see you ain't got the money on you now, and I don't want to be too 'ard on you. I'll give you a chance. I'll give you till Saturday to turn it over. My advice is to borrow from Mr. Acting. He'll lend it you, I should think; anyhow, I can't stand shilly-shallying here all night, no more than I can stand the loss of that grand gun, so I'm off. Have the money by Saturday at three, or I blow the gaff, and you can be hung up or cut up for all I care. I'm not going to be more beastly friendly, nor more chummy than that."

Raffles lurched off with a savage leer, and Jack staggered back to St. Amory's.

Jack's life was a burden to him for the next few hours, his head nearly split with the hatching of impossible plans with loopholes to escape the weasel on his track, but the end was as Acton had foreseen. Acton got a note through Grim.

Dear Acton,—Could you give me ten minutes in your study to-night?—Yours,

J. Bourne.

Dear Bourne,—Twenty, if you like.—Yours,

J. Acton.

Jack went, and when Acton put him into the easy chair and noticed his white, fagged face he felt genuinely sorry for him.

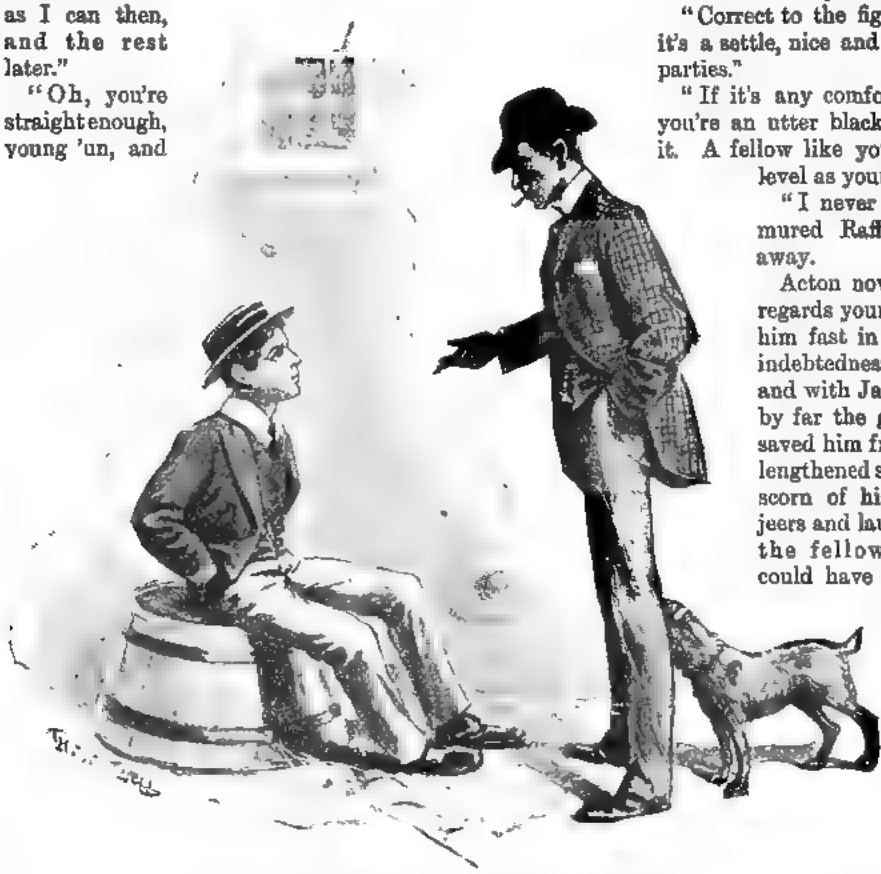
"You look seedy, young 'un."

"I hope I don't look as seedy as I feel, that's all."

"What's the matter?"

Jack boggled over what he'd come to say, but finally blurted out: "Acton, would you lend me seven pounds? I'm in a hole, the deuce of a hole; in fact, I'm pretty well hopelessly stumped. I'll tell you why if you ask me, but I hope you won't. I've been an ass, but I've collared some awful luck, and I'm not quite the black sheep I seem. I don't want to ask Phil—in fact, I couldn't, simply couldn't ask him for this. I'll pay you back beginning of next term if I can raise as much, and if not, as much as I can then, and the rest later."

"Oh, you're straight enough, young 'un, and I'll lend you the money," said Acton.



"LOOK HERE, ARE YOU GOING TO PAY? YES OR NO?"

Jack blubbed in his thanks, for he was really run down.

"Keep up your pecker, Bourne. Borrowing isn't a crime, quite. When do you want the cash?"

"By to-morrow, please," said Jack.

"Call in for it, then, before afternoon school, and you can pay me back as you say. I suppose the sharks have got hold of you."

"Yes," said Jack, with perfect truth, though he only knew of one, and he went to bed that night blessing Acton. His gorge rose when he thought of his fleecing, and at this he almost blubbed with rage as he blubbed with gratitude to Acton.

That interesting Shylock, Raffles, was at the farm confidently waiting young Bourne and his coins, and when he saw the young innocent bowling furiously down the road, he sighed with satisfaction. His dream was true.

"Write out the receipt."

"I've already done it, Mr. Bourne."

"Then here's your blackmail."

"Correct to the figure, sir, and I think it's a settle, nice and comfortable for all parties."

"If it's any comfort for you to know you're an utter blackguard you can hear it. A fellow like you isn't on the same level as your filthy mongrel."

"I never said we was," murmured Raffles, as he shuffled away.

Acton now felt pretty safe as regards young Bourne. He held him fast in the double bonds of indebtedness and of gratitude, and with Jack the gratitude was by far the greater. Acton had saved him from disgrace, from a lengthened stringing up, from the scorn of his brother, from the jeers and laughter of the rest of the fellows. Like others, he could have stood Corker's rage better than the jokes of his cronies. He was received back into the fold of his own particular set with more *éclat* than he felt he deserved.

"Here's old Bourne gone and sacked Acton," said Grim.

"Sure Acton hasn't sacked him?" suggested Rogers.

"Best fellow breathing," said Bourne fervently.

"Still, he's Biffen's."

"I don't care whether he's a water-lily or not—he can't help that, you know, poor fellow."

"Why should he? Aren't we cock house?"

"Where would you have been if Acton hadn't lifted you out of your muddy pond, and let you see a little sunlight?"

"You should be his fag," said Grim.

"I'd jolly well like to," said Jack. "I'd black his boots almost."

"He's a dozen pairs," said Grim.

"Write a poem on his virtues," suggested Rogers.

"Shut up this rot," said Wilson. "Let's try a run round the Bender—last fellow stands tea at Hooper's."

"Carried *nem. con.*" said Grim, who was pretty speedy.

And the re-united half-dozen cronies ran the three miles out and ditto home, Wilson subsequently standing tea, for, as he pathetically explained, "I was overhauling Rogers hand over hand when I slipped my shoe, else he'd have had to fork out." Thus Jack became again for a while the common or garden variety of school-boy, and he enjoyed the change.

Phil Bourne came into my room the same evening that saw Jack Bourne released from the toils of Raffles.

"Busy, old man?"

"Not at all," said I, pushing away my books. "Jolly glad you've come in."

"There's a bit of news for you. I've just been in the gym. I fancy the old school will pull off the 'Heavy' at Aldershot."

"Has Hodgson turned out so jolly well, then?"

"Hodgson! Oh, no! Hodgson isn't going to be the school's representative this year, I fancy."

"Why, have you been in form to-night?"

"Look here, old man, you are quite out of it. You sit here reading up all that ancient lore about the cestus, and you could tell me the names of all Nero's gladiators, and yet here at this establishment we've got a gladiator who is going to make history, and you don't know it."

"I thought you were the only fellow who could show Hodgson anything."

"No," said Phil. "I never was as good as Hodgson. I always made a point of making him go all the way to win on principle, but he always had a pull more or less over me. You see, Hodgson is lazy, and he wanted someone to challenge the right to represent the school, or I don't fancy he'd have put in enough good work to stand much chance against the Eton man. Therefore I stepped into the breach, and, by sweating him, have made Hodgson from a very fair boxer into a good one—good, but nothing super-excellent."

"Then who's been lying low all this time?"

"Acton."

"*Acton?*" said I, in utter astonishment. "Why, didn't our dear Theodore dress him down once for losing his temper in the gym.?"

"He did, my boy, and Acton repaid the compliment to-night—with interest. He opened our eyes for us. I'm telling the bare truth when I say that he simply played with Theodore, and at the third round he as good as knocked him out."

I stared into the fire for a minute or two, thinking out this news.

"Eureka!" said I. "I've found it!"

"What?"

"The reason Acton crops up here. He cannot forget an injury. Hodgson humbled him once, and so Acton must needs take away from Theodore his own peculiar pet ambition, which is to represent St. Amory's at Aldershot in the Heavy."

"I wish," said Phil, gloomily, "Biffen's Beauty's schemes always worked out so well for the school's honour. He'll represent St. Amory's without a doubt."

"Is he so very good, then?"

"Super-excellent, old fellow! Prodigious!" said Phil, with genuine admiration. "We'll all sleep with both ears on the pillow when the telegram comes from Aldershot. Such a left! He has a swinging, curly stroke which he uses after an artful little feint which would win the final by itself. Hodgson really seemed trying to catch quick-silver when he tried to get home on Acton. Where did Acton learn all this? The sergeant hasn't got that artful mis-hit in his bag of tricks."

"Don't speculate on Acton's doings or where he picks up what he knows. It's too intricate."

"What a pity one can't go and shake his hand as one would like to do. He is a marvel—this dark horse," said Phil with genuine regret, as always, when speaking of Acton.

"Our *bête noir*," said I without winking.

"You heathen," said Phil, laughing. "That was almost a pun. But I'm afraid I'm a bit selfish in my joy about Acton. Since he's a certainty, I can devote all my mighty mind to rackets. I don't think there is a better pair in the place than Vercoe and self at present."

"Oh, thou modest one!"

"'Toby' always finishes up 'When you and Mr. Vercoe goes to Queen's Club, Mr. Bourne, I advise you, etc.' So, 'Toby' evidently has no doubt who's to go there."

"Toby" Tucker was our racket professional, and when he spotted a pair for the public school rackets, Fenton, the master who finally chose the pair, never said "Nay." "Toby" was incorruptible. With both his little eyes fixed inexorably on merit, the greatest joys of his life were consummated when the St. Amory's pair brought the championship home.

"Congratulate you, old man. If Acton pulls off the Aldershot and you and Vercoe the rackets——"

"If I only felt as confident on our lifting that as I do of Acton bringing off his, I'd go straight-

way and smother 'Toby.' He almost works one to death."

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THEY "'ELPED THE POOR FELLER.'

Todd had found out all the unpainted beauty of public school life without pocket money, and discovered that existence was just possible. A shilling on your watch chain and a shilling's worth of stamps admit of no luxuries, and Todd, through his impecuniosity, even if he had wished, could not have done anything else but work. Taylor's house was supposed to provide a fairly liberal table, but Gus really did miss his after-dinner cup of coffee at Hooper's, and not many fellows would regard long letters to and from home as being the *summum bonum* of the week. Yet Todd had come to regard his mamma's letters—four-paged gossip about his sisters, his brothers, the horses, and the dogs—in the light of luxuries.

Consequently, with nothing to distract him, Gus really did work. His standing in the Fifth sensibly increased. Merishall did not make elaborate jokes on his Latin, and Corker not once let fall the warning eye-glasses preparatory to savaging him for his Greek, formerly called so by a courtesy title. There was a world of difference between his old hap-hazard slip-slop and his present honest attempts in the ways of scholarship.

The half-holidays, of course, dragged dreadfully, for Gus was one of the few boys who have neither any aptitude for games nor a straw of inclination for them, and, being in the Fifth, he could suit himself as to what he did. Generally, he spent the afternoon amusing himself (with Lancaster's express approval) in the laboratory, and so effaced previous bad impressions from the science master's mind; but Gus was honest enough with himself to own that he would rather have had an aimless stroll with Cotton than any amount of "bottle-washing." But Cotton had thrown him over; they rarely nodded when they met, and Jim sometimes was very careful not to see Gus walking in solitary state in the roadway.

As a rule, the laboratory was empty on half-holidays, and Gus used to work through his tables in solitude, but one afternoon he found no less a person than W. E. Grim, the prize fag of Biffen's, doing something very seriously with a green powder.

"Hullo, young 'un! What are you footling round here for?"

"Lancaster has given me this salt to analyse, Todd. I think there's copper in it."

"What have you been up to, that Lancaster has run you in? Half-holiday, too!"

"He hasn't run me in," said Grim, sulkily. "As a special favour he's let me come in here to work a little myself. I did a ripping chemistry paper last week, and——"

"Oh, I see. Are *you* going to give Biffen's another leg up, too?"

"Just as soon as you give Taylor's one," said Grim, who, in common with all the juniors, did not fear the easy-going Todd.

"No cheek!" said Gus. "If I mixed up coal dust and brick dust, how'd you separate 'em?"

"Ask my grandmother for a telescope, and look out the mix through the butt end."

"Quite so," said Todd, chuckling. "I suppose you've given me a specimen of Biffen's latest brand of wit. Well, don't make too big a row in hunting for your copper, and then I'll not chuck you out."

Grim murmured something disparaging Todd's authority for chucking out, but Gus languidly sidled off to his own particular bench, where, out of sight of Grim, he prepared to do an afternoon's quiet work.

Meanwhile Grim's particular cronies, Wilson, Rogers, Sharpe, Poulett, and young Bourne, arrayed in all the glory of mud-stained footer-togs, after vainly waiting outside Biffen's, were seeking high and low for the copper-hunting chemist, who, for many reasons, had kept his afternoon's plan very dark. He knew only too well that his beloved chums would not hear of an afternoon's work, and would head him off either to footer or a run round the Bender. Therefore, immediately after dinner, he had made an unostentatious exit, and reached the laboratory in safety.

"Where *is* Grimmy?" said Sharpe.

"Dunno," said Wilson.

"Did he know of our six-a-side against Merishall's lot?"

"Rather! Said he hoped we'd win."

"*Wa!* Why, is he backing out, then?"

"Well, we've waited for him half an hour, and there's no sign of him yet—look's like it."

"What is up with him, I wonder?" said Poulett.

"Seemed rather mysterious this morning—rather stand-offish to my idea. Perhaps, though, he's only guzzling buns or swilling coffee somewhere. Let's see."

The quintette thereupon spread themselves out, but every shop was drawn blank.

"Rum!" said Rogers. "Where can the ass be?"

"If we knew, Solomon, would we try to find out?" said Sharpe.

"I say, you fellows—I've got an idea about Grimmy. Didn't Lancaster give him a leg-up for his chemistry the other day? Permission to footle

in the lab. on half-holidays, and all the rest of it? Grim was no end cocky over that."

"Grimmy waste a 'halfer' bottle-washing! Rot! That isn't his form, Wilson."

"If," said Poulett, impressively, "he *has* sunk so low, we must give him an 'elpin' 'and, pore feller!"

"Rather. If Lancaster has put the cover over old Grimmy we must get him out somehow. Let's adjourn to see."

The honourable five forthwith moved over to the laboratory, and Grim received his beloved cronies with hot blushes and a rather nervous manner.

"I say, you chaps, what do you want?"

"What did we want?" said Bourne, as though he'd forgotten it. "What was it, Rogers?"

"A fellow, formerly Grimmy, not a nasty bottle-washer," said Rogers, more in sorrow than in anger.

"But yesterday and Grimmy was an average back, and now he's holding up some filthy brew to the sunlight to see how muddy it is. Oh, my great aunt!" chimed in Wilson.

"How are the mighty fallen!" gasped Sharpe.

"Look here, you fellows——" began Grim with still more vivid blushes mantling his noble face.

"'Ear, 'ear! speech! speech! withdraw! apologise!"

"I'm not ashamed of being here and doing a little chemistry for my own amusement, so there; and you fellows had better cut before Lancaster comes and runs you all in."

"That is all right, Grimmy. Lancaster's sporting a silk tile, so he's off to town. To think of your cutting our six-a-side to puff down a dirty blow-pipe! Come out, you idiot, and get into your footer togs!" said Sharpe.

"I'm not coming, I tell you."

"Insanity in the family, evidently," observed Poulett, judicially.

"Aren't you coming, really?"

"No, I'm not; do get out and leave me alone!"

"Never!" said Poulett. "We'll stay with him and see him through the fit, eh?"

"Rather! We'll never desert you, Grimmy!"

"We'll let the six-a-side slide for this afternoon and we'll help Grimmy with his salt," suggested the egg-poacher, brilliantly; and any amount of hidden meaning was in the word "help."

"We will! we will!" cried the rest, spotting Poulett's idea instanter, with enthusiastic joy; and despite Grim's frenzied declamation and eloquence they all "helped."

For two hours—as lively a couple of hours as ever were passed within the laboratory—Gus lay low behind the far bench and enjoyed the afternoon's performance far more than Grim. The green powder underwent some weird experiments, each of the quintette availing himself of Grim's knowledge and test tubes and acid bottles with the utmost freedom. The analysis of Lancaster's mixture gave various results, but when Rogers "found" rhubarb and black-lead this was held the correct find, and after this verdict the generous five put up the test tubes in the rack. They all said Rogers had settled the matter, and anyway they had had a jolly time.

"Understand," observed Poulett, as he washed away some acid stains from his bare knees, "that Grimmy is not ashamed of his black-lead and rhubarb hunt."

"Why those vivid blushes, then?"

"We never bargained that old Grim would copy that Fifth Form ass, Todd, and chum up with Lancaster, did we?"

"What did you say about Todd?" inquired Grim, suavely.

"Said he was an ass."

"A what?"

"An ass, a jackass, a howling jackass!" cried Poulett, *crescendo*.

"How?"

"Remember Corker pitching into him? Said he wasn't fit for a decent nursery, and Toddy had his mouth open all the time."

"Bully Cotton has given Toddy up. Toddy was too big an ass even for Cotton," remarked Wilson.

"He looks fairly intelligent," observed Grim in a gentle whisper.

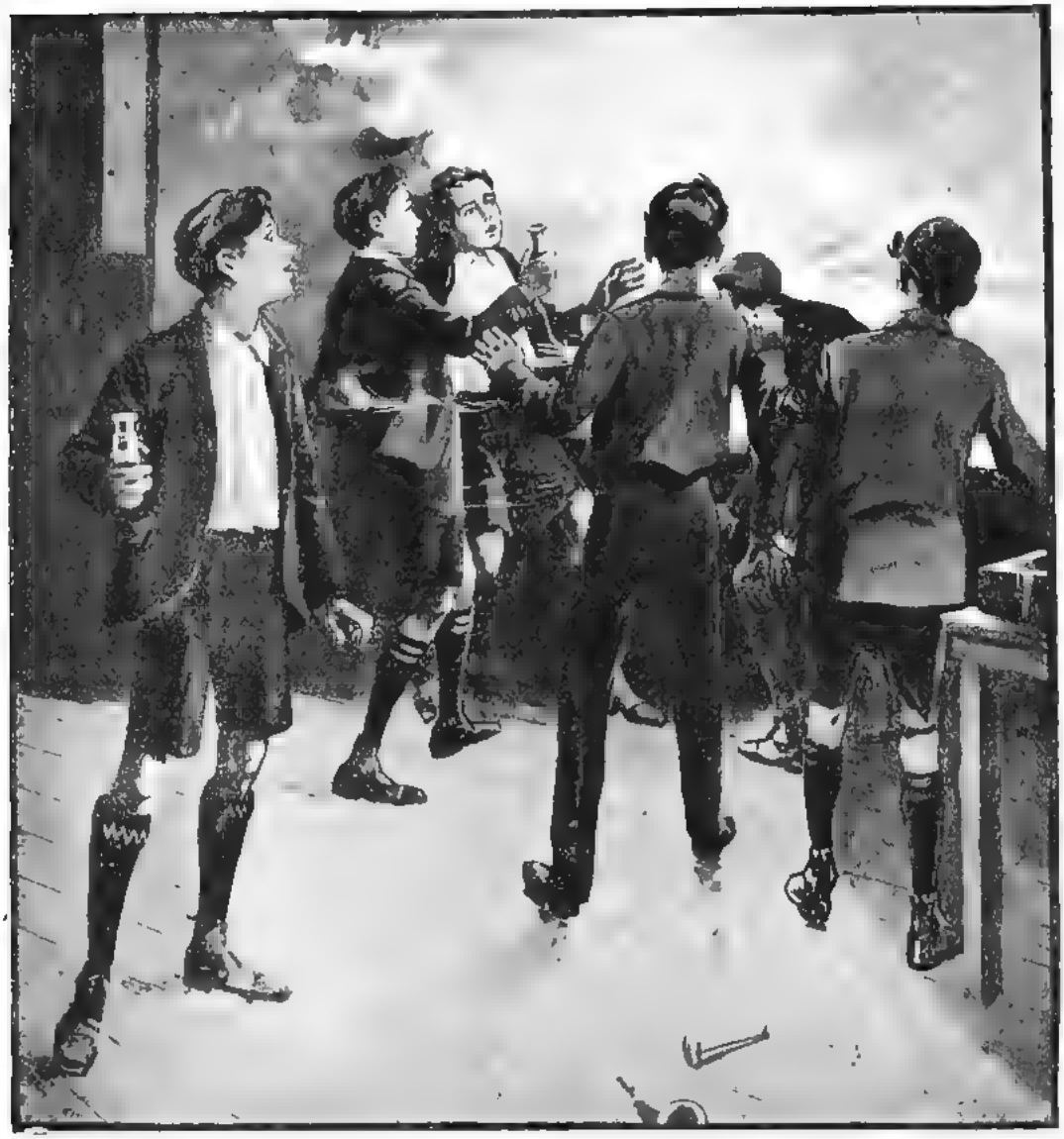
"So did you, almost, till you started fooling like this."

Grim artistically kept the conversation on Todd, and Gus learned how like an ass each individual of the quintette thought him. He smiled gently at Grim's astuteness in paying him out so neatly for his previous friendly remarks about chucking out. When the first stroke of the roll-call bell reached the laboratory he emerged solemnly and with state from his retreat, and stalked quietly through the knot of his outspoken critics, who were instantly besieged by a variety of emotions. He closed the laboratory door after him, and, when he saw the key outside, the temptation to repay the left-handed compliments of Poulett & Co. in their own coin was too strong. Gus gently turned the key, and was half way down the corridor before the band arrived at the locked door.

"Let us out!" shrieked Rogers. "We'll apologise—all of us—won't we Poulett?"

"Yes!" yelled Poulett. "Anything! Oh, Todd, do let us out!"

But Todd went on his way, serenely ignoring the frantic appeals behind him, and turned out into the street with a sweet smile on his face.



THE GREEN POWDER UNDERWENT SOME WEIRD EXPERIMENTS, EACH OF THE QUINTETTE AVAILING HIMSELF OF GRIM'S TEST TUBES AND ACID BOTTLES WITH THE UTMOST FREEDOM.

"That beast, Todd, has gone, and Merishall will ladle us out three hundred of Virgil for missing call over," moaned Bourne.

"It's four hundred, if Merishall takes it," said Rogers, with dire conviction.

"Not for me," said Grim, beaming cheerfully around, "I'm all right. I'll tell Merishall that the door was locked, but as for you five idiots, who oughtn't to be here at all. Well—what the dickens did you want to call old Toddy all those fancy names for, you silly cuckoos?"

"Oh, look here Grim, you artful bounder," shouted Poulett, bitterly, "you've got us into this mess. Why didn't you say Todd was behind those back benches?"

"Yes, why?" shouted the rest of the raging fags. "We'll scrag you for this, darling. Cuckoos are we? Scrag him—put him in the scrum."

W. E. Grim had a very bad five minutes, but when he crawled out of the scrum, hot, damaged, and dusty, he said, viciously, "I hope Merishall gives you a thou., you beastly cads. You've

mucked up my afternoon, and I'm hanged if I don't tell Lancaster."

Ten minutes after roll call the janitor let them out, and shortly afterwards a wretched procession of five emerged from Merishall's room with two hundred lines from Virgil hanging over each head for a missed call-over without excuse. Grim worked an artistic revenge on his scrummagers by calling personally the next half holiday to inquire if they would prefer to analyse a green salt or to play a six-a-side against Merishall's lot. In every instance a Virgil hurtled towards his head. Having done his duty to his friends he left them to pious Æneas and the slope of Avernus, whilst he got another salt from the science master, and, with Gus, possessed the laboratory in peace.

CHAPTER XIII.

ACTON'S TRUMP CARD.

On the Saturday before we should go home Acton was due at Aldershot, and would return the same night, as the fellow's hoped, with his laurels thick upon him. Bourne and Vercoe were staying at school a week later than we, for the rackets did not come off until our holidays had commenced. Toby had begged for this almost with tears in his eyes, for he had a mortal dread of the relaxing process of a week at home.

"You'd have no 'ands, Mr. Bourne, no spring, no eyes, when you toed the mark at Kensington. I'll send you fit if I have you here."

So Vercoe and Phil agreed to stay.

And now Acton determined to put into operation his long-thought-of scheme for the paying off of the score against Phil. It was subtle, and founded on a perfect knowledge of Bourne's character, and a perfect disregard of the consequences to anyone—even including himself. Acton would have willingly martyred himself, if he could have inflicted a little of the torments on Bourne too.

There was one rule from which Dr. Moore never swerved a hair's breadth. Compared to this particular law the stringency of the Old Game regulation for Thursday was lax indeed. He never had departed from it, and he never would depart from it. If any fellow took it into his head to slip out of his house after lights out at ten on any pretence whatever he was expelled. There was some legend in connection with this severity, what exactly none of us rightly knew, but according to the tale the escapade of two fellows years ago, when Corker was new to the place, had resulted in one of the fellows being shot. Twice had he expelled fellows while I was at school—Remington and Cunningham—and I cannot ever forget the old man's deathlike face as he told them to go. Some fellows broke out and were not found out, for Corker wasn't going to have any barred windows as in some places. Anyone *could* break out any night he liked, but he knew what he might expect if he were caught. There was no help. Remington had been found out, and though there had been Remingtons in the school since Anne's reign, Corker was inexorable. He was expelled.

In a word, Acton determined to go to London and to take young Bourne with him, and so risk certain expulsion for both, supposing they were discovered. He had no intention of being expelled, though; for he liked the life at St. Amory's, where incense floated round him all day long, but he meant, when he had accomplished the ruin of Jack, to let Bourne senior know it. Acton gloated in advance over Phil's anger, shame and consternation, and—this was the cream of the joke—his utter inability to do anything except keep silence and chew the bitter cud of hopeless rage against him—the man to whom he would not give the footer cap. Acton never thought of Jack's share in the matter at all, and yet he was genuinely fond of him—all he thought of was what would be Philip's hopeless rage.

Phil, of course, could say nothing to Corker, for he knew it would be hopeless. And Acton knew that Phil's pride could never bear the idea of Jack—a Bourne—being expelled from the old place. Therefore he would keep silence. I don't think I used the wrong adjective when I said it was subtle. The only question was—could he so manage that Jack would go? And Acton for good reasons was pretty certain that he would.

Jack was staidly taking a turn up and down the pavement with Grim when, on passing by Biffen's house, he heard a whistle from one of the windows, and, on looking up, he saw Acton.

"I want you, Bourne, for five minutes—if you can spare them."

"Of course he can," said Grim, *sotto voce*. "Aren't you a monitor? Jack, my boy, Acton wants to knight you—or something. You'll find his boots in the bottom cupboard, if you want to black 'em very much. I suppose, being only a common or garden fag, my feelings aren't to be considered for a moment. When you were—for once—talking sensibly for a Corker fag, you are called away to——"

"Cork all that frivol, old man, till you see me at tea," said Jack, moving into Biffen's yard.

When Jack was comfortably installed in a chair Acton bolted his door, and, somewhat to young Bourne's surprise, seemed rather in a fix as how to start what he had to say. The locking of the door was unusual, and this, combined with

I CANNOT EVER FORGET THE OLD MAN'S DEATHLIKE FACE AS HE TOLD THEM TO GO.

Acton's grave face and hesitating manner, made Jack a trifle uneasy. Whatever was coming?

"I say, Bourne," at last said his friend, "do you know anything about betting?"

"Betting!" said Jack, with a vivid blush. "About as much as most of the fellows know of it. Not more."

"Well, do you mind reading this?" He handed Jack a slip of paper which contained such cryptic sentences as: "Grape Shot gone wrong, though he will run. Pocket Book is the tip. If you're on Grape Shot, hedge on best terms you can get," etc.

"I understand that," said Jack, "you've — if this means you — you've backed the wrong horse."

"Exactly," said Acton. "I backed Grape Shot for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and he hasn't a ghost of a chance now. Gone wrong."

"I see," said Jack, absolutely staggered that Acton, a monitor, should tell him, a fag, that he was betting on horse racing.

"I see, young 'un, that you seem surprised at my little flutter, but, by Jove! this will have to be my last. Do you know, Bourne, I'm in an awful hole."

"I'm very sorry to hear it," said Jack, with no end of concern.

"You see, if Pocket Book pulls the handicap off before I've time to trim my sails, I lose a lot."

"Much," said Jack, "*for you!*"

"Thirty pounds."

"Whew!" whistled Bourne.

"I get a good allowance from home, Bourne, but I'm bound to say thirty pounds would cripple me."

"Rather," said Jack, with a gasp.

"Of course, if the worst did come to the worst I'd have to apply to home, but there would be, as you might guess, no end of a row about it."

"Then you must hedge," said Jack.

"That is it, exactly. I must back Pocket Book for first place. This is a sure tip—I can depend upon it."

"Then send to the fellow you bet with, and let him put you on Pocket Book."

"That is just it, Jack—the bookmaker wouldn't take a bet from me."

"Why ever not?" said Jack, mystified.

"Because I'm a minor—I'm under age."

"Then how do you manage?" said Jack.

"Why, I bet through another man."

"I see," said Jack, for this was but another edition of his own little adventures. "And that man——"

"Is Raffles," said Acton quietly.

Jack bounced out of his chair as if he had been stung. "That beast!" he gasped.

"Raffles?" said Acton, with a slow smile; "I didn't know he was a beast."

"He is the meanest skunk alive," said Jack. He added fervently, "Acton, have no dealings with that fellow. He is an abominable sharper."

"Thanks," said Acton, with a slight grimace at

Jack's advice. "But, all the same, I have to deal through Raffles."

"Then write to the fellow."

"I don't know—I've forgotten his address."

"Well, I'm hanged if I understand it!" said Jack, lost in astonishment. "If you don't know it, and your bookmaker will only bet through Raffles, you are in a hole—a marvellously deep one."

"There's only one way out—find Raffles."

"And that you can't do."

"And that I think I can do by going to London."

"Well, we're off for the holidays on Tuesday, and you can find Raffles then."

"I should be hopelessly too late if I waited till then. It would be almost ruinous to be put on to Pocket Book in a day's time. I must hedge to-night."

"To-night?" said Jack, in a complete fog, "and you haven't found Raffles!"

"No, but I think I know where to find him to-night. You know the Coon is having a match with the Battersea Beauty at the Universal Sporting Club, and Raffles is pretty sure to be there and I must see him then.'

"But that means going to London, Acton."

"Certainly."

"And Corker would expel you—even you."

"Without a doubt—if he finds out."

"There's a chance that he may."

"Certainly, but it's a mighty slender one, and in any case I mean to—I *must*—risk it."

"I'm awfully sorry for you."

"Now, Jack, I want you to listen to me," said Acton, very gravely, and his voice showed his genuine anxiety. "The Coon's match does not commence until eleven o'clock at night, because an awful lot of the Universal Sporters are actors and they cannot get away before that time at earliest. Now there are two entrances for the members into the club, one in Pelican Street and the other in Ridge Street. Raffles must enter by one or the other, and there must be someone at each doorway to give him my note. I can take the one, and the question is—who will take the second doorway?"

"Not I, Acton," said Jack in a blue funk. "Please, Acton, don't ask me."

"Jack, believe me, you were the last person I wanted to ask. I would have asked Worcester or Chalmers if it had been any good, but they would not know Raffles from Adam. It is ten thousand pities, but you are the only fellow who knows Raffles here. No one else has ever set eyes on him."

"Acton, it means expulsion," said Jack hoarsely.

"Certainly for me if I'm caught, but, of course, I've no idea of being caught. Jack, I m not going to ask you to come with me. I shall think no worse of you if you say you won't come, and I cannot take advantage over you to force you against your own wish, because I lent you money. Don't think so meanly of me."

"Acton," said Jack, sweating drops of terror, "it is expulsion if we're caught."

"Jack," said Acton, "have you ever known me to fail yet in anything I undertake?"

"No."

"Well, I *will* not fail here. If you like I'll give you my word of honour we shall not be caught, and, if by a miracle of ill-luck we should be, I shall see you through. I'll take every iota of blame on my own shoulders. You'll find yourself captain of the school one day yet."

"If I were expelled, Acton," said Jack with intense conviction, "the pater would kill me first, and die himself afterwards; and as for Phil——"

"Jack," said Acton, "I must see the business through myself. You can't do it, I see. I must lose the £30."

Jack got up and walked up and down the room in agony.

For five minutes Acton watched his wretched prey torn to pieces by his conflicting fears—his shame of leaving Acton in the lurch and his dread of discovery.

"Acton," said Jack at length, "I can't leave you in the lurch. I'll go with you to London."

Acton clasped Jack's hand and said, "Jack, you are a brick. I can only say I thank you." He had landed his fish, as he knew he would. Half an hour afterwards Jack said, almost cheerfully, for Acton had been doing his best to smooth poor Bourne's ruffled feathers, "But how are we to go to town?"

"I've got a plan," said Acton, "but I must turn it over in my mind first. If you'll look in, young 'un, after tea, I'll tell you how we do it. I'm going to see about it now. Once again, Jack, I thank you. You do stand by a fellow when's he's down on his luck."

Acton and Jack went out—the monitor to make arrangements for the escapade, and Jack to Grim's quarters, where he was due for tea, which he demolished with comparative cheerfulness, for Jack's confidence in Acton was illimitable. After he had taken the jump he was not—is not now—the kind of boy to look back.

At six young Bourne left his friend Grim among a waste of empty tea-cups, plates, and jam pots, and went to Acton's room.

"I've arranged all," said that worthy. "I've seen the proprietor of the hotel down at Dring, and he's going to have a smart dog-cart and a smarter horse to do the dozen miles between here

and Charing Cross ready for us at nine. He says we shall be rattled into town within the hour. So if we aren't in time to spot Raffles we are down on our luck with a vengeance. Your room is on the ground floor, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Jack, "overlooking Corker's flower beds."

"Well, pull up the window after supper as quietly as you can, and slip into the garden. Then scoot through the field, and you'll find me waiting for you in the hotel stables. You can pass the word to your chums in Corker's that you aren't going to be on show after supper, and then they won't be routing you out."

"My chums are mostly in Biffen's," said Jack. "Grim and Rogers, etc."

"Good omen," said Acton. "Leave your window so that you can easily shove it up when you come back, and leave your school cap behind, and bring a tweed instead. Got such an article?"

"Yes."

"How's your room lighted?"

"Oh, we have the electric. It is switched off at ten, so that the light will not give any trouble, Acton."

"Well, bolt your door, too. It seems as though the fates were fighting for us, eh, young 'un?"

At nine that night the two, as agreed upon, met at Dring in the hotel stables. There had been no mishaps.

The groom was busy putting the horse into the trap, and, when Jack saw what a really smart turn-out Acton had engaged, his fears began to occupy less of his thoughts and the pleasures of a rattling hour's spin a jolly lot more. Punctually to the minute Jack climbed up beside the driver, the place of honour, and Acton swung himself up behind; the yard doors were flung open, and the gig rattled smartly out. The hotel proprietor had not chanted the praises of his horse in vain. On the level road it laid itself out to go for all it was worth.

The pleasant music of the jingling harness and the scurrying of the wheels made as jolly a tune as Jack could wish to hear. There was a touch of frost in the air, which made the quick motion of the gig bite shrewdly on his cheeks and made him button up his overcoat to the chin and settle his cap well over his ears. Acton threw out jokes, too, from behind, which made Jack feel no end clever to listen to them, and the driver now and then restrained his horse's "freshness" with the soothing mellow whistle which only drivers possess. The farmhouses, hayricks, and an occasional village, drifted past now to the right, now to the left, and occasionally they overhauled a leisurely belated cyclist, who at once began to take an unimportant position in the rear, his lamp growing less and less down the stretch of long white road.

Soon the houses began to come more frequently, then came the streets with their long avenues of yellow lights, and within the hour they were rolling smoothly over the wooden pavements.

"Piccadilly," said Acton. "Drop us at the top of Whitehall, will you? Then you can take the the horse to the mews. Be ready for us outside Frascati's by twelve. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, at Frascati's by twelve! I know the place." A minute or two later the two swung off in Trafalgar Square, and the driver rattled away into the crowd.

Jack was delighted. "Spiffing run, Acton, eh?"

"Glad you liked it, young 'un. Now let us localise the Universal Sporting Club. I know it's about Covent Garden somewhere." Together they went up the crowded Strand, Jack enjoying every minute of the bustling walk to the Garden and imagining that he was a very much daring young desperado to be so far from his little white bunk at St. Amory's. He would have been usually fast asleep by this time.

The Universal Sporting Club was not a difficult place to find, and though all its windows were lighted up, upon its fast shut doors were two little notices: "This door will be open at 11 p.m. None but members and friends admitted."

"Well," said Acton, "We've got about twenty minutes before there's any particular need to begin our watch for Raffles, but some of the members are hanging round now. The early birds get the best perch for the show. On the whole, perhaps you'd better prowl about this door now, whilst I go round the corner and see if I can run our fox to his earth."

"All serene," said Jack, "I'll mark time out here till I see you."

Acton walked round the corner, and Jack perambulated about, peering into the faces of the idlers to see if he could spot the well-known and much detested face of Raffles. He had (of course) no luck.

Five minutes afterwards Acton came back smiling: "Almost first fellow I ran against was Raffles, and I've given him his instructions. He'll hedge for me with the bookie within five minutes."

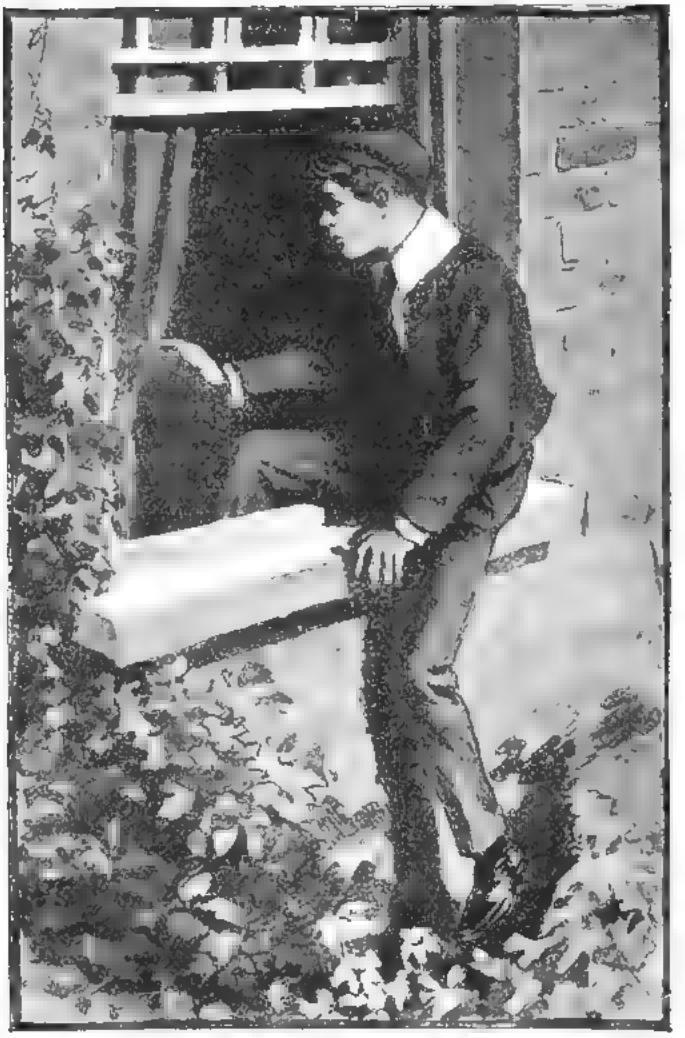
"So you're quite safe now, Acton?" said Jack, beaming.

"Oh, quite," said Acton, laughing. "Now, Jack, you've been no end brickish, and I'm going to treat you. Ever seen a ballet?"

"No."

"Well, you shall."

A hansom flitted slowly up to them, and Acton hailed it. "In you get, Jack. Kingdom!" said Acton to the cabby. They glided noiselessly



HE PUSHED UP THE WINDOW AND CRAWLED THROUGH.

through the lighted streets, and in a minute or so were before the "Kingdom Theatre." The two hurried up the steps, and Acton asked an attendant if the ballet were rung up yet.

"No, sir. Two stalls, sir? Certainly. Twelve and thirteen are vacant."

Jack had never seen a ballet before, and when the gorgeous ballet "Katrina" slowly passed before his eyes, and he followed the simple story which was almost interpreted by the lovely music, when every fresh scene seemed lovelier than all the rest, and fairyland was realised before his eyes, his face beamed with pleasure.

"This *is* ripping, Acton. Isn't Katrina lovely? Jove! I'd hunt for Raffles every blessed night if there was a 'Kingdom' to finish up with!"

His enthusiasm amused Acton.

"It is very pretty, Jack, certainly."

For nearly an hour did Jack sit entranced, and when the orchestra crashed out the last floods of melody in the *finale*, and when most of the audience rose to go, he trotted out with Acton in a dream.

"We'll have a little supper at Frascati's, young 'un, and then home."

Frascati's completed the enchantment of Bourne. The beauty of the supper-room, the glitter of snowy linen, of mirrors, and the inviting crash of knives, and the clink of glasses, the busy orderliness of the waiters, the laughter, chatter of the visitors, the scents, the sights and sounds fascinated him. Acton ordered a modest little supper, and when Jack had finally pushed away his plate Acton paid the bill, and went out to find the driver. He was there, the horse almost waltzing with impatience to be off. The two swung themselves up, and in another minute they were whirling along back to St. Amory's.

The St. Amory's clock could be heard striking the half hour after one when Jack and Acton parted at the corner of Corker's garden.

"Jack," said Acton, "good-night! and you need not trouble about the £7. You've done more for me than that, and I shall not forget it."

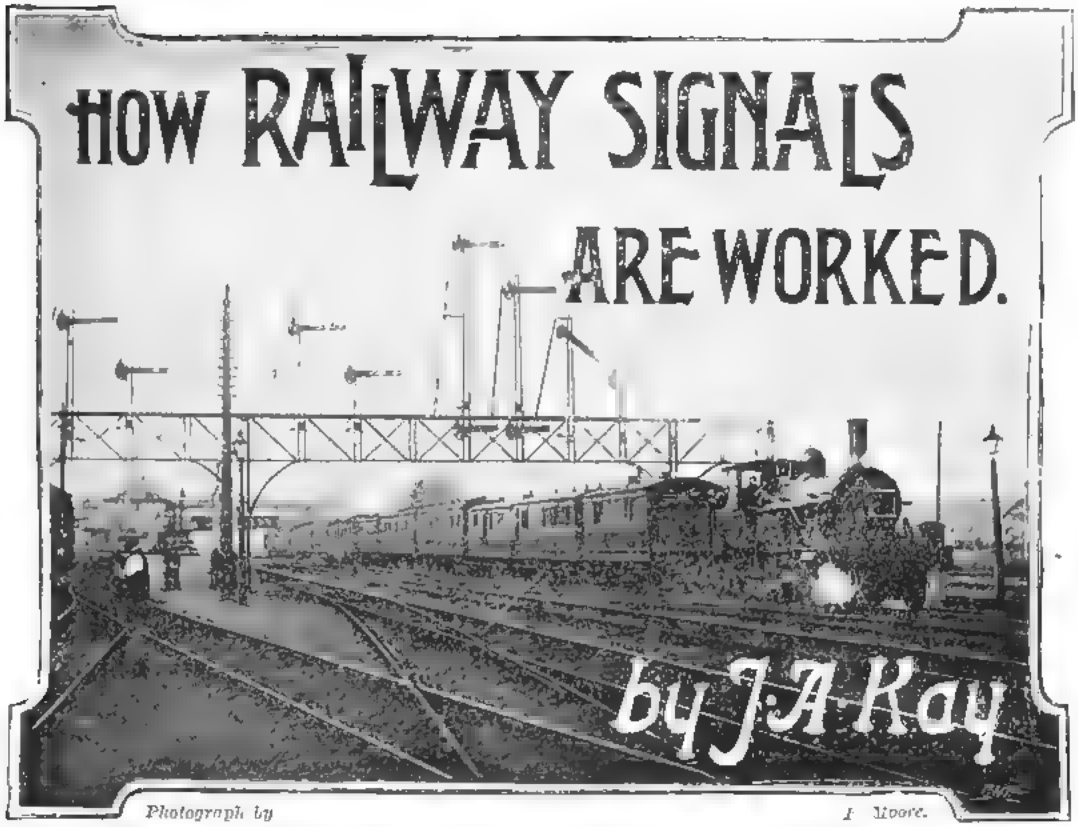
Jack, almost weeping with gratitude, said: "Good-night, Acton!" in a fervent whisper, and scuttled over Corker's flower beds. He pushed up his window, and crawled through, and, seeing that all was as he had left it after supper, he undressed and jumped into bed, and in a few minutes slept the sleep of the just.

Acton had managed his re-entrance just as successfully—did he ever fail?—and the thought of Bourne's hopeless rage, when he should find out about Jack's escapade, made him sleep the sleep of the happy man. He was made that way.

(To be continued.)

Fred M. Swanson

How Railway Signals are Worked.



by J. A. Kay

Photograph by *J. Moore.*

"OUT of sight and out of mind" is an old saying that has a deal of truth in it. Particularly so is this the case of the travelling public and railway signalmen. We see the cabins by the side of the line, but not the brain that is ever on the alert inside, and the only evidence to the public of the signalman's existence is the raising and lowering of the signal arms as the trains go thundering past, or, by night, the red and green lights that decorate the line.

Few sights on the railway are more fascinating than a night view of the signals outside some busy station. It seems almost incredible that the huge signal-box close by, with its gleaming rows of levers, and ever-tinkling electric bells, that control the bank of green and red lights, which are ever changing from one colour to the other in kaleidoscopic fashion, should be the outcome of an idea of an ingenious—some people said "lazy"—railway watchman.

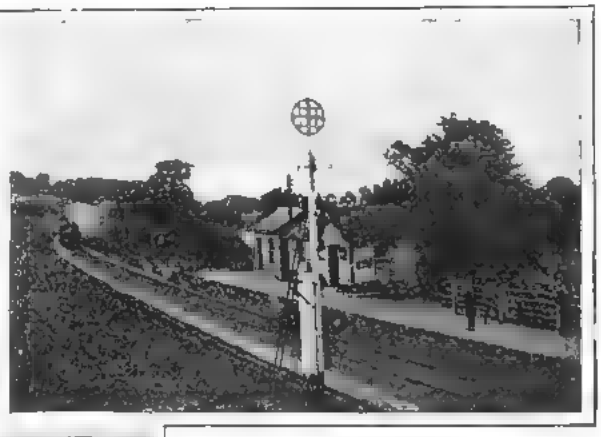
That, of course, was many years ago, in the babyhood days of the railway, when what signalling there was was done by policemen who waved little red and green flags by day, and little red and green lamps by night, to let the trains go by. This man, however, had charge of a rather more elaborate signal than this. It consisted of a sort of flat disc, which was mounted on the end of a long pole, and was "turned" to let a train go by. Now this man found it was very unpleasant in bad weather to be continually stepping out from the shelter of his hut in order to work his signal, and, in order to save himself from it, he invented a little mechanism, worked by means of some pieces of wire and string, whereby he could perform his signalling duties without leaving his hut. It is, perhaps, a little uncertain whether this man did actually set the example of working a number of signals from one box situated some distance away, or whether it was thought out independently; but, at any rate, this story is interesting as illustrating how necessity is the mother of invention, and from what little beginnings great things often spring.

It is really surprising what very vague ideas most people have about the meanings of the railway signals they see by the score every time they go on a railway journey. Of course, the intricacies of modern railway signalling are so

varied and complicated that it would take a whole volume of THE CAPTAIN to deal with them at anything like adequate length, and, of course, many treatises longer even than that have been published at different times. The signalling at every big junction and important railway station is managed on a specially drawn up system, and though, of course, in general principles the signalling at different stations throughout the country is the same, yet, as you will readily understand, each one has local considerations which have to be borne in mind, quite different from those to be found at any other station. But, as Mr. Ackworth truly remarks in his work, "The Railways of England," "to commence the study of the block system of signalling at one of the most complicated junctions in existence is as absurd as though a tyro in pianoforte playing were to attempt to master a concerto of Beethoven's. The proper place to begin the study of our English block system is a roadside cabin, with ten or a dozen levers."

Photograph by F. Moore.

—THE PRESENT.



THE PAST AND—

The arrangements for signalling in general use before the introduction of the block system were very simple. There were signal-posts and semaphore signals just as we have them now, but with this difference: After a train had passed a certain signal it would be immediately raised to danger. Then, after four or five minutes, according to rules of the line, it would be lowered half-way down, meaning that the next train could proceed on its way "with caution." If no train came along for another ten minutes or so, the signal would be let right down, meaning that the line was clear, at any rate, up to the next signal. This sounds a very straightforward and simple arrangement, but, unfortunately, it was very far from perfect. A train might break down half-way between two signals, but nevertheless, so soon as the regulation space of time had elapsed, the signal which the train had just passed would be lowered and another train allowed to pass. If no one ran back along the line to warn the driver of the following train of his danger, there was nothing except his "look-ahead" to avert a serious collision. It is not surprising that this defect in the old-fashioned system was the cause of many serious accidents. But the "block system" has happily decreased the chance of such occurrences to a minimum. Suppose a train passes a signal which we will call "B." So soon as the train has gone by, "B" is raised to danger just as it was in the old system, but, and here is where the difference comes in, it is *not* lowered until the signalman controlling it hears from the next signalman that the train has safely passed the next signal, which we will christen "C." But even then the "B" signal is not necessarily lowered — not, in fact, until the signalman controlling it receives a message by the telegraph telling him of an approaching train. This, then, in merest outline, is our present "block" system of railway signalling.

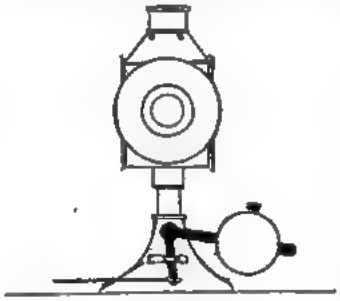


FIG. 1.—SMALL SIGNAL USED FOR SIDINGS.

If you are observant you may have noticed that

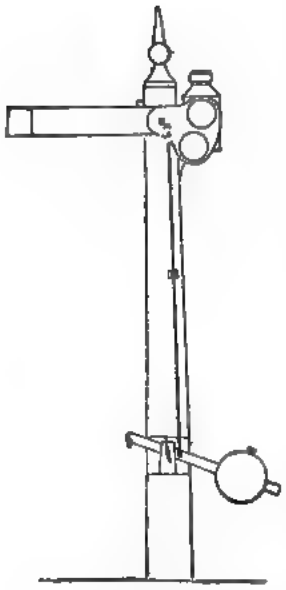


FIG. 2.—"STARTING" SIGNAL.

there are two distinct types of semaphore signals on all railways. One has square ends, as the upper signal in Fig. 3, and the other ends in a swallow-tail, like the lower one. The former are either "home" or "starting" signals, and the latter "distant" signals. Generally speaking, one may say that the "distant" signals act as auxiliaries to the others. If one of these is lowered (or "off," as the railwaymen say), a driver knows that the next "home" signal will probably be "off" too, though drivers are always warned that the "home" signal may possibly be raised before they reach it, even if the "distant" signal was "off." And more than once accidents have occurred through drivers never troubling to look at the "home" signal, after passing the "distant" one.

The signal-post illustrated in Fig. 3 is a type in very general use. The top semaphore, as you see, is an ordinary "home" signal, which, if lowered, signifies that the line is clear so far as the next "home" signal. But as the advent of a train is heralded along the telegraph wire from one signal cabin to another some minutes in advance of the train, it is ten chances to one that the line will be clear for some distance ahead, and that the next "home" signal will also be lowered. Now if a driver knows that in all probability the next two sections of the line are clear, it naturally saves him from much anxiety, and gives him a chance, if the track is a good one, to do a bit of smart running. That is why a driver is so rejoiced when he sees both the signals lowered on a wayside signal such as is illustrated in Fig. 3.

Many people have an idea that if the wire or chain which connects the signals with the signal-box should break, the signal would at once fall to the starting position that signifies "line clear." As a matter of fact, however, this notion is quite wrong, as nowadays practically all signals are so designed that in the event of such an occurrence they would still keep at danger, which is their normal position. The balancing of a modern signal is so arranged that it has to be pulled to be lowered.

Quite a long book might be written on the crimes of the last fifty years or so in which our railways have played a prominent part, either as factors towards the capture of the criminals, or in aiding them to make good their escape. But though at first sight it may seem rather a far cry from the subject of crime on the railway to that of signalling, yet there is at least one occasion on record in which the signal-box and telegraph wire were the means of bringing a murderer to book. The signal-box in question was the old one at Slough on the Great Western Railway, erected in 1844. In the following year a terrible murder was committed at Salthill by a man named Tawell, who escaped to London by train.

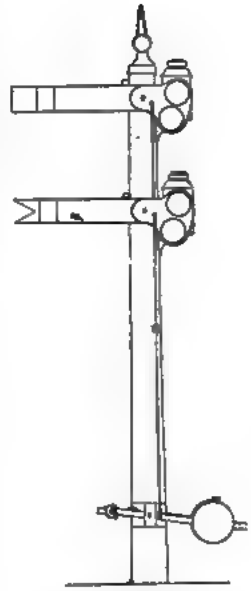


FIG. 3.—"HOME" AND "DISTANT" SIGNALS ON SAME POST.

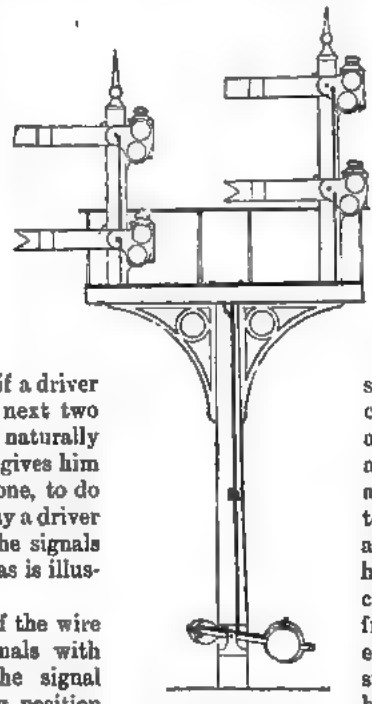


FIG. 4.—TYPICAL JUNCTION SIGNALS.

As he sat in the train, speeding its way towards Paddington, probably brooding over his ghastly crime, and imagining how lucky he was in so easily getting away, little did the murderer think that the story of his deed was being flashed along the telegraph by the signalman at Slough. Such was the case, however, and so ably did science aid justice that the murderer was arrested almost immediately after alighting from the train at Paddington. He was soon afterwards tried and hung. Sir Francis Head relates how, some few months after this incident took place, he was travelling from London in a Great Western express. "Not a word had been spoken since the train left London, but as we neared Slough station a short-bodied, short-necked, short-

nosed, but exceedingly respectable-looking man in the corner, fixing his eyes on the apparently fleeting wires, nodded to us as he muttered aloud: "Them's the wires that hung John Tawell."

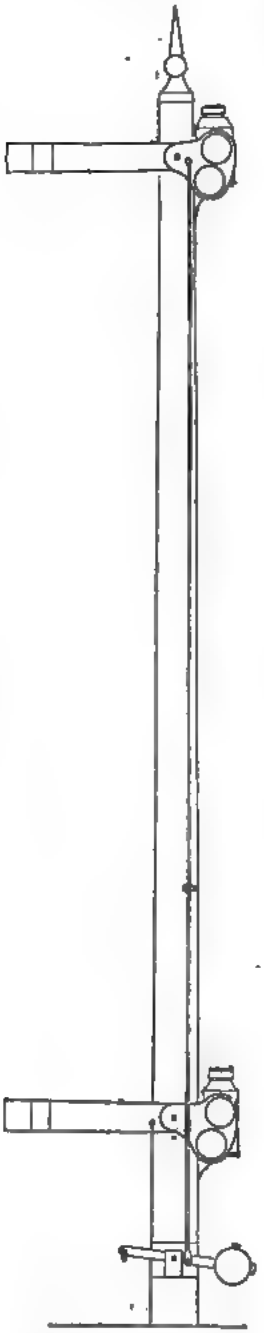


FIG. 5.—WHEN A SIGNAL IS ABOVE THE REGULATION HEIGHT FROM THE GROUND, A REPEAT—OR DUPLICATE—SIGNAL IS PLACED LOWER DOWN ON THE POST IN CASE OF FOG.

Now, a word or two about our illustrations. The two photographs on page 320 illustrate fifty years progress in railway signalling. In the upper one we see an old-fashioned "disc" signal, and in the other, some semaphore signals such as are now in general use in this country. On this page is a photo of a typical wayside signal cabin, and on page 323 a view of the interior of one of the largest signal boxes in the world. It is situated just outside Waterloo Station, London, and all who are acquainted with this busy railway terminus will realise that the task of safely working the continuous stream of trains that daily arrive and start from Waterloo can be no child's play. Practically all the signals are worked through the "A" box here illustrated. The signalman employed therein can easily deal with forty-five trains per hour and the 236 levers comprise no less than 18,000 "lever motions."

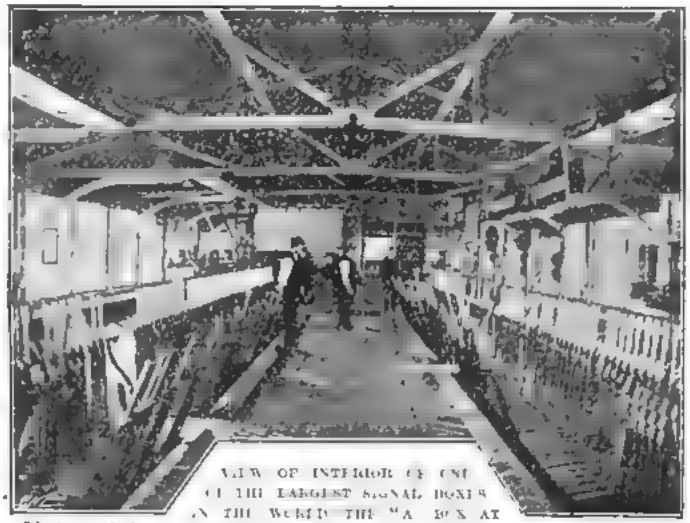
On branch lines of railway, having only a single track, some very curious systems of signalling are sometimes employed. Those most up-to-date use what is known as the "electric tablet" system, but many still use the old-fashioned "staff" system. As an example let us suppose there is only a single line between "A" and "B." It is obvious that only one train should be on this portion of the line at the same time; and no driver is allowed to start away from either "A" or "B" without he has in his possession a certain metal tablet, known as a "staff," which is the recognised key to this section of line. As there is only one "staff," it naturally follows that not more than one train can be on the line at the same time.

Photograph by *R. R. McLaren.*

A TYPICAL WAYSIDE SIGNAL CABIN.

Apart from the actual working of the signals, one of the signalman's most important duties is the keeping of his "log-book," or journal. This always lies open on a little desk in the corner of the cabin, and in it he enters the exact time at which each train passes his box, with any remarks that he may deem necessary. Thus, in these books records are kept of the actual workings of all the trains on the line, and are useful to the officials who draw up the working time-tables, and for many other purposes. To the average traveller the ordinary railway time-table is often a very puzzling one, but compared with what is known as the "working time-table," which is drawn up

for the use of drivers, guards, signalmen, and other officials, it is the very essence of simplicity. The working time-table is a sort of *vade mecum* for railwaymen, and contains, amongst other information, many particulars about the systems of working important junctions and stations, regulations for working signal-boxes, lists of leading stations and signal cabins, a catalogue of different sorts of engine whistles, to say nothing of the "route indicators," with plans showing the position of signals at junctions and other busy parts of the line. But besides all this useful information the time-tables themselves are much more elaborate than those issued to the public, and contain not only the times at which the trains are due to depart from the stations at which they stop for passengers, but also tell when they ought to pass through wayside stations at which they do not pull up; so as to help drivers and signalmen to keep a proper check on the working of the trains.

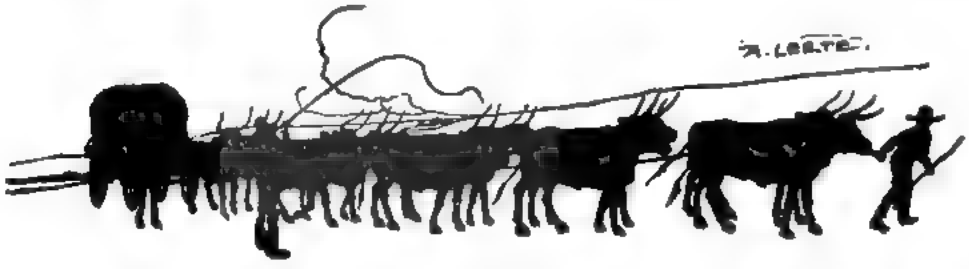


Photograph by VIEW OF INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE LARGEST SIGNAL BOXES IN THE WORLD—THE "A" BOX AT WATERLOO STATION, LONDON. *F. Moore.*

If you are observant, you may have noticed that all engines carry one or more lamps in front by night and coloured discs by day, and that they are not arranged in the same manner on all trains. These are not put there merely for ornamentation, but are what are known as "engine codes," and are placed there to enable signalmen to distinguish between the different trains. The following code of locomotive headlights is used on the London & North-Western Railway, and other lines employ systems very similar in most respects.

When a signalman sees an engine bearing two white lights—one over each buffer—he knows he has to deal with an important train, such as a passenger, fish, or fruit express, which must not be delayed on any account. Break-down trains are also distinguished by two white lights, whilst slow passenger trains carry one white light placed over the left-hand buffer. Engines drawing trains of merchandise, which must reach their destination with all possible haste, carry green and white lamps placed over the right and left hand buffers respectively. Nearly all trains of "perishables," cattle, and other live stock, are distinguished by this code. Engines of fast goods trains not having to stop at any wayside stations carry two green lights—one over each buffer, whilst slow goods trains are distinguished by a single green light, which is placed over the left-hand buffer.

The oldest signal box in the world is to be found in Scotland. Some readers may possibly have noticed a curious looking structure with a clock in front, looking rather like a religious memorial, which stands at the top of Cowlairs incline, just outside Queen Street Station, Glasgow. This little building, though it is not now used as such, is the oldest signal box in the world, and is preserved more as a curiosity than for its use as a storing place for materials used on the railway.



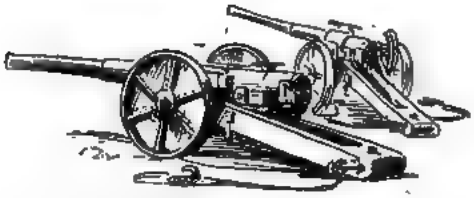
THE TREE.

THE GUNS THAT JACK BROUGHT

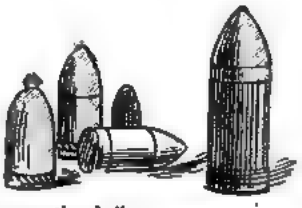
(UP TO LADYSMITH).

By J. W. Joseph.

With sketches by Dodshon, from ideas supplied by P. A. Hairet.



These are the guns that Jack brought.



These are the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought

These are the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought

These are the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

These are the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

These are the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought,

This is poor Joubert whose siege went wrong
Who opposed the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

These the rough riders who fought for long,
And feared not Joubert whose siege went wrong,
Who opposed the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

This is the grub that was shared among
The brave rough riders who fought for long,
And feared not Joubert whose siege went wrong
Who opposed the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

These the besieged who cared not a song,
If the grub was bad, which was shared among
The brave rough riders who fought for long,
And feared not Joubert whose siege went wrong,
Who opposed the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

This is brave Buller who fought his way on,
And relieved the besieged who cared not a song,
If the grub was bad which was shared among
The brave rough riders who fought for long,
And feared not Joubert whose siege went wrong,
Who opposed the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the men,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

Desborough Again

By H. St. John Seamer.

Author of "Desborough's Cheek."

Sketches by E. F. Skinner.

I'VE made it up with Desborough again. I had been thinking it all over in the Christmas holidays, and it seemed to me that, although we didn't come back to school exactly at Christmas, yet it wasn't very long after, and, of course, that is a time when everybody ought to be friendly with everybody else. Besides, sixpence is a paltry sum to quarrel over, especially as Desborough always brings back to school with him a jolly big hamper, full of mince pies and cakes and tarts and oranges and things. So I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to let bygones be bygones, and so, when the train came into our station, and I saw him sitting in a carriage all by himself (for he lives farther away from Hyphenham than I do), I went straight up to him, and shook hands with him, and asked him how he was, just as though nothing had happened.

He looked rather surprised at that, but shook hands all right, and made room for me to get in with him, which I did, and we had a good time of it, I can tell you. He had a packet of cigarettes with him, and he offered me one, saying that it was only proper that we should smoke the pipe of peace, but, as he hadn't a pipe, he hoped these would do as well. So I took one, and we both lighted up—and we had a jolly time.

Then, when we had finished them, we threw away the ends, and kept the windows open to blow the smell away (for it wasn't a smoking compartment). And he took a pen-knife, and scratched out the "s" on the label over the seats, so that it read: "To EAT FIVE PERSONS," which made us both laugh. You have no idea how funny Desborough can be when he likes! By that time we had nearly reached the next station—our train was an express, and only stopped once—but there, as luck would have it, a man got in. He wasn't an old man, and he wasn't a young man, but a middle-aged man, about thirty years old or so, very pale and quiet-looking, and wearing spectacles.

As soon as we started again, Desborough looked at me and winked, as much as to say: "Watch me, while I have a lark with this man, and kid him on." And he did that for certain, but I didn't join much in the conversation, for just then I began to feel rather funny. I suppose that my dinner or something hadn't agreed with me properly. At all events I didn't feel much like talking, but only wanted to keep quiet.

In about a minute Desborough began. He took the packet of cigarettes out of his pocket, and said, in just the way that I have heard grown-ups speak:—

"Have you any objection to my smoking, sir?"

"Not in the least," said the man, smiling, "provided that it does not interfere with your own comfort. In fact, I was about to have a pipe myself."

He took out a pipe as he spoke, and began to fill it from his tobacco pouch.

"May I offer you one of these?" asked Desborough, in a lordly manner, holding out the cigarettes.

"No, thank you," replied the man; "I always prefer a pipe."

"I can strongly recommend them," continued Desborough. "They're the very best Egyptian."

"No, thank you," repeated the man, smiling again, and shaking his head.

There was a minute's silence while they lighted their smokes, and Desborough insisted on the man's using his matches. Then, after a few puffs, the man addressed him:—

"Going back to school, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes, worse luck!" replied Desborough. "But how did you guess that?"

"Oh!" said the man, laughing, "this is the time when schools are beginning again, and so, when one meets two boys travelling together alone by train, one naturally suspects that they are going back to school. Besides, your companion"—(by which he meant me)—"doesn't look cheerful enough to be going on a visit anywhere."

"Neither would you look cheerful," said Desborough, "if you had to go back to such a beastly hole as our school is."

"You don't like your school, then?" said the man, in surprise. "What is wrong with it?"

"Wrong?" Desborough spoke with great contempt. "Everything is wrong!"

"Isn't that rather sweeping?" asked the man.

"Not a bit of it," replied Desborough. "Take the buildings, for instance. They were built in 1511, and haven't been touched since—all tumbling down and going to rack and ruin. They're hardly fit for people to live in at all."

This was only his fun. We are very proud of the age of our school.

The man rather opened his eyes at this, but didn't say anything.

"Then take the boys who go there—a measly, low-bred set."

Of course he didn't mean it, but said it out of pure cheek.

"Dear me!" said the man. "But you go there yourself, don't you?"

If he thought he had him there, he was mistaken. He didn't know Desborough. It takes a lot to have Desborough, I can tell you.

"Oh! yes," he replied, "but then, I'm an exception to the rule. That is just what I complain of. If I were like the rest, I don't suppose I should mind so much."

"I see," said the man.

"Then look at the Head," Desborough went on. "There's an awful brute for you. Why, he had to leave the last school that he was head of, because he whacked a boy so hard that he had to be taken to the hospital, and died not long afterwards. That'll show you the sort of man he is."

"Shocking, shocking!" said the man. "I wonder that he wasn't tried and hanged for it. He ought certainly to have been."

"I only wish he were," said Desborough, heartily, "but I shouldn't be surprised if that did happen to him sooner or later, if he goes on as he is doing," he added.

"And what about the other masters?"

"Oh, they're worse than he is, if anything," replied Desborough—I believe that he really enjoyed inventing these things.

"That's a poor state of things," said the man.

"Yes, isn't it? They never have any decent masters there. All we get are old crocks who can't find a mastership anywhere else."

"It must be an interesting school," remarked the man.

"You wouldn't think so if you were in it. There was one master had to leave last term, you know, because they couldn't keep him any longer," (which was true—at least, one did leave last term, and his name was Gray). The man seemed much interested.

"What did he have to leave for?" he asked.

"Oh, he was caught stealing a boy's pocket-money. Of course they all do that, you know, but they don't often get caught. It was the boy sitting there who caught this one at it first—that's right, isn't it?" he asked, appealing to me.

I didn't feel equal to contradicting him just then. Besides, I shouldn't have liked to give him away. So I said: "Oh, yes, quite right," and leant back again. Desborough continued his story (which is about the right name to give it, I think).

"He told me, and we both watched and saw him do it again. Then we went and told the Head, who pretended to be very indignant, and said that he wouldn't believe it, and that we were lying. So we told him quick that we were telling the truth, and that if he didn't dismiss the man, and give us back the money that he had taken, we should put it into the hands of the police."

"And that is why the master left?"

"Yes. The Head was in an awful funk, and begged us not to tell the police. So we got our money back, and the master had to go."

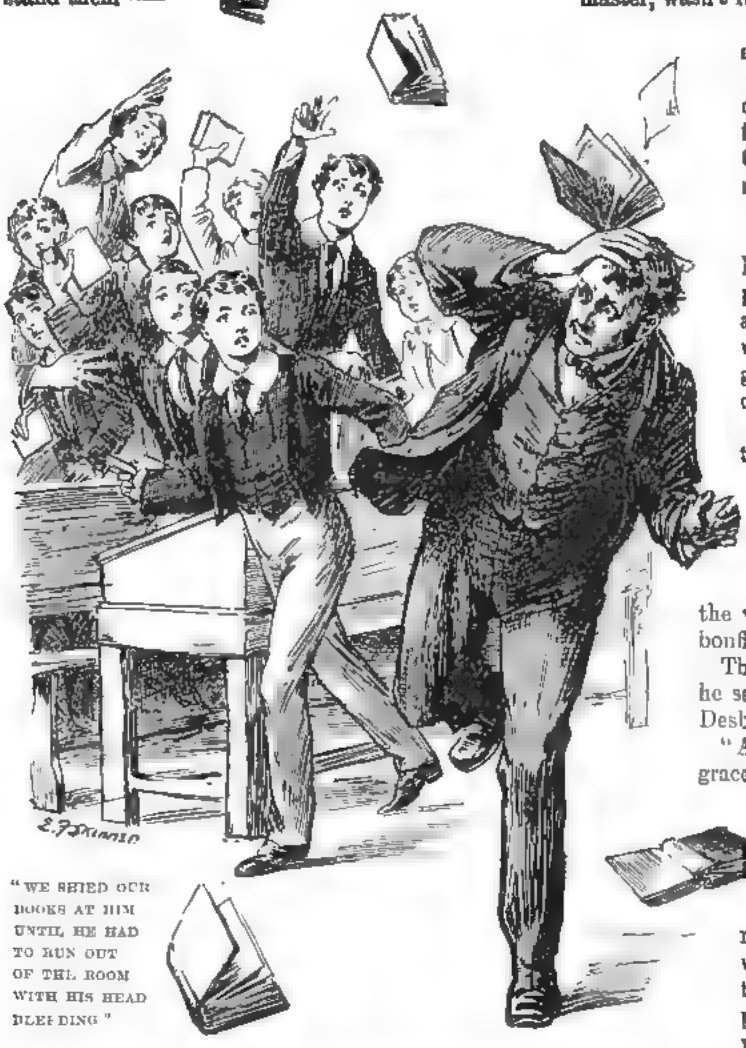
"Quite right, too," said the man.

"But I dare say the new one won't be any better. They never are. If he doesn't do that sort of thing, he will probably do something quite as bad, if not worse."

"I hope not," said the man. "There is always a chance of improvement."

"The French master is another brute," Desborough grumbled on. "He was a socialist, or an anarchist, or something over there. He tried to

blow up the President with dynamite, and had to run away to England to prevent them cutting off his head, or sending him where Dreyfus was—Siberia, isn't it? You should see him when we boys rag him. He dances about, and waves his arms, and says all manner of things in French, so that we can't understand them——"



"WE SHIED OUR BOOKS AT HIM UNTIL HE HAD TO RUN OUT OF THE ROOM WITH HIS HEAD BLEEDING"

"Perhaps that is just as well," interrupted the man.

"Oh, I don't know that. The mathematical master is quite as bad, and, of course, he doesn't know enough of any other language to say things in, and has to say them in English."

"Do the boys 'rag' the masters, as you call it, much?"

"Rather," said Desborough. "Only last term one of them gave a boy some lines that he didn't deserve, and so we hissed him in class, and when he wouldn't take them off again, we shied our books at him until he had to run out of the room with his head bleeding—one of the fellows did that with a classical dictionary, you know. It was too bad of him to shy anything as big as a classical dictionary at anyone, even if he was a master, wasn't it?"

"I should say that it was," agreed the man.

"We thought so, too, and we didn't want to do anything unfair, so we put the chap into Coventry for a week, and let the master come into the room again."

"That was good of you."

"Another time—last Fifth of November it was—the townspeople had a bonfire and fireworks, and, of course, the headmaster wouldn't give any of us leave to go. So what do you think we did?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said the man.

"Why, after we had gone up to bed, we barricaded the doors of our dormitories, tore up the sheets and made rope ladders of them, and then got out of the windows, and went and saw the bonfire after all!"

The man didn't say anything, but he seemed to be thinking a good deal. Desborough continued:

"And the way they feed you is disgraceful. Chunks of bread, and some dirty brown water—nobody has ever discovered whether it is meant for tea or coffee—for breakfast and tea. For dinner you do get a little meat, all red and blue, and, afterwards, a lot of sticky dough with treacle on it—and they call that pudding! Supper is bread and water—ugh! One might as well be in gaol."

We are really very well fed at our school. No matter.

"How very shocking!" said the man.

"Yes, it is, isn't it? If it wasn't that we smuggled in cheese, and tarts, and sardines, and things, and ate them in our dormitories at night we should pretty well starve."

"You don't look much like being starved now," said the man; and Desborough is certainly not what you would call thin.

"I've been spending a month at home, you see, and that makes all the difference. You wouldn't have said that if you had seen me before Christmas. The matron had to put tucks in all my clothes to prevent me dropping out of them."

"I wonder your father allows you to be at such a place," said the man.

"I haven't got a father," said Desborough, which wasn't true. Colonel Desborough is an awfully jolly sort of father to have, I can tell you.

"Poor boy!" said the man—but I don't think that he altogether meant it.

"That is to say, not a proper father," went on Desborough, "nor a mother either."

"What do you mean? You just said that you had been home for the holidays."

"So I have. It's like this, you know—my father died when I was quite a kid" (the man smiled), "and then my mother married again."

"You have a stepfather now, then?"

"Yes. But afterwards my mother died, and my stepfather married again. So that now I have a home, but I haven't any proper parents. My father isn't my father, and my mother isn't my mother, and so they don't seem to care what happens to me."

"What a very curious case!" said the man. "I don't know that I ever came across a similar one."

"It is rather peculiar," agreed Desborough. "I don't know of another like it myself."

"Is this your brother?" asked the man, meaning me.

"No," replied Desborough. "I haven't any brothers or sisters of my own."

"An only child?"

"Oh, dear, no! There are ever so many of us, only we aren't all brothers and sisters, you know. There's myself, first of all," he said, counting on his fingers. "I'm the eldest. Then there are two children, a boy and a girl, who belong to my mother and my step-father. That makes three. Then my step-father and his new wife have two girls and a boy. That makes six altogether. It's rather confusing, you see, because I am no relation whatever to the last three, while the middle two are related somehow to all the rest of us. I shouldn't like to say for certain exactly what the relationship is."

"I think I understand," said the man, slowly, as though he was struggling to grasp the situation. I don't know whether he did or not, but he seemed to be very much amused at something.

"It's very awkward to belong to a family like that," remarked Desborough, after a pause.

"So I should think," agreed the man.

"You see, father and mother—I must call them so, although they are no relation to me at all—have so much to do to look after their own children that I get left out in the cold, because I don't really belong to either of them."

"Ah!" The man suddenly became disinclined to go on talking.

"For instance, neither of them ever thinks of giving me pocket-money."

"No?" He opened his paper, and pretended to begin reading.

"No; and it's awfully horrid to be at school without any pocket-money."

"It must be," said the man, looking up. "You can't buy cigarettes, for one thing."

"No, nor anything else," said Desborough, not in the least abashed. "But you don't think that I bought these, do you?" he added quickly.

"Well, the evidence seems to point in that direction."

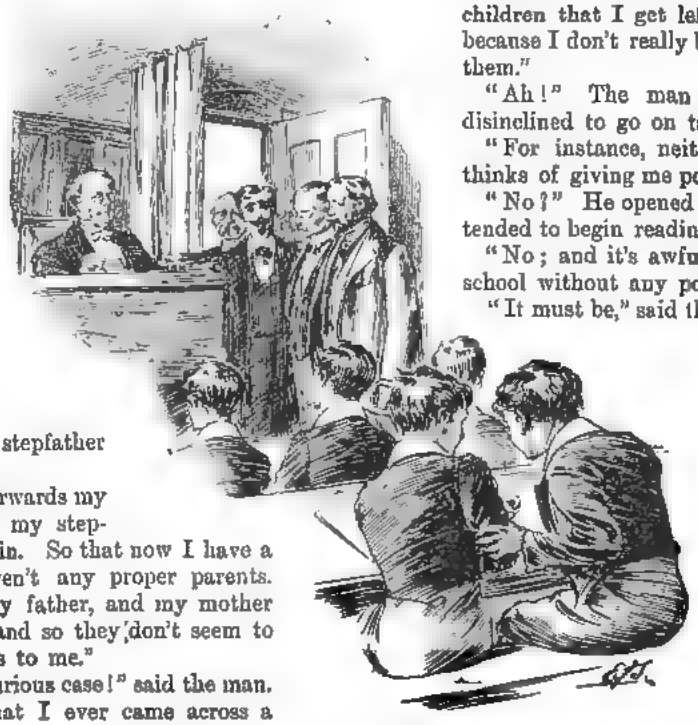
"Then I didn't!" exclaimed Desborough, looking hurt and indignant.

As a matter of fact, I believe—I don't know for certain, mind, but I believe—that he bagged them from his pater or somebody.

"May I ask how you came by them?"

"Oh, they belong to my friend there."

This was too much. I jumped up, and was going to protest, but at that moment we passed something interesting, and I felt obliged to put my head out of the window to look at it. When I drew it in again the opportunity had passed, and I sat down and leant back again without saying what I was going to, but I saw Desborough pocket something that looked very like a half-



"LOOK THERE!" CRIED DESBOROUGH.

crown, and heard him say, "Thank you very much, sir."

The train just then began to slow down, and Desborough called out to me: "Come along. Get your things together, and hurry up, so that we can get a hansom. I do so hate growlers."

"Is this your station?" asked the man. "I get out here, too."

The train stopped.

"Good afternoon, and thank you again, sir," said Desborough, and bustled me out of the carriage and along the platform to claim our luggage in a way that, I am sure, was very bad for a person suffering from indigestion, as I was. At all events, when we reached the school, I wasn't able to eat any tea, and got leave afterwards to go up to bed early.

Next morning I felt better, and they made me get up and go into school as usual. Desborough sat by me at prayers, and asked all manner of questions about my health, which was very annoying of him. Presently the masters walked in in procession, as they always do. Desborough jumped nearly out of his seat, and clutched me by the arm.

"Look there!" he cried.

"Where?" I asked. "And just let go my arm, will you? You're hurting!"

He let go, and pointed to where the masters were all standing in a group around the head master's desk.

"My gracious!" I exclaimed.

There, among the rest, stood the man who had travelled down with us in the train the day before! He was the new master who had come to take the place of Mr. Gray!

"17"

SOME PUBLIC SCHOOL LONG JUMP RECORDS.

In our May number we published a paragraph crediting T. E. F. Turner of Doncaster Grammar School with being the holder of a Public School Long Jump Record, he having cleared 20ft 1in. at the 1899 Sports. Since then we have received the following, all of which show a better performance than that of T. E. F. Turner:—

Merchant Taylors' ...	C. L. Lockton	21ft. 10ins. ...	—
Denstone	J. L. Phillips	21ft. 4ins. ...	1899
Berkamsted	F. C. Crawford	21ft. 0ins. ...	—
Reading	H. B. Corry	20ft. 6½ins. ...	1899
Shrewsbury...	A. Richter	20ft. 6ins. ...	1899
Radley	H. C. Carylon Hughes	20ft. 6ins. ...	1900
Highgate	R. A. Blunt...	20ft. 6ins. ...	1890
Whitgift	V. F. S. Crawford	20ft. 4ins. . .	1896
Cheltenham	F. L. Congreve	20ft. 3ins. ...	1900
Leatherhead	R. H. Williams	20ft. 3ins. ...	1897
Mill Hill	A. J. R. Roberts	20ft. 2ins. .	1899
Finchley	H. P. Margetto	20ft. 2ins. ...	1893
Clifton	R. G. Ritson	20ft. 1½ins. ...	1898

WAR STAMP ISSUES.

THE occupation of Bloemfontein by the British army under Lord Roberts has been quickly followed by the familiar Orange Free State stamps overprinted with the letters

"V.R.I."

and new value in black. At the moment of writing only the three lower values—½d., 1d., and 2½d.—have been so treated, but all values will follow in time.

Collectors at home are apparently to sigh and cry for specimens of this interesting series of provisionals, as the fever to obtain supplies on the day of issue at Bloemfontein rose to such a height that restrictions were put upon their sale. At the post office, it is said, the applicants for the surcharged stamps were simply jostling each other, until one could have imagined that the British army was composed entirely of philatelists!

Mafeking also has its war issue, the gallant Colonel defending the town having issued a special 3d. stamp; but any further details must wait until the unfortunate inhabitants of the beleaguered town are set free to tell us more about their hardships and their stamps.

That other changes will take place as our army enters the South African Republic is certain, and when the war is over the past philatelic history of the two Republics should be an interesting, as well as a valuable one.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

*CEYLON. — The accompanying illustration represents a new 2c. stamp, being the old design in a new colour—chestnut-brown.

CEYLON.

*CHILE.—For nearly twenty years one design has done duty for the postage stamps of this Republic, hence a new type is welcome, which I illustrate. As from the first, the new stamps portray the features of Christopher Columbus. 1c., green; 2c., carmine; 5c., blue; 10c., violet; 20c., black; 50c., brown—all rouletted.

CHILE.

CONGO. — The present Congo stamps are among the handsomest stamps ever issued, and the more of them the better, for they help greatly to popularise stamp collecting. The 5c., 10c., and 25c. values have been changed in colour to conform to the postal union regulations, which require that all stamps of the value of ½d., 1d., and 2½d. issued by countries in the union should be green, carmine, and blue respectively. Hence the three values mentioned will adopt these colours, coupled with the usual black centre.

*FRANCE.—Here is a new 2f. stamp which has just been issued, in the type which has so long been in existence, and which I quite thought was going to be replaced on the opening of the exhibition.

FRANCE.

GERMANY.—In our April issue I illustrated and described the new series of stamps which has been issued, and now I am told they are to be withdrawn shortly, although am not in a position to vouch for the statement. In the meantime the high values have been placed on sale, and you will be glad to learn what the designs represent. The 1 mark stamp has a view of the Imperial Post Office at Berlin; the 2m. is said to represent two ancient German tribes swearing eternal friendship, the inscription under the central design being in English: "Be United — United — United." The 3m. stamp shows the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Emperor William I., at Berlin; the 5m. stamp apparently represents the coronation of William II., the inscription being: "One Empire—One People—One God."

GREECE (CRETE).—I have just received a description of the handsome designs illustrated last month, as follows:—

1 lepton and 50 lepta show an antique coin with head of Hermes.
5 and 20 lepta, from a coin, showing profile of Juno.
10 and 25 lepta, full-faced portrait of Prince George.
1 drachma, winged figure of the giant Talos.
2 drachma, seated figure of King Minos, with crown and sceptre.
5 drachma, St. George and the Dragon.

The curious surcharge alluded to signifies "provisional," and the stamps so overprinted are available for franking letters to Greece, the unsurcharged stamps being used for postage only, as Crete has not yet entered the postal union.

GUATEMALA PROVISIONAL.

*GUATEMALA.—When I was at school I remember being keen on Guatemalan provisionals, and still they come! Here is the latest, "1900-1—centavo," in black, on 10c., vermilion.

NORTH BORNEO.

*NORTH BORNEO.—The accompanying new addition to the current set of stamps for North Borneo is sure to be popular among boys. It bears an admirable imitation of a gorilla, while in the background are three little gorillas.

*TONGA.—Here is the latest Tongese provisional, the current 1d. value overprinted, "T—L—1st June, 1899."

TONGA PROVISIONAL.

* Stamps for illustration and description kindly lent by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Limited, 391, Strand, W.C.

REVIEWS.

†*The Strand Stamp Album.*—Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Limited, have sent me a copy of a new edition—the fourth—of this popular album. The book, which is printed on unusually good quality paper, is bound in a new and specially-designed cover, and care has been taken in binding, so that when full the very undesirable bulgy appearance of the album is obviated. At the commencement are hints to the beginner, illustrations of watermarks, and several pages of rare stamps—or illustrations of them—and their trade value. The extraordinary part of this new edition is that with each album 100 postage stamps—catalogue value over 8s.—are presented *free*. Surely, at 2s. 6d. for the book and stamps together our boys should go in and conquer!

†*The Imperial Postage Stamp Album.*—Published by the same firm, this is the album *par excellence* for the modern advanced collector. I have so often described the "Imperial" in these pages, that little further description is necessary.

The progress of philately, and maturer study of present-day requirements in the necessary *desiderata* peculiar to the science, have resulted in the production on an up-to-date scale of albums and other accessories which a decade back would not have been dreamt of. The eighth—and present—edition of the "Imperial Album" represents the 20th century aspect of stamp-collecting, and is as near perfection as any album could be.

† *The Strand Stamp Album*, cloth, 2s. 6d.; *The Imperial Postage Stamp Album*, 4 volumes, Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Limited, 391, Strand, W.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Du Rennes asks me the meaning of the mysterious words "plate-numbers." If "Du Rennes" will take a copy of the old British 1d. red stamp, the variety having coloured letters in all four corners, and will then turn it sideways so that the two engine-turned lines of net-work are horizontal, he will find on examination under a microscope that in the centre of each

of these lines are small numbers. These are plate-numbers, which in the stamp described run from 73 to 225, the different numbers varying as to their market value. If "Du Rennes" is not successful after this description he must let me know, and I will endeavour to illustrate the description in a later issue. **H. B. Johnston** wishes to purchase Transvaal stamps in sacks, but I regret not being able to place him in touch with a customer. He might write Mrs. Kruger, but even this source is doubtful. **H. Bradford.**—Many thanks for the card. I have already referred to it in these columns. **H. E. G.**—The value of the 50c, $1, $2, $3, $4, and $5 Columbus stamps used, if fine specimens, should be about face value. The same valuation applies to the 50c. and $1 Omaha issue. **F. G. Bristow** asks what method I would advise of collecting after having a collection of 500. I would advise "F. G. B." to go on as he has started until he has got 1,500 or more, when a larger album might be purchased, say the Imperial, which provides for two sections—Vol. I., Great Britain and Colonies; Vol. II., Foreign Countries. When ready to adopt this plan I will gladly give him further advice. **An Ardent Collector.**—If the post-marks are genuine your P. S. N. Co. stamps are valuable; but it is doubtful, as so many forgeries of these stamps exist. **Newfoundland** inquires the value of a postcard which has travelled round the world? As a curiosity, of whatever value the owner sets upon it. Philatelically, the value of the stamps franking it; (2) I can only value stamps sent for inspection; (3) Ditto; (4) See reply to "Du Rennes"; (5) The mounts you are using are good; I have not seen the perforated ones before. **L. H.**—There is no such thing as a genuine Spitzbergen stamp, unless it is a local. If so, then its value is whatever you set on it in accordance with its connections you detail in your letter. **G. E. Hamilton.**—(1) *Wove* paper, if held up to the light, shows no lines; *Laid* shows close lines running in the texture of the paper, either vertically or horizontally; *Granite* paper has small pieces of thread-like substance in it, which is part of its original composition. (2) The Junior London Philatelic Society. See back issues for address, etc.

"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION."

(Contributed by readers of THE CAPTAIN.)

MARK TAPLEY.

EVERYONE who reads to any extent, almost involuntarily chooses some particular character in fiction whose trials and fortunes, and the way in which he meets them, rouse sympathy and admiration. This particular one is sometimes elected umpire in questions which one would, perhaps, not care to submit to anyone in the flesh.

When a fellow feels hipped, and things have gone awry, who wants to read of the misfortunes of some chap who seemed to deserve all he got in the way of punishment, and who moans and howls through two hundred weary pages? Who, indeed? Most of us turn up a particular book, confident of finding there some word of encouragement to fight on—and fighting—win!

Of all the characters at whose shrine I have burnt the incense of hero-worship, I think Dickens' "Mark Tapley" comes nearest to being my favourite. Dear old Mark, with your never failing cheerfulness, your sunny unselfishness, your forgetfulness of all your own little—or big—personal worries.

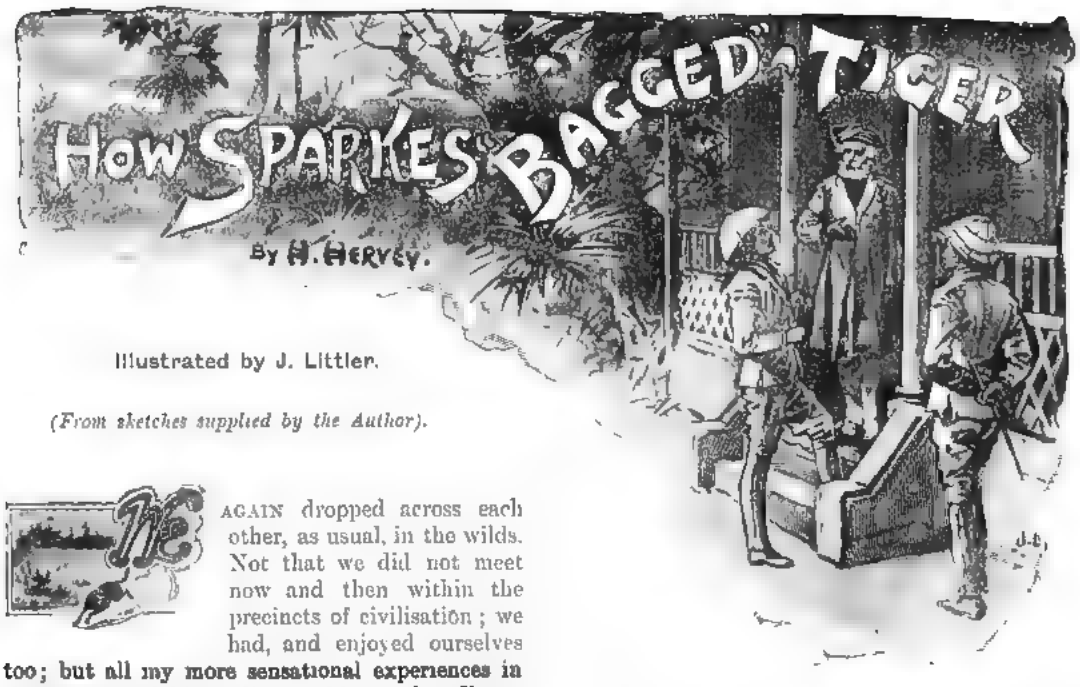
Some people say "Oh, it was no credit to Mark that he was so jolly; it was his nature." Well, he certainly had the happy faculty of failing to see trouble before trouble overtook him, but however jolly a man may naturally be, that quality alone would not enable him to keep such a stiff upper lip as did Mark in those days they saw in Eden, when almost any other man would have felt himself justified in throwing up the game.

There are folks who are jolly enough while the sun is bright; but when the clouds thicken, and they and others have the most need of their jollity, they simply double up. But Mark, faithful and cheerful in fair weather and foul, stuck to Martin, enduring for him what very few men would endure for their best chum—and Martin wasn't that.

He always forgot to reproach when Martin, by his impulsiveness and selfishness, finally landed them in Eden—land of snakes and swamps—a course from which Mark's shrewdness would have steered clear; and it was his example, unobtrusive as it was obvious, which brought to the surface all the good there was in Martin.

Mark will never die; his loyalty, his quaint humour, his exuberant optimism — real and assumed—these qualities alone would immortalise him, if only to present to us a way of discovering in our blackest cloud "the silver lining."

PHILIP A. CURLY.



Illustrated by J. Littler.

(From sketches supplied by the Author).

WE AGAIN dropped across each other, as usual, in the wilds. Not that we did not meet now and then within the precincts of civilisation; we had, and enjoyed ourselves too; but all my more sensational experiences in the company of this sterling good but extraordinary man happened when we were thrown together far removed from the haunts of our fellow countrymen. You see, I held—off and on—charge of a range that followed Sparkes' railway. My work lay along it. I was constantly up and down, marching, station by station, during the cool weather, and travelling by train or trolley when the awful heats or soaking monsoon supervened; while Sparkes, as traffic officer, was "all over the shop"—here to-day, there to-morrow—and it was thus we so often collided.

We had just undergone a curious adventure—I may or may not narrate it later on—in which two ladies, fresh from England, played the heroines' parts, and wherein Sparkes and I pretty prominently figured. For the purposes of this tale, I will premise to the extent of mentioning that my chum had become seized with a longing to present one of these ladies with a tiger skin, to carry back to England as a memento of the adventure I allude to, and which, by the way, had a most successful outcome. The venue of the occurrence lay in a lone hill fort, a few miles off the railway, whither Sparkes and I had wandered one day, and where we met the two ladies, who had journeyed to the spot all the way from home. But that, as Kipling says, is another story; now for this one.

There was a weird sense of loneliness, a desolation about the interior of this fort that chilled one to the marrow, and an intense silence reigned, heavy in its oppressiveness. There stood the travellers' bungalow, very seldom used since the opening of the railway; large trees environed it, and the undergrowth flourished rank and luxuriant. We took possession of one wing of the house, and summoned the Sepoy or military pensioner in charge to question him on the subject of sport.

"Any wild animals to be had, Sepoy?" I asked the man in the vernacular.

"They say that cheetahs and hyenas lurk in the fort, sir, and though I have never seen either, I have heard them during the night. We are afraid to remain in this lonely place, so, as soon as evening falls, we always go down to the village at the foot of the hill. But there is a tiger, sir; I saw him only the other evening. The animals get through the breaches in the walls, lie hidden during the day, and go down to the plain at night for prey."

"By jingo! it's getting interesting," cried Sparkes. "Look here," he continued to the Sepoy, "has no one ever attempted to kill or capture the tiger?"

"Yes, sir; a few months ago, owing to a complaint by the village folks, the district collector came here to try and catch the beast, which had been destroying cattle for a long time. The gentleman had a trap made, which was baited

with live goats for several nights; but to no purpose; the collector had brought up too many followers. The whole fort swarmed with men, so the tiger took the alarm and was never caught. The trap is lying where they made it, and is in good order."

"And the beast, you say, is still about?"

"Yes, sir."

"By Jove! Hervey, here's a chance for my skin; shall we have a try?"

"Yes; let's go and see the trap this evening."

I instructed the Sepoy to be round about four o'clock to conduct us to the trap and show us over the fort. Sparkes fretted and fumed; and, as was his wont whenever more than usually excited, paced up and down, as if on sentry-go.

"I say!" he exclaimed, suddenly coming to a halt before me, "I don't half like the idea. Hang it all! there'll be no *éclat* in giving Mrs. Kent the skin of a beast I did not shoot in the open; sounds mean."

"What sounds mean?"

"Why, trapping the brute, and then giving him his quietus through the bars of a confounded cage!"

"And the alternative?"

"Shoot the beggar while he's outside—could point to the skin then—spoil of my gun, don't you know—killed him squarely, and all that sort of thing."

"What! risk your life for a mere whim, when you have at hand a perfectly safe and laudable way of satisfying it?"

"Would sound mean, nevertheless," persisted Sparkes.

"Nonsense man! Do you imagine that either Mrs. Kent or her daughter will appreciate the gift the less when they learn that we trapped the tiger, and you shot him safely? Besides, what do they know of the danger of facing these animals—women not a month in the country? A skin is a skin, and you may be sure they'll make much of it among their home friends, and sing your praises right enough, no matter how you procured it."

"All right, all right, hang it! don't grow eloquent over it. You are always preaching prudence, though there's not a year's difference between us."

"Believe me, old chap, 'twill be but common and sensible prudence. Was there no trap available, 'twould be a different pair of shoes; we would stalk the brute, or shoot him from a *machan* (platform made on a tree), or organise a beat; but as it is, let's cage him, and once in I'll stand by to see you send a bullet through his skull."

* * * * *

That evening, after tea, shouldering our rifles as a precautionary measure, and accompanied by the sepoy, we proceeded to inspect the tiger trap. We found it in a remote corner of the fortifications, at the end of a species of *cul de sac*, formed by the bastion wall on the one hand, and a natural ridge of rock on the other. This ridge of granite—evidently left untouched by the builders as too formidable to cut away—was about twenty yards in length, and almost equalling the bastion in height; the two ran parallel, about fifteen yards apart, and the space was shut in at the further end by the rampart proper, which continued at right angles to the bastion aforesaid. There was a lot of trees and undergrowth in and about the place, affording an ideal cover for tigers and their kind. The trap was merely an exaggeration of the ordinary box rat-trap, made of stout timber bars, roughly put together, but quite strong enough for the purpose required. The door was up, kept so by a cross beam, that, playing on a pair of shears, caught on to the notched head of the bait pole which protruded from the interior of the cage through two of the roof bars. The bait would be attached to the nether extremity of the pole; and as the animal, in seizing the meat, would naturally pull towards the exit, such movement would result in the release of the supporting cross beam, and the downfall of the door. We carefully examined the whole apparatus and found it in working order; so we now set about making our arrangements.

"What's the best thing to bait this with, Sepoy?" I asked, indicating the trap.

"A sheep or goat, sir. It had better be killed here, so that the smell of the blood may attract the tiger."

"What would be the proper time to do this?"

"In the afternoon, sir; the tiger has never been seen earlier. He remains hidden in his lair all day, and wakes up, as the sun goes down, to descend the hill in search of prey."

"Which he won't do if he finds something ready at hand to eat nearer home, eh?"

"*Allah* knows, sir; your honours can try."

"Have you any idea where his lair is?"

"No, sir; I don't think he remains in any particular spot. The entire fort is open to him—the cheetahs and hyenas would not dare to dispute with him."

"And there is only one?"

"To the best of my belief, sir; though a second voice has been heard occasionally."

"A tigress, I suppose?"

"May be, sir."

"The tiger is not a man-eater, is he?"

"No, sir; since he has haunted this hill, now more than three years, we have never heard of his attacking human beings."

"I wonder if he's close by now, watching us?" muttered Sparkes.

"Don't suggest the idea!" I exclaimed. "Come along! All right, Sepoy; here's a rupee, buy a goat. Have it slaughtered here, and hang up the carcase as I have shown you; understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Set about it at once, and we will come here again in the morning."

After tiffin, or luncheon, Sparkes and I got into our easy chairs, smoked, chatted, and finally slumbered. I was tired, and my sleep must have been sound, for when I awoke with a start it was to find myself alone, the shadows lengthened out, while the tinkle of cups and saucers in the verandah announced that the servants were laying afternoon tea.

"Where is the gentleman?" I inquired, going out into the verandah.

"We know not, sir," replied my "boy"; "we have not seen him."

"Strange," I muttered, and went round to the back to prosecute my inquiries. No, no one knew—no one had seen my friend. At first, I was not concerned at his absence; I thought he might be near at hand, taking sketches of some of the numerous inscriptions on the fort walls, on slabs, stones, and elsewhere; but when, after my tea, on returning to our room, I noticed that his rifle was not resting in its corner, I concluded that, finding me hopelessly asleep, he had gone off on his "own hook" somewhere, possibly down the hill to get a long shot at "jinka," or species of small deer peculiar to those parts, and herds of which we had already noted grazing on the plain. I put on my cap, assumed my rifle, descended to the hamlet, and asked if our horsekeepers or the people about had seen the "tall gentleman," as the natives usually styled him. No; he had not passed that way. Now somewhat alarmed, I retraced my steps, hoping to find he had turned up in the interval, and if he had not, I determined to

WHEN I SAW THAT THE DOOR WAS UP, I REALISED THE TERRIBLE DANGER MY FRIEND'S HARE BRAINED RECKLESSNESS HAD PLACED HIM IN.

get together a party and search for him. I began to imagine all sorts of things; perhaps, poor chap, he had fallen—broken his leg or something; he had got into a hole, or—"Hah! I have it!" I exclaimed aloud, as the thought flashed across my brain; "he has gone to see if the tiger is trapped. I'll just go after him." With this intent, therefore, on re-entering the fort gate, instead of proceeding over to the bungalow, I turned off sharp to the left, towards the spot we had visited in the morning. As I went, I became alive to the difficulty of the task before me. It was near sundown, about the time for "stripes" to be waking up, and I was alone. I slipped a cartridge into my rifle, and carried it at the ready. I looked about me cautiously. Given that Sparkes had gone to the trap, where should I find him? Would it not be more than likely that the tiger, attracted by the slaughtered goat, would be in the vicinity of the trap by now, if not actually at it, possibly in it?

I had to exercise the utmost caution. Perhaps Sparkes had hit upon some "dodge" of his own; perhaps he was in ambush somewhere, bent, after all, on shooting the beast rather than allow him to be caged; my summary appearance on the scene might not only spoil sport, but might even jeopardise my friend, or me, or both. I accordingly made up my mind to avoid approaching by the *cul de sac*. I was close to the rampart; I climbed it at a spot where the inner facing had fallen in, and, creeping stealthily along till I came to the bastion, I peered over the crenulated parapet into the blind alley beneath. I could just see the trap; large trees curtailed the view of the ground immediately in front of it; but what on earth was that in the cage? I made out the carcass of the goat, lashed to the end of the bait pole; but there, at its side, kneeling on one knee, with his rifle at the ready, and his gaze intently fixed before him was—Sparkes! I saw him distinctly through the bars of the trap; there was an eager, expectant look in his steady eye; his pose was firm and motionless; his finger on the trigger of his piece.

I marvelled at the sight; but when I further saw that the *door was up*, I realised the terrible danger my friend's hare-brained recklessness had placed him in. The tiger might make his appearance at any moment; Sparkes *might* drop him at the first shot; but the chances were equally to the contrary, for, though a fair marksman, he was at the best but an inexperienced *shikaree* (sportsman). Then again, I knew that, unless struck in some vital part, a wounded tiger—man-eater or not—always charges on being hit: and, breech-loader though he held in his hand, would Sparkes have time to slap in another cartridge before the beast, infuriated with pain, sprang on him through that open door?

All these thoughts raced through my mind like successive flashes of lightning. How could I help him?—how succour him? I had learnt to love that heedless, joyous spirit with more than a brother's love; he had endeared himself to me in a thousand ways; and here he was, within fifty feet of where I crouched, in the gravest peril, and I practically unable to aid him! My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth; I tried to whisper his name, but my voice refused its office; how could I attract his attention?—how place him out of—— Then, as if God had spoken to me, I realised that if that door could only be shut, my friend would be put out of immediate danger; for, with those stout bars protecting him, he might laugh at the tiger, and shoot him down in perfect safety. I again essayed my voice; no, I could not speak. I was on the point of attracting his attention by throwing a small stone at him, when he suddenly jerked his rifle to his shoulder; *simultaneously I raised mine;* there was a dual report, followed by a terrible roar, and when the smoke lifted I saw—what? *the door down;* the tiger, streaming with blood from a wound in the side, rampant on his hind legs against the trap bars, scratching splinters from the stout timbers in futile attempts to reach his enemy within. Then another spurt of flame from the interior of the trap, and the big cat, falling over on his head, gave a few kicks and died. Sparkes' second shot, with muzzle almost touching the brute, had blown its brains to the four winds of heaven!

"Are you hurt, old man?" I asked, at length finding utterance.

"Halloa! it's you. Thought I heard someone fire. Oh, I'm all right; but, hang it! how am I to get out of this? Come down from your roost, Hervey, and help me to raise this confounded door."

Close by was a ruined bit of wall; I hastily climbed down, and in a few minutes released my friend.

"Fortunate that thing dropped when it did," said he, "or I should have been mauled to ribbons, perhaps chawed up entirely. Can you account for it?"

"I think I can," I replied, smiling.

"How?"

"I'll give you a hoist up; go and examine the top of the bait pole."

"What the deuce for?"

"To ascertain what caused the door to come down."

He gave me a look of incredulity as I helped him up. However, he clambered across and stooped over the projecting end of the bait pole.

"Why," he exclaimed, "hanged if there's not a bullet embedded in the wood! Did you fire in this direction, Hervey? When I heard the second report I made sure that the feller—whoever he was—had taken a shot at the varmint."

"I never saw the varmint till he came for you, and reared himself up against the cage."

"Well, why did you fire at this confounded bit of wood? your bullet might have glanced and perforated me."

"Not likely I'd miss such a mark at a few paces."

"No; and you've hit it fair and square; but hang it, man! what made you fire at it at all?"

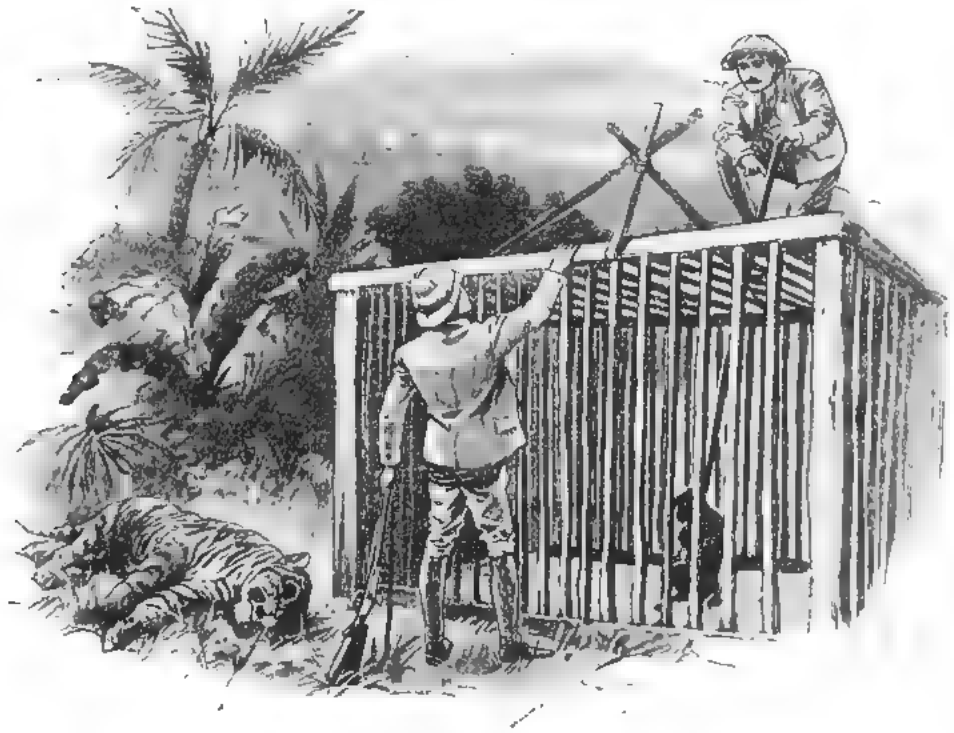
"To lower the door."

"To lower the door!" he echoed.

"Yes, 'twas a sudden inspiration, in which—as things have turned out—I see the finger of God. At the very moment you pulled the trigger, I fired at that bit of wood; and you know the result."

He understood it now. "That I am unhurt," he said in altered tones, climbing down from his perch, and flinging his arms round my neck, "Dear old chap!" he murmured "you have saved my life; God bless you!"

We were both affected wellnigh to tears, for the tension had been powerful, and the reaction correspondingly unnerving. There, in that solitude, with the dead tiger at our feet, we stood face-to-face, and heart-to-heart; our souls went out to each other, and however strong our mutual regard may have hitherto been, the bond of union that held us was cemented tenfold during those few minutes' indulgence of intense feeling, when one sweet touch of nature made us more than ever kin!



"WHY," HE EXCLAIMED, "HANGED IF THERE'S NOT A BULLET EMBEDDED IN THE WOOD!"

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"But what induced you to try on such a mad trick, in spite of my advice too?" I asked, as we wended our way back to the bungalow.

"Well, you see, I thought there'd be really more *éclat* in presenting Mrs. Kent with the skin if I shot the beast in the open instead of first trapping him. I knew you'd try and dissuade me; so when you were comfortably asleep, I just sneaked out unseen by a soul. The rest you know."

"But why on earth did you not lower the door? You could have shot the beast as easily through the bars, and in safety."

"Would have sounded mean," he replied laconically.

I stared at him, and "dried up."

THE THREE SCOUTS

by Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by George Soper.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XII.)

AT the outbreak of the Boer War, three young men, Geoff and Bernard (generally known as "Bunny"), Bigby, and Guy Bunsen, formerly school-fellows together in England, find themselves obliged to leave Johannesburg. However, Bunsen shams ill, and remains behind. Geoff and Bunny, after an exciting journey, arrive, with their mother, at Maritzburg. Leaving Mrs. Bigby here, they go to the front on their own account as scouts. Coming into contact with the Boers, Geoff escapes but Bunny is captured. Having broken the bad news to his mother, Geoff goes down to meet his brother Hugh at Durban. They read in a Boer newspaper that Bunny is a prisoner at Pretoria; Geoff thinks of a plan to rescue him and one Jack Rosenthal, a friend, who is also in gaol there, which is that he should pose as a Boer, and Hugh as an English officer, his prisoner, whom he is escorting to Pretoria. Thus disguised they set out, meeting with several adventures *en route*, each of their horses being commandeered in turn. At length, shortly after leaving Harrismith, Geoff's "prisoner" is taken by a field cornet, whilst he himself is ordered to rejoin his "commando" with all speed. Hugh escapes, and rejoins Geoff. Eventually, they near Pretoria. Bunny has just recognised Hugh, when in walks Geoff in the guise of a Boer.

CHAPTER XIII.

GEOFF THE GENIUS.

"MAD! I should say you are; *raving* mad," replied Jack, trying to be cool and calm, but trembling with excitement almost as much as Bunny himself: "Which—where?"

"The young Boer just come in. It is Geoff, I'll take my oath to it, Jack—do you think I wouldn't recognise old Geoff in *any* disguise?"

"I do believe you're right," said Jack Rosenthal. "Those two have some game on, old man; we must take care not to give it away; we mustn't know them——"

"No, we won't—we won't; but let's get nearer and see if we can learn anything of the game——"

Geoff meanwhile was deep in the midst of a conversation with one of the Boers on duty as warders. He spoke rather loudly and in an animated and excited manner, peering about the while as though to look for someone. He saw Bunny, but made no sign, though his face seemed suddenly to flush and his breathing to pause for an instant. Bunny overheard his words now, having come closer in.

"He was a long-legged, tanned, hungry looking rascal in a trooper's uniform. I spent money on him on the way up, and fed him like a prince; they took him from me at the first railway station, and separated us—there he is, the ugly rascal—I must have my money out of him."

"Go and ask him for it by all means," said the warder.

Geoff approached his brother.

"Now then, you," he said, speaking English with a strong Boer accent, "you'd better settle accounts with me; thought you were going to get off, did you? It's three pounds you've got to give me, and here's the bill."

He handed Hugh a slip of paper, which Hugh glanced at and crumpled up. Then Hugh produced some money and paid it over to his brother, gravely protesting that he had charged him fully three shillings for every one spent, instead of two, as arranged. Geoff said nothing more; he pocketed the money and went out, bestowing a grin and a wink in Bunny's direction as he turned to close the gate behind him. The newly arrived prisoners were hustled away, after the ceremony of registration, to their sleeping places, and Bunny saw nothing more of Hugh until next morning.

Neither he nor Jack slept much that night. Excitement murdered sleep. Neither dared they speak of the matter so close to their hearts, lest others should hear—the absorbing, burning secret must lie and smoulder within the brain of each.

But in the morning the brothers met, when the prisoners strolled—a sad, broken-spirited crew for the most part—about the grounds.

"Come aside and have a quiet chat," Hugh murmured, as Bunny joined a group of whom his brother formed one. "We don't know each other, mind, except casually as fellow captives."

Presently the two strolled away together.

"Tell me everything you can," said Bunny. "First, is mother all right?" And, reassured on this point, he continued: "Now, explain—why are you a prisoner, and how did you get into the Light Horse, and how on *earth* has dear old Geoff contrived to follow you so quickly and not get nabbed?"

Hugh explained everything, telling in brief the story of their enterprise as we know it.

"What, all to fetch me out of here?" said Bunny, with much feeling. "Well, you *are* a pair of bricks! I *am* grateful!" he added after a moment.

"Don't thank me, old chap," laughed Hugh, "for, to tell you the truth, I was rather against it, and told Geoff I considered his plan quite a rotten one at first, but I came round after a while, and agreed. Dear old Geoff is really a genius in the way of mimicry. Great Scott! he's a better Boer than they are themselves—he hasn't once been suspected."

"What's he going to do next? Is there any plan, or do we wait upon opportunity?"

"I don't know much more than you. We were separated before we had had our last talk, but, of course, we couldn't have settled finally, anyhow, until we had seen how the land lay here. It seems to me that this place would be easily enough got out of, if that were all. It's *after* getting out of quad that the real difficulty begins. My idea is that they would rather like fellows to try and get away, in order that they might have some excuse for shooting instead of feeding them. They encouraged prisoners to attempt to escape in the last war, you know, in order to shoot them down the moment they did. It's a favourite Boer trick, like the white flag dodge."

"We shall have to be jolly careful!" Bunny sighed. Then he entertained Hugh with an account of his own capture. "Blithering idiot that I was!" he ended. "If I had managed as well as old Geoff I shouldn't be in this beastly hole, nor you either, old chap; nor would Geoff be in hourly danger of being spotted. You remember Jack Rosenthal, by the bye? Well, he's here too. I wish we could take him on when we escape, if ever we do—he's simply spoiling to get back to the front."

"We're going to take him on—it's part of the plan. By the bye, did I show you Geoff's bill of last night? Don't be seen reading it, though I don't suppose any Boer would understand much of the drift of it."

Bunny took the paper and read. It was an original document, and ran as follows:—

The bill of Pieter Kuyper for to feed the Mr. Englishman who come from Nicholson's Nek to Pretoria into the Loek House there.

AT HARRISMITH.

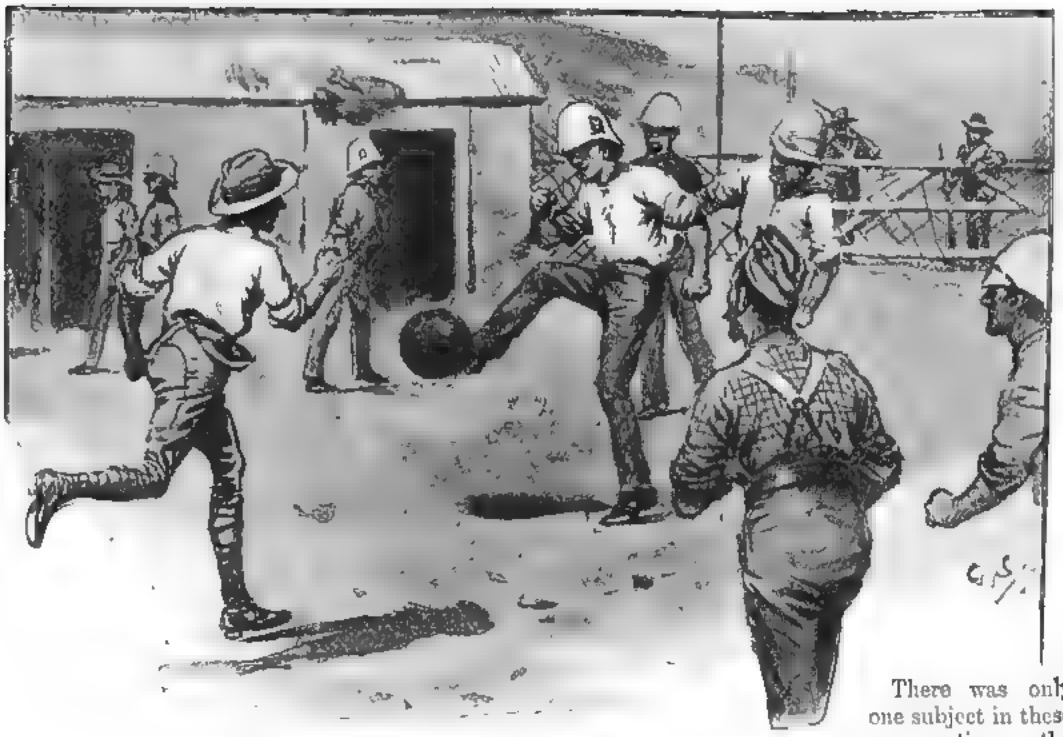
Beefs and beers and lofes	schillings	18
Many eggs every day but altogether the same	,,	12
The boil-hen at Vrede	,,	10
Milks and veggetubbles 3 days ...	,,	15
To drink for Pieter Kuyper ...	,,	15
Pounds 3 schillings 10		

The Englishman please to remember if there was more. Pieter Kuyper will come back, in three days he will return but sooner perhaps. Mr. Englishman please to remember all he eat and drink. P. K. also tink mit de head. Maybe he remember sometink.

Bunny laughed quietly over this document.

"Of course, he means us to gather that he is working away for ideas, and that we may see him in three days or sooner, and that we are to think too."

After a while, and when a good opportunity offered, Jack Rosenthal was taken into consultation, and the three conspirators paced about the grounds, which were fairly large. Some of the prisoners played football, and others a rough game of cricket, doing their best to forget the sorrows of captivity in thus faintly recalling the pastimes of happier days in the old country. Bunny and the others strolled down to the end of the grounds. There was a plantation of young trees



DOING THEIR BEST TO FORGET THE SORROWS OF CAPTIVITY.

and bushes here, and Hugh made the remark that if it came to changing clothes—which it *must* for him and Jack, at any rate, who were in English uniforms, before they could possibly dream of getting away—this would be the place to do the change.

"Yes," said Jack rather dismally; "when one comes to think of it, there's a deuced lot between us and freedom, even now."

"We haven't begun yet," said sanguine Bunny; "we'll make things spin a bit once we start."

"I daresay; but how shall we ever start? How is Geoff going to help us? He can't even get in when he likes, and if he did, I don't quite see how he's going to bring disguises with him."

"Dash it all, Jack, don't croak!" laughed Bunny. "We can't do anything for ourselves, of course; but old Geoff's outside, and we must trust to him."

"Only we mustn't expect *too* much of him," said Jack; "but there,—I won't croak; Geoff's a jolly clever fellow, and I don't know anybody I'd sooner have working our business outside."

During the next couple of days, the three prisoners found it very difficult to make a decent show of composure. They tried to join in the games that went on, and conversed with any who wished to talk.

There was only one subject in these conversations; the war, and the prospect, if any, of exchange. No one spoke of escape, or if the subject were casually mentioned, it was only touched upon as an unrealisable ideality, such as Utopia or the Millennium.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW WARDER.

MEANWHILE, Geoff was not idle. Geoff was not the kind to allow the grass to grow under his feet; he was trying to work out a plan which he had conceived for the escape and retreat of the whole party of four—a task of whose difficulty and magnitude he was quite conscious, though it did not deter him.

First of all, Geoff took the train to Johannesburg, in order to make a few enquiries. He would scarcely have recognised the town. Half the shops and places of business—nay, three-quarters of them—were shut up, together with the dwelling houses attached.

Geoff went straight to the house of the Banker Von Krygkraft, whom he devoutly hoped to find away from home, at the war for choice; for though he was an admirer of the rich banker, and hoped one day to make him his father-in-law, yet everything, Geoff said to himself, should be in its right place, and the right place for Vesta's father at

this crisis was undoubtedly as far as possible from Johannesburg.

Geoff rang at the bell and asked for the young mistress.

"The master is away at the war, is he not?" he added, in a nonchalant manner.

"Oh, yes; been away a month and more," said the servant.

"Tell the young lady one has come from the front who desires to see her," said Geoff. "Tell her she need not fear; I do not bring bad news," he added.

A moment later he received an invitation to walk upstairs.

Geoff entered the room and closed the door behind him. Vesta sat working alone by the table. She glanced up, but did not recognise him.

"Do you bring news of my father?" she asked.

"No, Vesta, I'm afraid I don't," said Geoff.

The girl dropped her work with a little cry.

"Geoff!" she exclaimed.

The next moment she was in his arms, half laughing, half crying.

"Geoff, how could you be so rash?" she sobbed. "I am—oh!—ever so glad to see you. But you have run a terrible risk—you must have!—in coming here."

"I know it, Vesta. But I've come to ask you to help me. Stop—are you alone in the house?"

"Alone, with my old nurse Anna and the servants. Father was commandeered almost as soon as you had gone—he is outside Mafeking."

"Good. I am in a terrible fix, Vesta, and, unless you'll help me, I don't know what I shall do. Shall I tell you the whole story?"

Vesta nodded.

"Well," he continued, "you must know I lost Bunny quite at the beginning of the war. We were scouting, and he got caught and brought to Pretoria. Then Hugh, my eldest brother, and I vowed we would get him back, and invented a plan. The result is that Hugh and Bunny are both prisoners now, and I've got to get them out. I am figuring as a Boer, as you may see by my clothes. Well now, will you help me, that's the question? You needn't even see them, mind you."

"Oh, Geoff! How can I? What can I do? And what would my father say?"

"Your father must never hear of it. You won't refuse to help us, Vesta, I know?"

"Oh, no! I won't refuse. But what is there that I can do?"

"The bank's closed, isn't it?" said Geoff, unexpectedly.

"Oh, yes. All the clerks are commandeered, and the English ones have gone—excepting Mr. Bunsen," she added, with a queer smile. "He is still in town."

"Bunsen here still!" repeated Geoff. "Is he ill?"

"Oh, no! He goes about. He comes to see me every day, and I do so wish——" she paused.

"Yes," said Geoff. "Wish what?"

"Only I wish he wouldn't," laughed Vesta.

"Perhaps if I see him I may persuade him," said Geoff, grimly. "Your father's bank is closed, and the windows all shut up, aren't they? They seemed so in the dusk. Well, I think I can get Bunny and the others out of gaol at Pretoria; but the difficulty is what to do with them when they are out. They can't be seen in Pretoria in English uniforms, that's clear."

"So you want to bring them here and put them into the bank, is that it? But won't they be just as much in prison there as at Pretoria itself?"

"It would'nt be for long. Next day, or in a day or two we should all move south. Come now, Vesta—is it 'yes' or 'no'? You guessed quite rightly. I was going to suggest the bank, but please don't agree if you'd rather not."

"No, no; I will help. They are your brothers, Geoff, and all that I can do I shall do. If I am a bad Boer I may at least prove myself a loyal friend. Now tell me, dear Geoff, how it is all to be done, and what you intend to do afterwards? I can guess that you have been through many dangers already. How frightened I should have been if I had known! Sit down, now, and tell me all."

Geoff sat down, and entered into a full explanation of how he intended to proceed. He felt gay and happy, and made Vesta laugh with his description of his adventures with Hugh.

The old nurse entered presently, but Geoff did not intend that she should recognise him, and, changing his ground, he now launched out into a flowery narrative, from the Boer point of view, of the operations outside of Mafeking.

Then Geoff rose to go, and Vesta herself let him out of the front door. Before leaving her he recapitulated details of the plan as arranged between them in order to make quite sure that she fully understood.

"Not a word to Bunsen, Vesta," he ended. "He is not to be trusted."

Vesta laughed, and declared that Guy was the last person she would dream of trusting. And Geoff assured Vesta very seriously, before he finally left her, that he would never forget her kindness in this emergency.

When Geoff returned to Pretoria he went straight to the prison compound, and offered himself to the chief warder there as an assistant.

"Why are you not at the front?" asked that official.

"Because I brought down a prisoner," said Geoff. "I was at the front outside Ladysmith until my head began to grow confused with the constant noise of the big guns—I had brain fever as a youngster, and have never been up to much since. I think a bit of a holiday away from the front may do me good. Afterwards I shall return and have another shy at the rednecks, if there are any left by that time to be shot."

"Can you talk any English?" asked the Boer. "A man who knows English well, and can pretend that he scarcely knows a word, may pick up from the prisoners occasional scraps of information which may turn out useful."

"Oh, I know English pretty well," said Geoff, "and I think I should be the very man for your purpose. Try me!"

And to Geoff's immeasurable delight the Boer then and there engaged him to go among the prisoners, ostensibly to keep order and attend to their needs, but actually to pick up any scraps of information upon military matters which might possibly prove useful.

Truly the cards of Destiny were shuffled happily for Geoff and his friends this day!

It is probable that three young men have seldom been so utterly amazed by any apparition short of a supernatural visitation as were Jack and Bunny and Hugh when Geoff suddenly appeared at the prison quarters in the capacity of warder.

It was all so unexpected and so wonderful. They were, as it happened, close at hand, when the door of the grounds opened, and in walked Geoff, bold as brass, armed with a rifle, and adorned with a kind of badge in token of his office, and that was all.

When their first surprise was over our three prisoners could scarcely contain the delight which Geoff's newest feat occasioned them.

"For consummate cheek, for sublime impudence, for clever and audacious effrontery," said Jack, inspired by enthusiasm to a splendid burst of oratory, "this takes the bun. You chaps may be proud of your brother."

"I think we are," said Hugh, and as for Bunny, his eyes were following Geoff's movements as he walked about patrolling the grounds, with a kind of dimness in them which may have been admiration.

"He is—he really is—splendid!" said Bunny presently. "How in the world has he done it—that's the puzzle!"

Hugh murmured: "These Boers are pretty sly, too! I suppose the fact is that when impudence and audacity mount to the very highest levels they aren't suspected as such. No one would imagine anybody could display such cheek as this, so they aren't on the look-out for it."

This was, apparently, the sense of the trio, for no one controverted the theory. As for Geoff, he paraded about, occasionally speaking a word to a prisoner here or another there, and once or twice entering into a short conversation with someone.

"There couldn't be any harm in our moving up near him," Bunny suggested. "I'm dying to talk to the old chap."

"Go up close and offer him your tobacco pouch," suggested Hugh.

Bunny did so, walking up as if to pass, then stopping to offer the pouch. Geoff took it and filled his pipe slowly.

"Dear old Bunny," he said. "Here I am, you see—come for you. How have you been—quite well? I told you I'd come if you got nabbed."

"It's wonderful—wonderful!" was all Bunny could say for a minute or two. "I never should have believed you could have done it."

"The funny part is that it has all been so perfectly simple," said Geoff. "I hope the rest will go as easily; but, of course, the most difficult part is only just going to begin."

"Do you mean us to escape to-day? We're ready whenever you like. You must tell us exactly what we each have to do."

"Steady, old man," laughed Geoff. "Not so fast; there's a lot to arrange yet. I shall have to bring in a change of kit for everyone of you."

"Yes, of course. We couldn't escape in our present clothes. We thought of that, and have looked about for a corner where we could change into new kit."

"Good. And is there any place?"

"Among the trees down there in the far corner."

"Very well; that shall be the place, then. To-morrow, or next day, I shall bring in clothes, and deposit them in a safe place among the trees, whenever I can do so unseen."

"How shall you bring them in?" asked Bunny.

"Wear them," said Geoff. "We musn't talk too long, or somebody may remark we're making friends too jolly fast. See you later, old man!"

Geoff proceeded upon his travels about the ground, and presently stopped to watch a game of improvised football. Here Hugh strolled by and took up the tale.

"You've managed jolly well to get taken on," he said. "How did you do it?"

"Simply applied, and was appointed," said Geoff, grinning. "I've made arrangements to get taken in at Johannesburg, where we can lie hid for a bit. Of course, there's the getting there; but I think we can manage that all right at night time."

"Who's going to take us in at Johannesburg?"

asked Hugh, astonished. "Are there English there now?"

"There may be a dozen or two, possibly; but we aren't going to them. Go and ask Bunny who Vesta is," said Geoff, moving away with a grin on his face.

Hugh did so, and now learned for the first time that there was the possibility of a Boer sister-in-law for him.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me Geoff's going to marry a Dutch woman?"

"Wait till you see her. She's a ripping girl," said Bunny. "You'll end by falling in love with her yourself, if you don't look out."

On the following morning, when Bunny strolled up to speak to the new warder as he sat and smoked in a shady corner, Geoff started the conversation by asking if he looked fat?

"Why?" said Bunny, laughing. "Do they feed you so jolly well? I wish they did us."

"Well, I've got two suits of clothes on," said Geoff. "When you go into dinner I shall get rid of one."

Afterwards Geoff found a quiet corner among the bushes, and safely deposited the garments.

"I must forbid any fellows coming along this way," he mentally resolved. "I shall say it's against orders to go among the trees where they aren't seen."

Bunny overheard several of his fellow prisoners comment upon the new warder, the general conclusion being that he spoke the weirdest English, but seemed a good chap.

As for Geoff, he handed a daily report to his superiors of all the information which he had contrived to pick up among the prisoners. Some of the communications he thus made were considered rather important by the prison commandant, and were wired to the seat of war, as secrets wormed from the captives by the wiles of those in charge of these unfortunates. These provided excellent reading for the Boer officers at the front, as well as doing credit to Geoff's inventive talent.

During the third day, Geoff announced to Bunny that at dusk that night all three of them must slip out into the grounds and get into the clothes provided for them, explaining the exact spot in which these were to be found.

CHAPTER XV.

GEOFF'S STRATEGY.

BUNNY and Jack contrived to sneak off and conceal themselves in the shady corner of the grounds before the time came for the prisoners' return to the sheds provided for their accommodation, and there they remained after the rest had gone in. Hugh elected to hang about near the door and slip out when no warder happened to be looking.

Hugh looked haggard and ill with excitement, so much so that one of his companions remarked: "You look ill, mate. Anything wrong?"

"Nothing but the longing to get out of this beastly hole," he replied.

"That's a disease that time will cure, I hope!" laughed the other; "meanwhile, it isn't a bit of good moping."

"You're right," said Hugh, "it isn't; but I'm made that way, and can't help it."

Geoff came to Hugh's assistance presently. He had a newspaper in his hand.

"Where are the others?" he whispered, as he passed.

"There—" said Hugh, laconically. "I stayed in case you had anything to say."

"No, nothing; slip out when I get these two chaps absorbed in the paper — luckily, there's a Boer victory. I'll join you there in a quarter of an hour or less. How d'you feel, shaky?"

"Yes, just a bit—it'll pass off once I'm out."

Geoff now got hold of his two fellow warders and secured their attention.

"There's good news to-night," he said. "A telegram from Kimberley. Listen here——"

In a moment the three heads were close together and Geoff had his men absorbed. Hugh took the opportunity of slipping out unobserved, excepting by one or two fellow captives, who remarked upon it one to another.

"I believe that chap is going to make a bolt," said he who had spoken to Hugh a moment before as to his pallor.

"How can he, possibly, in uniform? Dash it, we *all* would if we had civilian clothes!"

"Well, he came here privately with that young Boer, the nice looking one, three days ago; I happened to see him arrive. He paid the chap some money, and he seems pretty thick with him since; I've an idea that he may have squared the chap."

Hugh crept cautiously down to the end of the grounds; but cautiously as he went the two conspirators already there heard him coming, and stopped their very breathing lest he should be the wrong man and they be discovered. The consequence was that at first Hugh could not find them, and was obliged to give the family whistle—in a whisper—before they would make sign or sound.

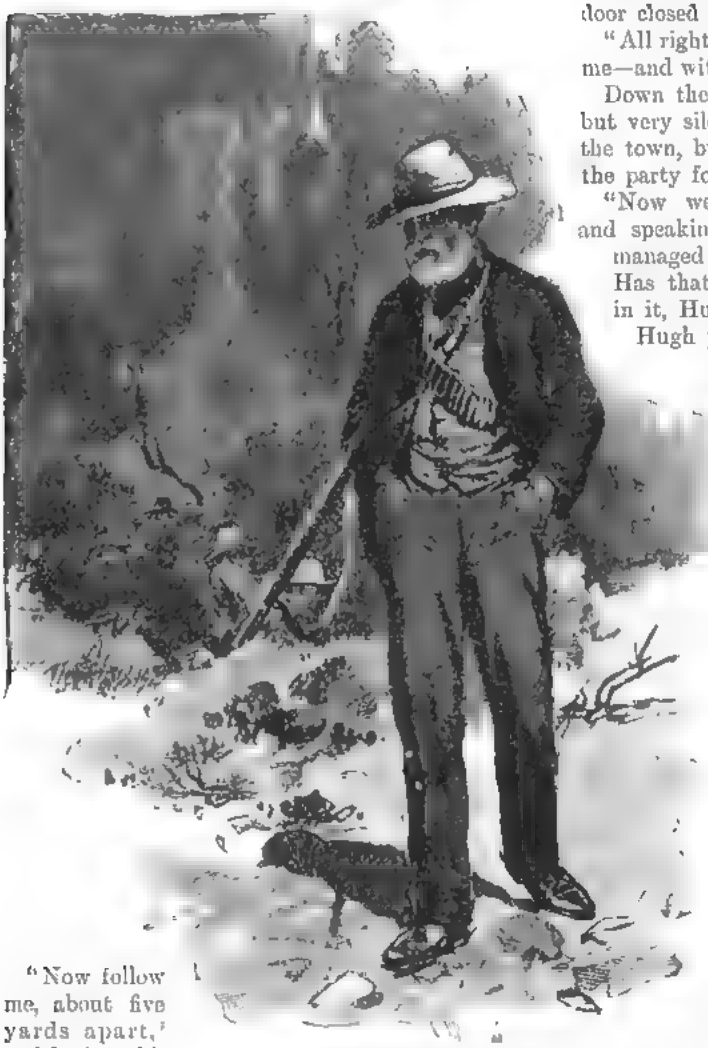
"Is it you, Hugh?" said Bunny, whispering softly.

"Yes, all right," the answer came; "Geoff's coming in ten minutes. Where are the clothes?"

"Here—coat, trousers, and slouch hat, and a

flannel shirt—put your things into this pit and we'll cover the whole lot up with earth and twigs and things. Look sharp, old man!"

When Geoff arrived, a quarter of an hour later, all three were ready for him. Each was in plain Boer clothes, the uniforms and Bunny's English garments having been concealed as well as possible.



ONE OF THE BOER GUARDS WAS WALKING ACROSS FROM SHED TO OUTER GATES.

"Now follow me, about five yards apart," said Geoff, "and don't make more noise than a cat; and if you see me lie down or stop, stop or lie down too, like a shot."

Four hearts were beating high, though they felt sick with hope and anxiety, as the little procession started across the grounds. Once Geoff suddenly lay down flat, when about half the distance had been traversed, and was instantly imitated by the rest. One of the Boer guards was walking across from shed to outer gate. They heard him open the door in the wall, shut it and lock it, and pass heavily down the street. He had not seen them. Up got Geoff, the rest automatically following his lead, and this time the gate was safely reached. Geoff unlocked it and looked out. It was nearly dark and the road outside was empty. "Come on," he whispered. In a moment all were out and the door closed and locked behind them.

"All right so far," said Geoff, cheerily. "Follow me—and without a sound, mind."

Down the road the procession passed, quickly but very silently. Geoff did not strike towards the town, but right away from it, and presently the party found themselves in a wood.

"Now we may breathe," he said, stopping and speaking half aloud. "Thank Heaven we managed that tricky little business all right! Has that emergency flask of yours anything in it, Hugh?"

Hugh produced the flask; it was half full, and he passed it round. Each man took a sip.

"I'm dying to know something of the programme, Geoff," said Bunny presently. "What have you arranged—anything? We're going to Johannesburg, I know—but how? We shall be missed and pursued, I suppose. That's certain, isn't it?"

"As to that, I know no more than you. Now listen. I'm not going to Johannesburg with you—I shall follow later. This is my plan; if you can improve on it, any of you do, for I know it isn't perfect. I'm going to take you to a spot near here, where most of the goods trains for Johannesburg and the front stop to shunt. Hang about, watch your opportunity, and board one of the trucks of the first train. Travel as far towards Johannesburg as you can while it's dark; but you must be out of the train and in hiding somewhere near the line before daylight. It may take you one night, and it may take you two, or three, to get there. There's a packet with slices of tinned meat in each man's pocket. When you get to Johannesburg go to the Krygkraft Bank. Here's the key. There'll be food there, and all you want; but it's shuttered up, so you must'n't give any sign that life is going on within. Wait there for me as long as you can. Of course, if anything happens to me I sha'n't turn up, and you must go on as best

you can without me. But—what's to-day?—Thursday? Well, if I'm not there by Monday night I'm never coming. Now, is all clear?"

"I should just like to know why you're going back to the prison, old man? Isn't it a bit risky?" said Hugh.

"It might be; but I don't think so. I've thought it all out. You see, if I go back I sha'n't be suspected of having had anything to do with your escape if that is discovered. But there are so many prisoners, that I'm hoping they may not notice that any have gone—at any rate, for some time, until the roll is called. If I see any suspicion in the other warder chaps, I shall be the first to discover your escape, and shall do my best to persuade them that it would be better for us warders to say nothing about it."

"It seems to me you're having more than your share of the work—and of the risk, too!" said Hugh. "Don't do anything dangerous that can possibly be avoided."

"You bet!" laughed Geoff. "As for the risk, though, don't flatter yourself you're not going to have as much of that as you'll care for—especially you two non-Dutch-speaking fellows. I haven't a notion yet how we're going to get on after Johannesburg. It'll take a lot of thinking, and you must all work your brains meanwhile to devise some plan. It's going to be a ticklish job for us all to get safely out of the country, and we must be prepared for a pretty lively time. Now, if you're all ready, we'll make a start for the shunting-station. Let's trot; we shall get there quicker. It's nearly three miles out."

The shunting-station was safely reached, and here a convenient hiding place was found, and the party waited until a goods train from Pretoria came along. This was successfully boarded—the three fugitives climbing into a truck half full of sacks and boxes of stores for the front.

"If you're discovered you'll have to do the talking, Bunny, mind you," said Geoff. "You are all Boers, of course; but the others must be too fast asleep—or too drunk—to be conscious of what's going on. You might be taking them back to the front after a holiday, and have missed the train because they were drunk."

This expedient was adopted, as no one could think of a better.

"Farewell all, for a couple of days. I hope it won't be more," he added. "I shall wait about and see you safely off, and then go."

"Do take care of yourself, Geoff," said Bunny, wringing his hand. "I'm awfully afraid you're taking too much risk."

"On the contrary, I'm the most cautious fellow going," replied Geoff. "I err from excess of caution. It's you that must look out for squalls."

Geoff waited for half an hour, till he had seen the train get into full swing and pass right away and out of sight. Then he returned to his own quarters, and was at the prison early in the morning as usual.

During the night, on thinking over the matter, he had decided that it would quiet his mind, and add nothing to the dangers already incurred, if he should take the bull by the horns, and be the first to discover the escape. He would then be in a position to know immediately what, if any, steps were to be taken for the pursuit of the fugitives—in which case forewarned would be forearmed.

Therefore, Geoff confided that morning to one of his fellow warders that he had strong grounds for fearing that one, at least—and, he thought, possibly two of the prisoners entrusted to their care—had, in fact, bolted.

"*Almachtig!*" exclaimed the other. "What makes you think so?"

"Well, I can't find the fellow I brought in—my own prisoner," said Geoff. "It may be a serious matter for us—if we say anything about it, that is."

"Ah! if we do. But *must* we? There are so many that, perhaps, he won't be missed."

"The danger would be if he—or they—were caught and brought back; then the commandant would want to know how they got out."

"Yes. Whereas if they were not missed, and not followed, they might get safely away. I see! Really, Piet, I think if we are wise men we shall let the rascals go. If someone catches them again, and they come back later, we needn't say they had been in before."

"Good! Let them go. It was a clever idea of yours, Conrad. Shall we say anything of this to Yunker?"

"No; he won't observe anything—a fathead like him! Let him be."

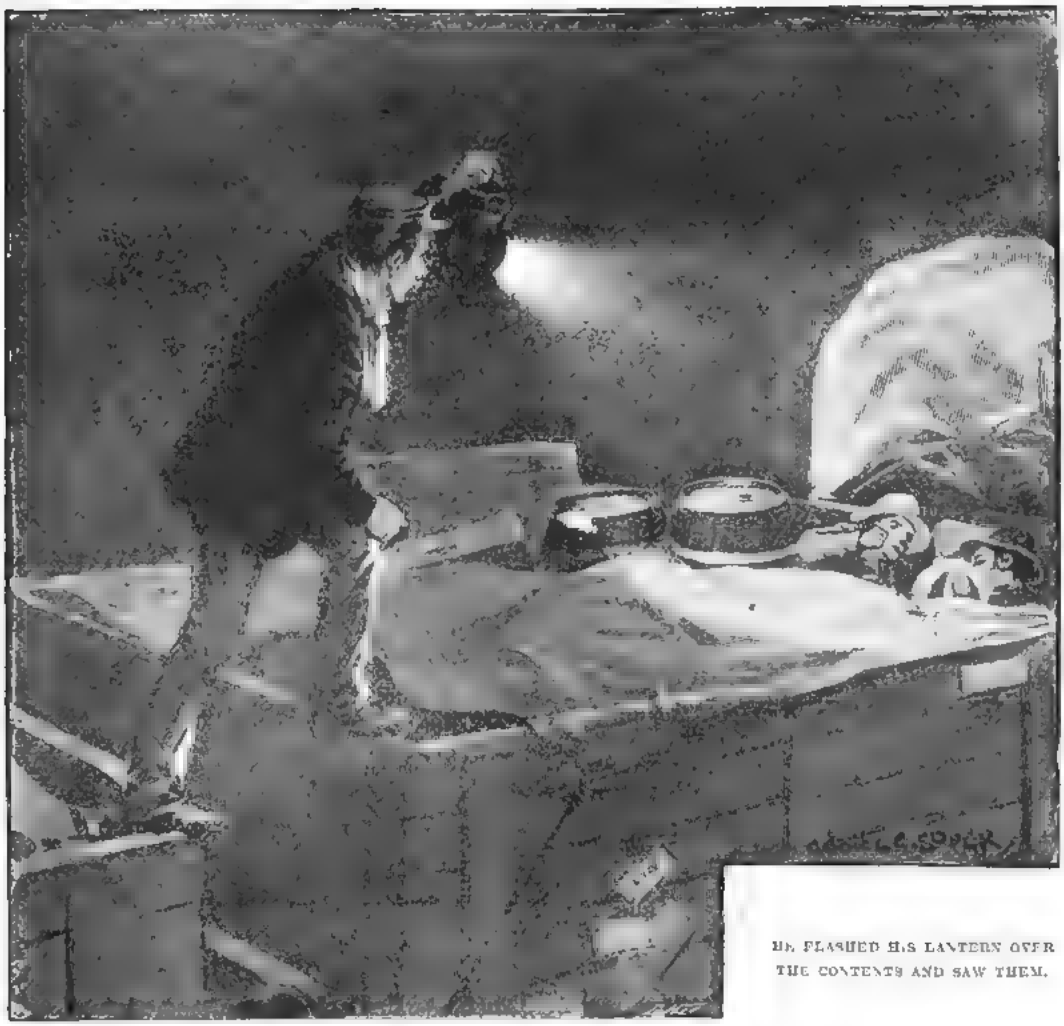
So it remained; and nothing was said about the escape.

CHAPTER XVI.

BUNSEN!

MEANWHILE the little party of fugitives covered the greater part of the journey between Pretoria and Johannesburg in safety, but at a small wayside station, where the train stopped for some shunting, they had a scare.

A man with a lantern passed along the trucks, peering into each to see that all was right with the cargo. When he came abreast of the open truck



HE FLASHED HIS LANTERN OVER THE CONTENTS AND SAW THEM.

in which our friends lay crouched among the sacks and chests, he flashed his lantern over the contents and saw them.

"Heaven's blue!" he ejaculated, "what's this? Who are you?"

"Don't give us away, friend," said Bunny. "We're trying to get back to the front after a short rest that we were allowed, but we've had a bit of bad luck. The fact is, we missed our train, and were obliged to come on as we could; these fellows, my companions, both having been so drunk that I couldn't get them to the station in time."

"They look as though they hadn't recovered yet!" said the fellow.

"They haven't. Wake them, if you can—I can't."

"Come—wake up—you!" said the man, shaking Jack by the shoulder. Jack snored and muttered something, but did not open his eyes.

"I tell you it's no use," said Bunny. "You'd better just let us go quietly on."

"I can't do that without leave. I should catch it from my superior."

"Well go and ask him, like a good chap; see here, I haven't much left in the way of cash, after my little holiday, but I'm good for a drink or two——"

"No, no, keep your money; if I can get you leave I will. Stop, you're not fugitives, are you? Let me look at your face!" He flashed his lantern in Bunny's face. Bunny had a beard of over a fortnight's growth; his hair was long and unkempt; he did not look like a smart Englishman, neither did the other two; besides, his Dutch was good.

"Fugitives!" laughed Bunny. "What a queer notion. Do we look like it?"

"Looks don't go for much—I don't know that you do, and you're probably all right, as you say; but I think I'll fetch the station-master and hear what he has to say on the matter."

Away trotted the guard, or porter, or whoever he may have been.

"Come, boys," said Hugh, "I think it's time to get out of this train and wait for another."

All three were out in the twinkling of an eye, and away down an embankment into the fields by the side of the railway. Here, behind a hedge, they crouched and hid themselves, not dreaming that they would be followed or discovered.

But the man with the lantern must have received stringent orders from his superior with regard to the stowaways, for he hurried back to the truck to find and doubtless to turn them out or bring them forthwith before the station-master to answer for their conduct.

When he found the truck empty, he felt anxious as to the passengers. What if they really were fugitives? Yet the idea was absurd; they could not possibly be so.

Nevertheless, he ran down the embankment, hoping to find his men, and, perhaps, capture them for enquiries; at the bottom he waved his lantern to and fro until he found their track. Then he followed it, laboriously seeking each footmark with the light. The fugitives watched him.

"Confound the rascal, he's following on our scent, like a hound!" exclaimed Hugh, under his breath. "If he comes within reach, I'm going to jump on him. Have a handkerchief ready, someone, to gag him—he mustn't shout."

In a moment the fellow was upon them.

Then out sprang Hugh from his ambush, seizing the startled Boer by the throat, and bearing him to the ground on the back of his head. The fellow had no time to shout, for Bunny was upon him in an instant with a handkerchief, which he wound tightly over his mouth, gagwise, as well as over his eyes.

"Now let's get to the other side of the hedge where the ground's harder!" whispered Hugh. "Come on." Away ran the three, leaving their man gagged upon the ground and with his wrists tied behind his back.

"I hope they'll find him before he starves, poor chap," said Bunny.

Bunny need not have fretted, for within a very few minutes the gentleman concerned had recovered the use of his voice, it appeared, if not of his hands, and was shouting back to the station for assistance at the very loudest pitch of that organ.

"Run boys, for all you're worth!" said Hugh. "We're on grass, now, he won't track us here."

"Bear round towards the station," suggested Bunny. "Why not board the train again? It would be the last thing they'd expect us to do."

There were shouts behind, now, in more than one voice. The porter had been reinforced.

"Wait a second, and see which way they go to look for us!" said Hugh.

The chase seemed to be tending straight across country, and the light of the lantern—extinguished when its bearer fell—now flickered and waved in the same direction.

"Yes—back to the station—round here!" cried Hugh; and within five minutes the party had reached the abandoned platform and, having first chosen a truck convenient for hiding purposes, had crept under a tarpaulin, snug and safe. Presently the pursuers returned, arguing hotly. The station-master did not believe the porter's story, and abused him roundly for keeping the train on account of some silly nightmare.

When next the train stopped, a little way out of Johannesburg, at the junction, the fugitives slipped out of their truck on the far side. It was still quite dark, and they had no difficulty in getting safely away from the station. Bunny recognised the place, and, knowing the country well, was able to guide the party to a quiet spot at the foot of a kopje, where a small stream ran amid rocks and boulders. Here, in the dawning light, all three men bathed and made their breakfast of tinned meat and sweet water, and when they had finished their repast, two slept while the third watched, taking turns in this way throughout the greater part of the day. It was five miles from the city, and when darkness set in again, they started on foot and soon reached their destination.

Johannesburg, especially at night, was at this time like a city of the dead. The whole of the Outlander, and the greater part of the Boer population were absent. Houses and streets were deserted; buildings shut up and boarded.

Bunny knew every inch of the city, and had no difficulty in guiding the party, so that by a very early hour in the morning they safely reached the large building which, in happier days, had been used as the headquarters of Van Krygkraft's bank, one of the most prosperous in the town.

Here they found food prepared for them, and wine, and blankets—there were even books to read. On the table lay a paper with these words: "Please—no lights, no noise, no smoking."

"Who did all this for us?" asked Hugh. "Upon my word, it's been jolly well managed! Of course, Geoff inspired it, but who did it—that Boer girl of his?"

Bunny declared that he imagined it to be extremely likely.

HALFWAY BETWEEN THE DOOR AND VESTA STOOD BUNSEN HIMSELF

The following night — after the three late prisoners had spent twenty-four hours in the house in a condition not falling far short of luxury—Geoff appeared. He was in the very best of spirits, and brought a good report. He described how he had arranged with his fellow warders that nothing need be said about the escape. They had not observed it until he pointed out that one or two captives were missing. There would be no pursuit, because there was no suspicion of anything wrong.

"Won't it look fishy *you* being away?" asked Jack pertinently.

"I explained that I was off for a couple of days to Potchefstroom to see my best girl," Geoff laughed.

"For Potchefstroom read Johannesburg, and the tale was pretty true, you sly old rascal!" said Hugh. "Well, your best girl has done us well here, and I'm thinking of giving you my blessing with her, after all."

"Has anybody thought of a plan for getting away to Natal?" asked Geoff, ignoring the remark. "It's time we fixed on something; we can't stay here till the end of the war."

Jack had. It was that the party should travel by night only, and should avoid every railway, every town, every village even. Mafeking might be their destination, being, perhaps, the nearest point at which the British lines could be entered.

"But who are we, if asked, and where are we going?—and two of us can't speak Dutch," said Geoff, pertinently. "Why not?"

"We must try and think of some practical reply to these questions which we are *sure* to be asked," he added presently, since no one seemed to have a solution ready to the problem put to them.

When evening began to fall cool and dark Geoff left the house.

"There are a lot of things to arrange outside, and as I'm perhaps the best Boer of the party I'd better see to them," he explained. "I shall be back in about an hour."

Bunny winked at Hugh when he had disappeared.

"Gone to see Vesta," he said.

Hugh nodded sagely.

"No hurry about getting out of Johannesburg, eh," he said, "so far as *he's* concerned?"

Geoff went straight away to the Krygkraft mansion, as was most natural and proper. He went to thank Vesta once again for the kind and complete arrangements she had made for the comfort of his party. Vesta had done all this herself, carrying everything with her own hands and by night.

The two lovers spent a happy hour together, and presently Vesta told Geoff, half jesting, that Guy Bunsen laid constant siege to her heart. Nothing would keep him away from the house, and nothing discouraged him.

"Why is he here?" said Geoff, angrily. "Has he a right to remain in the place? He is no longer ill, I suppose, if he ever was."

"If only Mr. Kruger would kindly turn him out," Vesta laughed, "how happy I should be!"

"I should go and smash him," said Geoff, "but he must not know I'm here, for, as you know, he hates me, and he's quite capable of venting his spite upon me in some dastardly way, such as——"

Geoff was interrupted in his sentence by a little cry from Vesta. He looked up surprised, and his eyes suddenly grew cold and stern, for there, halfway between the door and Vesta, stood Bunsen himself.

"How long have you been there, you sneaking hound?" said Geoff furiously, barely restraining himself from falling upon the eavesdropper.

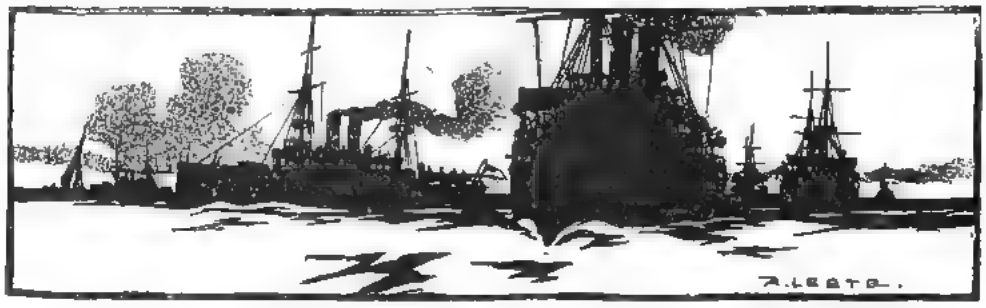
"Long enough to hear your last sentence, my friend. What you say is quite true; I *do* hate you, and I *am* capable of getting you into trouble—venting my spite upon you, as you express it; in fact, I have every intention of doing so!"

The little party of three at the Bank House began to grow nervous as the night wore on and Geoff did not return.

Eleven o'clock, twelve—one o'clock came, and still he was absent.

"Can he have got nabbed?" said Bunny, his teeth all a-chatter with agitation. "I think I'll go out and scout around—I don't like it."

(To be continued.)



OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:—

WAR LITERATURE.

Ladysmith: The Diary of a Siege. By H. W. Nevinson. 6s. (Methuen).

The Relief of Ladysmith. By J. B. Atkins. 6s. (Methuen).

Hector Macdonald: The Private who became a General. By Thomas F. G. Coates. 1s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge).

Baden-Powell: The Hero of Mafeking. By W. Francis Aitken. 1s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge).

Four Months Besieged: The Story of Ladysmith. By H. H. S. Pearse. 6s. (Macmillan).

The War to Date (March 1st, 1900). By Arthur H. Scaife. 3s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin).

Khaki in South Africa. Part I. 6d. fortnightly (Newnes).

With Roberts to the Transvaal. 1s. (Newnes.)

FICTION.

Among the Man-eaters. By John Gaggin. 1s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin).

The Fighting Lads of Devon. By W. Murray Graydon. 2s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge).

The Boy from Cuba. By Walter Rhoades. 2s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge).

Ivanhoe. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by J. Higham, M.A. 1s. 6d. (A. & C. Black).

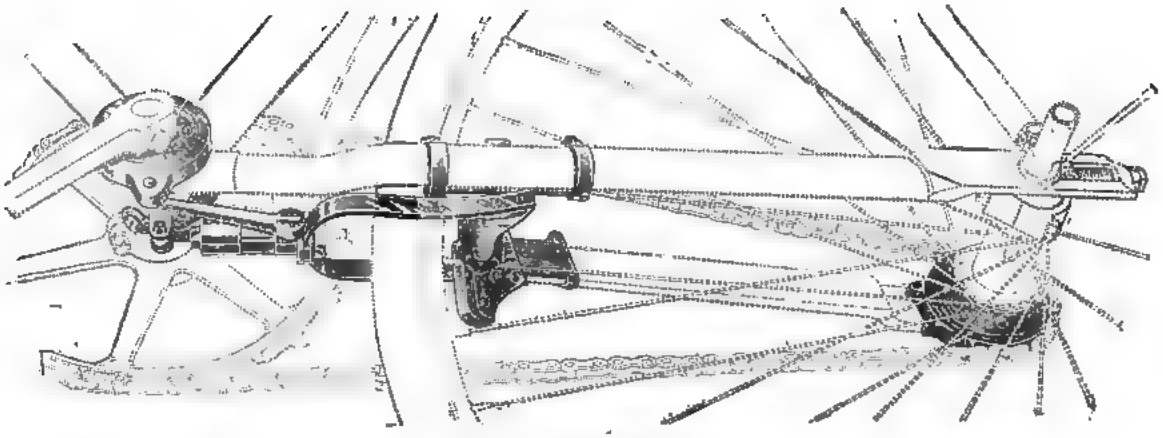
MISCELLANEOUS.

Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor! By Vice-Admiral Sir William Kennedy, K.C.B. 12s. (William Blackwood & Sons).

The Story of the Alphabet. By Edward Clodd. 1s. (Newnes).

Hints from Sandow. By the Rev. R. L. Bellamy, B.D. 1s. (James Nisbet & Co.).

Mr. Thomas Atkins. By E. J. Hardy, M.A. (Chaplain to the Forces). 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin).



WILKINSON SWORD FREE WHEEL.

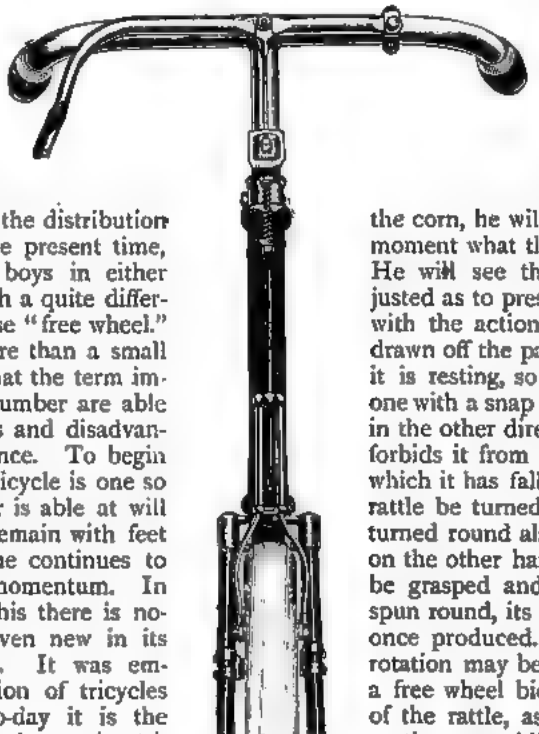
THE FREE WHEEL:

WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT DOES.

By Haydon Perry.

IT is recorded of an American schoolboy that when asked if he was in favour of the free wheel he promptly replied that he guessed he was.

The slang of America uses the word "wheel" to mean the whole machine—a practice I hope every English boy will do his best to discourage—and the youth in question thought he was pronouncing in favour of the distribution of bicycles gratis. At the present time, there are probably few boys in either country who do not attach a quite different meaning to the phrase "free wheel." Yet it is unlikely that more than a small minority know exactly what the term implies, while a still lesser number are able to speak of its advantages and disadvantages from actual experience. To begin with, then, a free wheel bicycle is one so constructed that the rider is able at will to cease pedalling, and remain with feet at rest while the machine continues to run forward by its own momentum. In the broad principles of this there is nothing new. Nor is it even new in its application to the cycle. It was employed in the construction of tricycles many years ago, and to-day it is the commonest thing to see the carrier tricycle of the errand boy slipping down a slope, his feet remaining motionless, while a loud clicking noise is usually heard proceeding from the machine. This is caused by the ratchet running over the teeth of the ratchet-wheel, just as they do in the crow-boy's rattle. Indeed, if anyone will examine one of those rattles, which are made for the purpose of frightening crows from the corn, he will see and understand in a moment what the action of a ratchet is. He will see that the ratchet is so adjusted as to press upon the ratchet-wheel with the action of a spring. It can be drawn off the particular tooth upon which it is resting, so as to fall upon the next one with a snap; but it cannot be pushed in the other direction, because the spring forbids it from mounting the tooth from which it has fallen. If the handle of the rattle be turned round, the rattle will be turned round also, but quite silently. If, on the other hand, the haft of the rattle be grasped and the body of the rattle spun round, its characteristic clatter is at once produced. Now the first kind of rotation may be likened to the driving of a free wheel bicycle, while the handling of the rattle, as commonly used, gives a motion resembling that of the running of a free wheel when, instead of driving it,



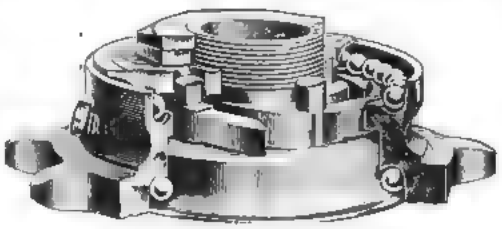
THE LINLEY BRAKE.

the pedals and chain are at rest; for there is an arrangement of a somewhat similar kind concealed within the hub of the bicycle.

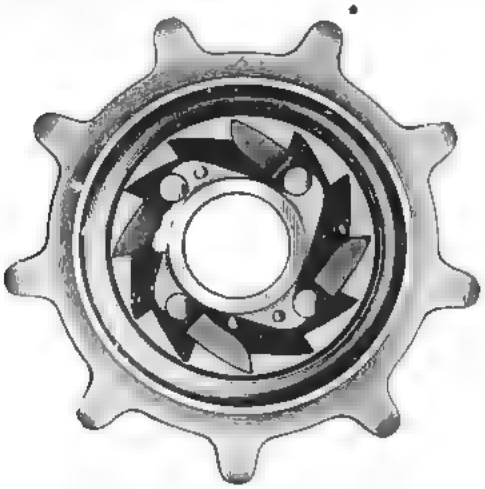
Among the illustrations to this article various makes of hubs are shown dissected, so that their hidden mechanism is laid open for inspection. The Whippet free wheel is a good example to examine. It will be evident that when the outer portion is turned in one direction the ratchets must receive a thrust by which driving force will be imparted. But if this driving ceases, the inner portion can still go on turning, so that the whole wheel which is built upon it runs as a free wheel.

CHATER LEA FREE WHEEL.

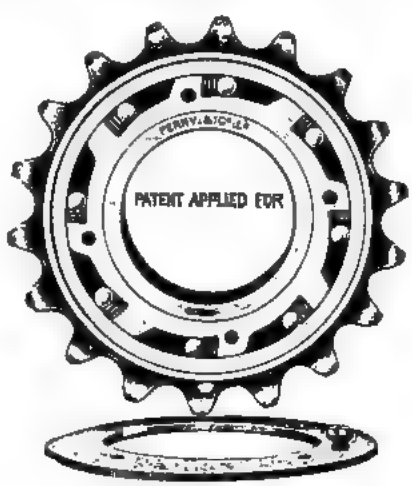
But this freedom is not always obtained by a device like that of the Whippet, or that of the Raleigh, which will be seen to closely resemble it. The plan adopted in the Chater-Lea machine involves an inner driving mechanism with fixed projections; the moveable parts being here found in the outer ring. It will be noticed that these parts can retire into their recesses in order to slide over the projections when the wheel is running free, and that the little springs will force them out again when they are required as a purchase for driving. Again, in the contrivance manufactured by Perry & Co., both the inner and the outer portions are fixtures. But between them is an arrangement of rollers, shown as small circles in the illustration. These rollers are confined in little chambers, which upon examination will be seen to be narrower at one end than at the other. It is clear that, when the outer portion of the mechanism is turned in one direction, the rollers will jam at the narrower end, make fast a connection with the inner part, and so convey driving force to it. When the wheel is running free this jamming is relaxed. This is only a variation of the device marketed by the Enfield Cycle Co., but the illustration in the former case is, perhaps, a trifle clearer and



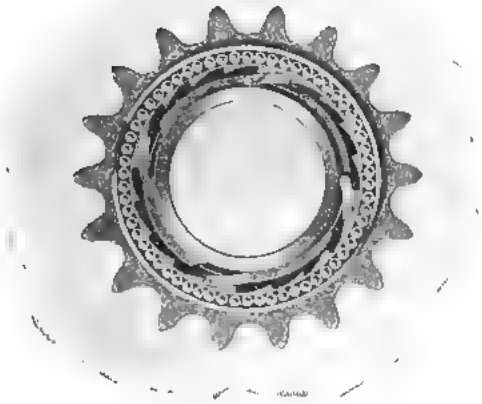
WHIPPET FREE WHEEL—DISSECTED.



WHIPPET FREE WHEEL—SIDE VIEW.



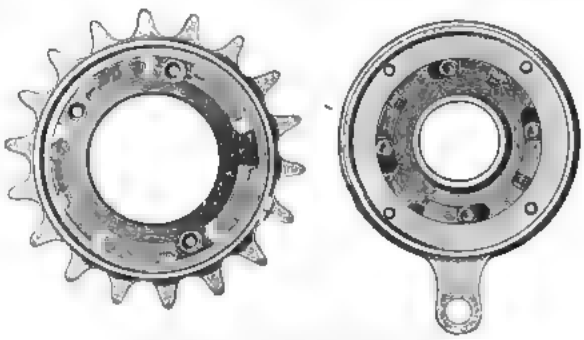
PERRY & CO'S FREE WHEEL.



RALEIGH FREE WHEEL.

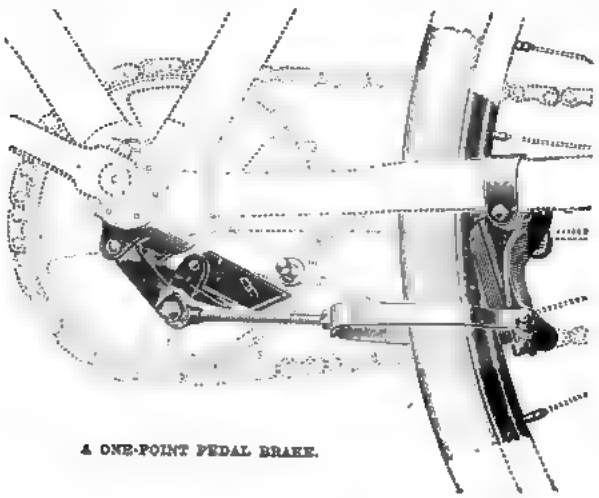
more self-explanatory. There is no need to dwell upon differences of mechanical detail in the various other devices depicted here. A careful inspection of any of them will show that all depend upon the principle of an inner and an outer system of mechanism which can be bound together for driving purposes, and more or less completely disconnected at times when it is desired that the wheel shall run free. The "Pall Mall" clutch of the Wilkinson Sword Co., and the Bradbury Co.'s "Free Wheel at Will," are no exceptions, although the illustrations to these show their special arrangements less dissected out. So much, then, for what the free wheel is; let us now for a space proceed to the consideration of what it does.

The most obvious power it confers upon the rider is that of shooting hills with the feet at rest upon the pedals. On an ordinary machine only an expert rider can keep his pedals when flying down hill at very high speeds, even with a very high gear and a therefore relatively slow rate of pedalling. True, he could employ foot-rests; but one of the first things the free wheel demonstrated was the superiority of the pedals as rests, both on the score of comfort and on that of safety. The position when pedalling is a natural one—that is, if the rider has chosen a machine of such design that it shall be so. It somewhat resembles the position when walking. But the posture of a rider using foot-rests on the forks, or on the fork-crown, is unlike that of either walking, standing, sitting, or any other accustomed attitude. Moreover, it redistributes the weight, and a good machine is constructed to take the weight best when the rider is in his pedalling posture. If your saddle is exactly right for riding, it very often seems wrong for coasting "feet up." That, of course, is never so with the free wheel. And what is more



ENFIELD FREE WHEEL, REDDITCH.

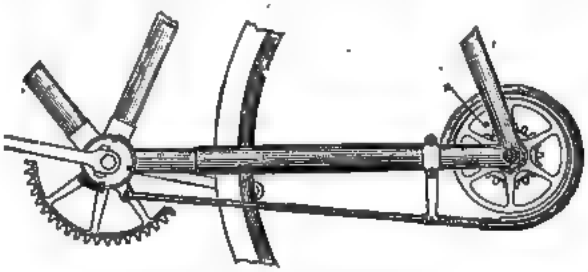
comfortable is also safer, because in any sort of emergency it is very important to have a firm purchase on the saddle. It may therefore be said that the free wheel permits of faster coasting than it would be prudent, under like circumstances, to indulge in on an ordinary bicycle.



A ONE-POINT PEDAL BRAKE.

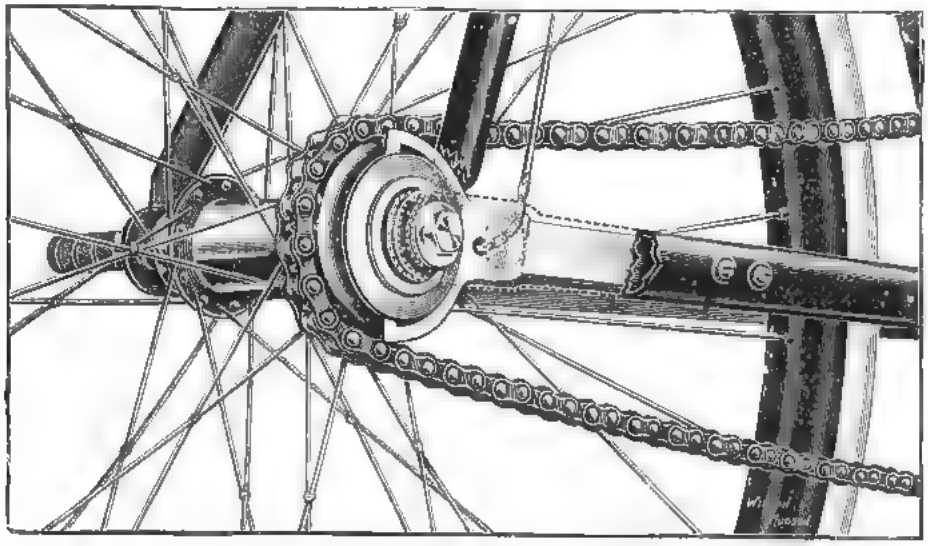
But it is not only upon hills, recognised as such, that the free wheel is an advantage. In a fairly level-looking road there are all sorts of gradients that are noticeable to the cyclist. The free wheeler instinctively takes advantage of them by knocking off work for a space. Similarly, with a high wind behind him on a level road he can simply sail along; but, of course, this condition of thing is so rare that no one would have a special device such as the freed wheel for that alone. It is the ordinary ups and downs of every-day cycling that weigh most in the balance, and it is here that the free wheel brings cycling one point nearer to the art

of flight. Note, however, the price at which this advance is gained. The art of back-pedalling is lost. This fact is sufficient to make it necessary to revise the whole system by which the speed of the machine is controlled. I daresay every rider is able to call to mind hills down which he knows he can go depending upon back-pedalling only; and every rider who uses a brake knows hills that he can descend in safety while relying upon the brake alone. But he also knows of declivities upon which the machine cannot be held in check without resort to both means of holding it in. It is clear that hills of this kind cannot be ridden down by a free wheeler without terrible risks, unless he is provided with better braking power than has been usually applied to the bicycle. This opens the whole question of brakes, which there is not here space to discuss. Suffice it to say that inventors have easily risen to the occasion, and have produced appliances sufficiently powerful to bring a runaway machine to a standstill in the middle of the steepest hill. All the best of these powerful brakes are applied to the rim, and not to the tyre, so that they in no way depend upon the tyre being inflated, and cannot by any possibility injure it. A brake of this description is calculated to be eight times as effective as one of the ordinary plunger pattern. None the less, it is unwise to trust yourself entirely to it. You see, in the ordinary case if a brake for any reason fails you can still back pedal. With the free wheel, if the brake fails you have nothing to fall back upon. Therefore it is wise to have two brakes—one on each rim. It is a moot point whether or not both of these should be controlled by hand; but one of them certainly should, namely, that on the front rim. The Linley brake, of which an illustration is given, is a truly admirable example of this class. If the brake on the back wheel is a pedal-worked brake, it should be one of those that can only be put on when the pedal is in a certain position, and not one of those which can go on at any point.



ENFIELD FREE WHEEL, REDDITCH.

Thus equipped with two good brakes the rider can descend almost any declivity, and all his downhill work may be done at far higher speeds than would otherwise be prudent, for he has in reserve a practically perfect control. The free wheel, therefore, makes travelling over hilly ground much faster than it used to be. In traffic, and over muddy or greasy surfaces, it also makes riding safer, because the absence of any of the sideplay caused by the alternate



BRADBURY FREE WHEEL AT WILL, OLDHAM.

pressure of the feet allows of steadier and more accurate steering. Further, in all round riding it saves labour, which means that one can ride farther and faster than heretofore without putting forth any additional effort. The amount of labour saved will vary much with the nature of the district. Taken altogether the labour saved, although considerable, is probably not so great as some free wheel enthusiasts have made out. It has been argued that if you only pedal four miles for every five miles traversed you save one-fifth of the work. But it must not be forgotten that in ordinary circumstances the mile of ground favourable to easy running is not one on which an average fair share of work is being done. Still, if only one-tenth, or even one-twentieth, of the work of driving is done away with, the free wheel stands established as in advance of its rivals. There is one kind of work which it cannot help saving, though that is a matter which only the bad rider will appreciate—the saving of the work unconsciously done by a bad pedaller against himself. This does not retard the progress of a freed wheel in the way that the "backlash" of the chain does an ordinary bicycle. All the same it is well to bear in mind that good pedalling is highly desirable with the free wheel, for if the foot is not picked up neatly and prettily with the rising pedal it counterbalances to some extent the pressure on the falling one, and to that extent is a cause of wasted effort.

To sum up, the disadvantages of the free wheel may be named under the headings of increased complication, increased weight, and increased cost. Against these we may set the advantages of increased ease of driving, increased speed, increased comfort, and increased safety. After such a summing up it is not difficult to guess what the final verdict will be.

LETTER TO YE OLDE FAGGË.

O Capitaine! It is to thee
I sing!
Accept felicitations frome one
That noth old English but a
littel thing.

The Capitaine is to the bords with fun,
The dainty maid, who boist'rous games doth shun,
Finds as much pleasure in thy varied pagë
As any boy, al be he dull or sagë.

To thee, O Ancient Fagge, I nowe do turnë,
Lat my stele penne, y-tempered in inke—
(With parfit gratitude my hart doth burnë,
But I can doe withoute the blod, I thinke)
Praise thee, of all parfettion the pink,
For having given me a beauteous prise—
Allas! 'tis spent now—hear my heavy sighs!

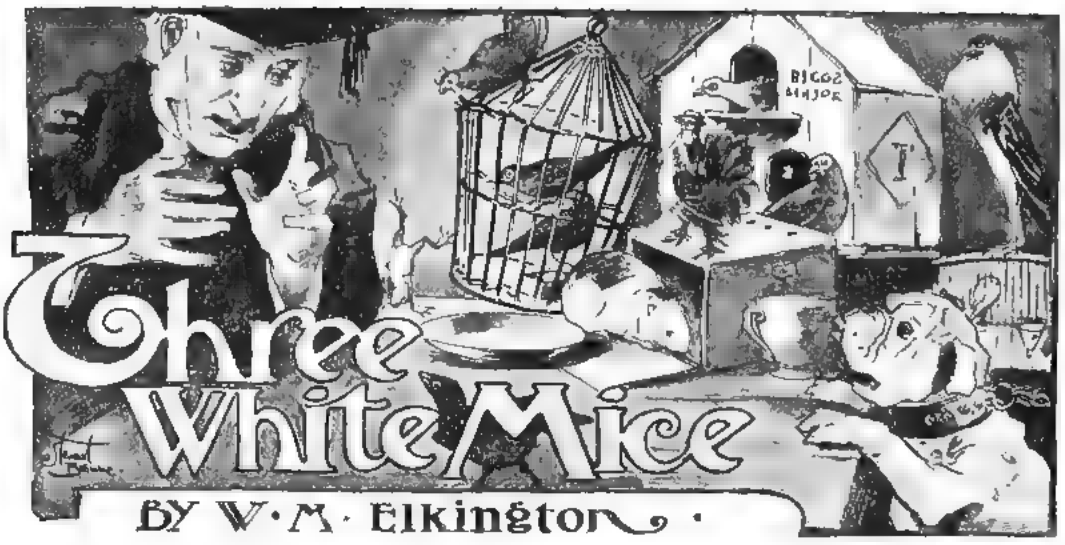
O Ancient Worker! (if you like, "Olde Faggë")
Bear with this ryme which I indite to thee;
Lat not thine interest, I prie thee, flaggë,
But lat my littel poem seem to bee
As any lettre which thou motest see,
From any friend or ladye Capitaine,
In prose or poesy, what loss or gaine?

And one thing, O. F., which has wonne my hart,
Is that to evrie storie, sadde or gayë,
Thou chuseth men who something know of art
To illustrate it. That is nat the wayë
Of many bokës at the present dayë.
The artists I like best are Whitwell, Browne,
Gillet—and Soper, too, I must put downe.

Laste, but nat leste, my praise to Maistre Gooch,
Most certinly a fetis man of parts,
For unto him noon other one can touch.
He has wonne al young stamp collectors' harts.
I collect stamps, and therfor to the marts
I ofttimes stray—but ever wish a guide,
And so I keep his writings by my side.

Farewell, Olde Fagge, an thou hast read as much,
My "burble" may han made thee cry or laugh;
But, howsoe'er, now no more mot I touch.
My love and compliments to all the staff
(Altho' at messages I s'pose they chaff?)
My love for thee, t'express I woll nat tryë—
Remember me, thine dotty

Eyed Awry.



Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

FOR SALE.—Three white mice, trained and tractable. Have won prizes. Must be sold cheap.—Apply, Jones, Llanymachylwnch, Merioneth.

The above advertisement was conspicuous on account of the ink and pencil marks around it. It appeared in a popular journal lying open upon the library table at St. Kilda's Grammar School, and it had already attracted the notice of every boy whose fancier instinct had been developed by a sojourn in the Fourth Form.

The Fourth Form at St. Kilda's was a hotbed of fanciers. Boys who had in the Lower School shown no more striking partiality for natural history than an occasional interest in rat-catching, became the most ardent collectors of wild animals and reptiles as soon as they came to breathe the air of Bunder's room. There was something irresistibly intoxicating about that air, and from the Rev. John Bunder downward to the latest remove, every soul in that class-room was a fancier.

John Bunder had been master of the Fourth for twenty-five years. He had come direct from a country living, accompanied by his wife, his children, his dogs, and his Dorkings. The former were accommodated in the dingy residence allotted to masters of the Fourth; the latter had new and luxurious apartments in the kitchen garden; and the Fourth Form from that day took upon itself the study of bulldogs and Silver Dorkings as subjects included in a modern college curriculum. For twenty-five years John Bunder reigned supreme over the Fourth Form, translating Cæsar until he forgot there were any other Latin writers, and demonstrating the first book of Euclid until he failed to remember that the talented author had composed other works on the same subject. He accepted his duty, and did it to the last detail. But his ambition lay with his Dorkings, and the prospect of John Bunder ever occupying a higher position in the scholastic world than the mastership of the Fourth Form at St. Kilda's was not only remote, but absolutely non-existent.

With such an example before them, then, what wonder is it that the whole Fourth Form became possessed of that fancier spirit that can only be satisfied by an overdose of unsavoury surroundings? Biggs Major—the present head of the form, who lived in daily fear of a remove to a higher estate—kept homing pigeons, and spent the best part of his time between lessons in manufacturing a cypher code for use in despatching messages. Wilkins "Mi." kept rabbits in his study for six weeks, and it was only after the whole of the drains in the house had been opened that the cause of the disagreeable odour was discovered and removed to the gardener's tool-shed. Little Tipkins made a pet of a hedgehog that had been picked up in the road after being run over by a cart, and it was only after a month's coaxing to get it to eat that it was discovered to be dead, after which Tipkins purchased a cheap lizard from the boot-boy. Brown Major's fancy was sparrows, and Snooks "Terts" owned a tame squirrel that suffered from an incurable disease very similar to mange. Snobson-Jay, whose father owned race-horses, was the proud possessor of a lame

tortoise, and among the other wild beasts that claimed the patronage of the Fourth Form were a performing toad, two blackbirds, a jackdaw, three diseased bantams, a canary that died and was renewed regularly every month, and a guinea-pig that had never got over an accidental immersion in a bucket of cold water, and suffered from a racking cough. But there was not a single mouse!

"If that canary goes and dies again," exclaimed Biggs "Mi.," the owner of the ungrateful bird in question, "I'm blest if I don't go in for these mice!"

The threat, uttered in the school library, was received in silence, save for a gasp of astonishment from some of the juniors, and a sneering laugh from Biggs Major, who was becoming jealous of his brother's notoriety, and contemplated poisoning one of the homing pigeons unless something speedily turned up to justify his right to distinction.

"He's looking pretty seedy now," continued Biggs "Mi.," referring to the canary, "and the book says he hadn't ought to live above four days after that, so it wouldn't be a bad idea to send now, would it?"

"I should, Jimmy," said Cooper "Terts.," his bosom friend, decisively. "You never know who's after these things, and, as it's a bargain, I wouldn't be surprised if there's hundreds of applications. You send now and get the first chance."

"Where do you think you're going to keep 'em?" asked Stimson, who shared a study with Biggs "Mi.," and prided himself on the exclusiveness of his own blackbird.

"Oh, don't worry!" said the hero of the hour, pompously. "When I need your opinion I'll ask it; and we don't want any connection with blackbirds. Me and my white mice can take care of *ourselves*. Lend us a pen-nib, Tipkins, and I'll write off at once."

Biggs Minor sat down in the midst of an admiring crowd and penned a letter to Mr. Jones, of Llanymachylwnch, asking for the price and particulars of the three white mice, which Mr. Jones, of Llanymachylwnch, supplied by return of post. The price was five shillings for the three, and they were dirt cheap. So said Mr. Jones, of Llanymachylwnch, and such an authority was not to be doubted. Accordingly, a postal order for that amount was despatched, and two days later there arrived a box addressed to "Mr. J. Biggs, St. Kilda's Grammar School," on which the said Mr. Biggs was requested to pay one shilling for carriage before it passed into his possession.

The parcels van always arrived at an awkward time at St. Kilda's. On the present occasion the Fourth Form were just going into morning school, and Biggs Minor was confronted with the alternative of leaving his precious box in the corridor, or taking it with him into the form room. He was not long, however, in deciding upon the latter course, and with his books arranged to protect the package as much as possible from the gaze of the inquisitive, he took his seat and fell to work upon his Latin translation.

The Rev. John Bunder was making out his poultry accounts that morning, and fortunately he was too much engrossed in averaging the egg production of the Silver Dorkings to notice all that happened in the class-room. Consequently, Biggs Minor, suddenly looking up from his translation and taking in the situation, remembered that the mice must be hungry, having travelled from Mr. Jones, of Llanymachylwnch, which must be a great distance. He had half a dozen Osborne biscuits in his pocket, and he decided that if he could remove the lid and insert a few crumbs for the benefit of the prisoners he would be doing an act of mercy, and relieving the tedium of the morning lesson at the same time. The lid was nailed upon the box, and there were one or two holes for breathing, which would have sufficed for the insertion of crumbs had Biggs Minor been pressed for time. But he was not, and he determined to make the task an interesting one to himself as well as merciful to the mice. So he drew his clasp knife.

A slight creaking noise caused the Rev. John Bunder to look up from his poultry accounts. A louder creak, and then another, in the corner, drew his attention in Biggs Minor's direction. Then there came the sound of splitting wood, and the boys in the vicinity started with surprise as three tiny white mice leapt apparently from the lap of Biggs Minor and ran along the desk. At the end they came to a stop, and sitting bolt upright, looked about on their surroundings.

The Rev. John Bunder rose from his chair and grunted. Then he rapped his desk so loudly that the three white mice started and scampered back towards their rightful owner.

"The boy who owns those mice stand up!" he snapped, in his blunt way.

Biggs Minor rose upon his feet, leaving the box upon the form out of sight.

"Do these things belong to you?" roared John Bunder.

"They are not things, sir—they're mice!"

"Mice! Of course they are," bellowed the master. "Do they belong to you, or don't they? That's what I want to know!"

"Yes, sir!"

"And where did you get them?"

"That's what I can't make out, sir! It begins with two l's, and it's a long name."

THE FIRST DECISIVE BLOW WAS STRUCK BY THE CAPTURE OF ONE OF THE MICE BENEATH THE MORTARBOARD OF JOHN BUNDER.

"Fifty lines for making a fool of yourself!" thundered John Bunder as the class began to titter.

"Please, sir," pleaded Biggs Minor, "I bought them. They're prize winners, and I'm going to breed champions."

"Prize winners!" exclaimed Mr. Bunder, his interest awakening. "Catch them at once and let me look. I ought to know something about the points of mice," he added to himself, "and if these should happen to be good ones we shall be able to make some very interesting experiments."

The mice had evidently suffered severely from their previous incarceration, for they absolutely refused to be caught. Biggs Minor bumped his head four times against the desks before he asked for reinforcements, and even when a detachment was told off to hold the principal passes the three white mice evaded pursuit by taking the most difficult paths between desk legs and under cupboards. A force was then raised and posted with sheets of paper to stop the career of the fugitives; but all efforts proved fruitless, and at last the remainder of the form, with John Bunder at their head, took the field with books, baskets, and all manner of weapons. The first decisive blow was struck by the capture of one of the mice beneath the mortarboard of John Bunder; a second was secured and nearly crushed to death between the heels of Biggs Minor himself; and the third, seeing that the game was up, calmly walked into a waste-paper basket trap and allowed himself to be carried off to his fellows.

The Rev. John Bunder wiped the perspiration from his brow and endeavoured to reassume his dignity and composure. Within the dusty and battered mortarboard in his hand reposed the three white mice, covered with a handkerchief. It was a trying moment for the master. His curiosity to look more closely at the mice almost overcame his sense of duty. But only for a moment. The next he had opened the top of the desk, imprisoned the mice in a far corner, and shut it again with a slam.

"I shall impound these creatures until I hear further reason for their presence in this classroom," he panted, with some show of pomposity. "It is most unseemly to bring live stock, or any indication of live stock, into school hours, and if I discover any more such evidences of a desire to turn St. Kilda's into a permanent menagerie, I shall report the case to the Doctor. Biggs Minor, you will bring me one hundred lines instead of fifty, and an essay on 'White mice from an exhibition standpoint.'"

He had scarcely sat down, and Biggs Minor had hardly realised the injustice of the sentence, before the door opened, and the Doctor himself entered, followed by two of the governors. Then it suddenly dawned upon the Rev. John Bunder and the whole Fourth Form that this was *viva voce* day—one of those occasions when the Doctor unexpectedly swooped down on the school and tested them in the work of the past month.

Now the Doctor hated animals. Horses in cabs

and tramcars were the only creatures on four legs he could tolerate, and his contempt for John Bunder's dogs and Dorkings was most bitter. He was a scientist, a linguist, a mathematician, and a veritable mechanical encyclopædia; and he never troubled to discover the reason why the rest of mankind, and especially boykind, did not show the same anxiety to acquire knowledge that he had done throughout his life. John Bunder he trusted, because he always passed his boys through their exams. By the school he was respected for his knowledge, and feared for his ignorance of the cutting power of thin canes, and likewise for his cold, hard-hearted eccentricity. Beyond that, the Doctor was an enigma.

"Good morning, Mr. Bunder," he said, looking over the tops of his spectacles at the class, "I'm glad to see you all so hard at work. Thanks, I'll take your desk for a time," as John Bunder rose from his seat. "The last time I was here I believe we had some trouble over a trifling translation from the Latin attributed to Livy. Biggs Major, will you turn to that passage and let me hear your views on the subject?"

Mr. Bunder had placed seats for the two governors, and Biggs Major, being engrossed in examining the heavy gold watch chain of one of the gentlemen from a distance, did not catch the drift of the Doctor's remark; but, conscious that he had been addressed, and associating it with the recent mouse hunt, exclaimed:

"Please, sir, it was my brother!"

The brother in question, having heard the Doctor's words, and fearing to explain matters, put on a most innocent look, and buried his head in a book, which happened to be a work on the management of gold fish, lent him by a companion. Discovering this, he hastily smuggled it out of sight and, looking up, embarrassed, caught the eyes of the Doctor fixed upon him.

"Where is your Livy, sir?" was the harsh question.

"Can't find it, sir."

"Can't find it! Then do you come to school laden with books, and yet forget the one you need the most? You will bring me a hundred lines of Livy to-morrow morning at twelve, and in the meantime I must borrow the book from Mr. Bunder."

John Bunder started and turned pale. He would have rushed to grab the Doctor's arm and tell him his own book was at home. But it was too late! The Doctor had lifted the top of the desk. There was a rustle and scamper from some dark corner, and out into the light rushed three white mice. They careered around the desk among the pens and paper, and then, as the Doctor dropped the lid with a bang, they sat bolt upright in a row and looked down upon the whole Fourth Form.

There was an ominous silence.

"What means this unseemly conduct?" came in a deep sepulchral voice. "Who owns these unclean creatures?"

There was no answer for a moment. The Rev. John Bunder was turning over matters in his mind. He foresaw the expulsion of his beloved dogs and Dorkings, and he was constrained to make some plausible excuse. Then there flashed into his mind a thought of George Washington and of how comfortable is the feeling when one has told the truth, like George did. That settled it.

"They are pets, sir," he confessed boldly.

"Pets! pets! pets!" exclaimed the Doctor, rattling the words out on each other's heels. "You call these pets, sir—these—these odious vermin?"

"Pet mice, sir," reiterated Mr. Bunder, calmly, "belonging to one of the boys."

The Doctor tore off his spectacles and dropped his books, whereupon the two governors, who were local business men, and were not quite sure whether the mouse incident was one of the ordinary events of school life or something to be wondered at, became more interested, and stooped to gather up the fallen pages.

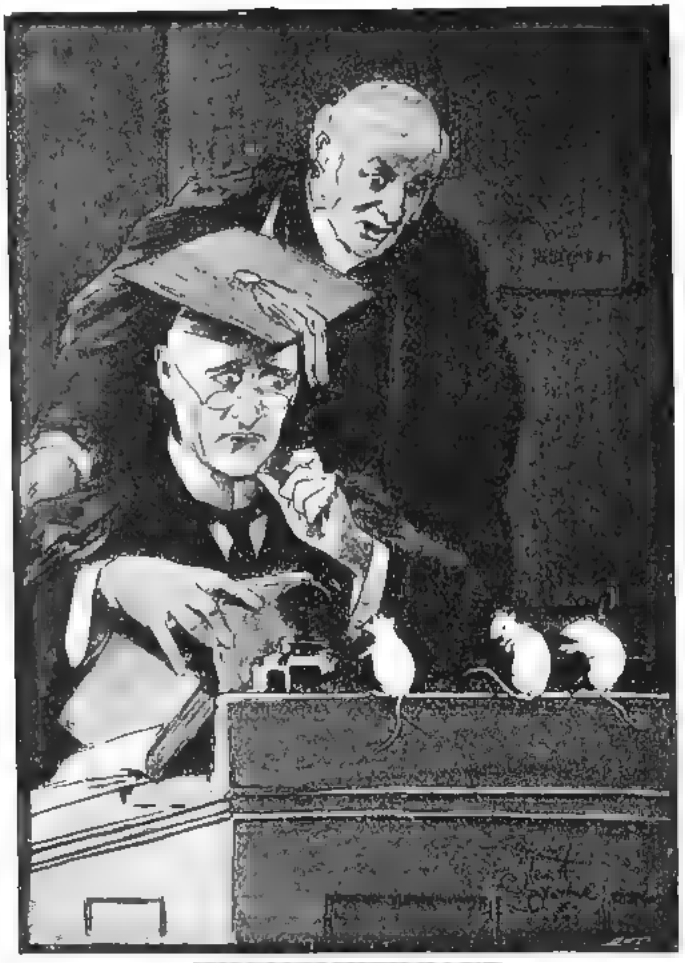
"What boy owns these—these pets?" asked the Doctor in his dreaded croak.

There was no answer. Biggs Minor had been outside the door when the last culprit was being birched, and the screams rang in his ears still. So he turned his head and dexterously hid the mouse-box behind the leg of his desk. He, too, had heard of George Washington, but thought him very much out of date, so he kept his mouth tightly closed.

Biggs Major glanced in his brother's direction and took in the situation immediately. He saw the angry flame that raged in the Doctor's eyes, and he wondered if its burn would cause so much pain after all. He thought of his homing pigeons, and his failures in the compilation of a translatable cypher code. Here was the chance of fame in his very grasp. Here were three white mice going begging. Biggs Major, too, had read of George Washington, and had come to the conclusion that truth telling was by no means unprofitable. He turned the situation over in his mind once more—the possession of the white mice and the fame that attached thereto, the risky confession of ownership, and the almost certain caning that would follow as a reward. Then he decided.

"Please, sir, they're mine," he said.

The Doctor glanced at him for a moment, peremptorily ordered him to report himself at the



THEY HAD BEEN UPSTAIRS IN A BOX.

study after morning school, and hastily left the room, followed by the two astonished governors.

Biggs Major shunned his fellow creatures as soon as he got out of morning school. The three white mice had already been recaptured, packed in an empty chalk box, and despatched to the Doctor's study. And thither Biggs Major followed them in a very uncertain frame of mind. He had, so to speak, risked everything on this one throw of the dice, and the gamble was now to be decided.

The Doctor sat at his desk as he entered the study, and there was a look upon his face that Biggs had never seen before. He immediately associated it with the leers of hardened tormentors, and he rubbed his hands in anticipation. Anyone else, knowing less of the Doctor, would have declared it was a smile.

"You own these things?" he asked.

"Yes, sir!"

"Then take them away and keep them where I may never see them again!"

There was an ominous look in his eyes as Biggs Major backed humbly but joyfully from the room, but the moment the door was shut the pedagogue rose from his chair and burst into one of the uncontrollable fits of laughter that he reserved for private life alone. It may have been caused by the ludicrousness of the mouse hunt; or, perhaps, the two astounded governors were responsible. Who knows?

Outside a crowd of boys greeted Biggs Major as he emerged from the dreaded chamber. There was not a boy in that assembly who did not wish him well of his hard-earned prize, with the exception of Biggs Minor, and his complaint was but a formal one. On principle, he said, he objected to the whole proceedings. He was the lawful owner of the mice, and entitled to be their lord and master. To which Biggs Major retorted that virtue had been suitably rewarded, and the valuable lesson of George Washington's excellent example fully justified. Whereupon Biggs Minor raised further protest, and Biggs Major again pointed out the immensity of his act of self-confession.

The result was a compromise, and the present registered owners of the three white mice are Biggs Brothers, still in the Fourth Form at St. Kilda's. The Rev. John Bunder occasionally pays visits to inspect the mice, which are the pride of the school, but in the presence of the Doctor he is dumb on the subject. And as for the learned Head himself, he chuckles sometimes when he looks at a small chalk box upon his study shelf and goes over the history—or what he knows of it—of the three white mice.

A Real Mining Experience

By Walter Roberts.

Sketches by
Ayton Symington.

[This is not so much a short story as a description of what a miner may occasionally go through whilst prospecting "out West." It is absolutely true.—Ed., The Captain.]

Some years ago I was acting as travelling correspondent for an important mining journal in the United States. I had to visit the various mining districts that were then most attracting public attention, and to write special articles about them, giving what independent information as to their merits and prospects I could gather. That my articles attracted some attention was attested by the fact that I received frequent letters from people who were entire strangers to me asking for fuller information in many cases, and, in some instances, inviting me to visit particular mining properties.

At the time of which I write there was great interest taken in gold-mining circles in some rich developments that had taken place along the Great Mother Lode in the Sierra Nevada of California, more especially in the counties of Tuolumne and Mariposa, in both of which very extensive operations were in progress. English readers are for the most part tolerably familiar with Mariposa and Tuolumne counties as the scene of some of Bret Harte's earlier and most delightful stories of Californian mining life. I had been for some time, in "Bret Harte's country," and had made myself entirely familiar with all that was going on, and had written a great deal about it for my own journal and also for San Francisco daily papers.

For a time Hornitos, in Mariposa county, was my headquarters, and there one afternoon the driver of the mail stage-coach brought me a lengthy communication from a wealthy mining speculator in San Francisco, whom I did not then know personally, but whose name at the time was a household word in mining camps. The letter contained an introduction from my managing editor in the shape of one of his visiting cards, on which was pencilled, "Do all you can for Captain Pascoe, who will explain matters."

Captain Pascoe's letter explained that he had taken an offer of an old "prospect," where a shaft had been sunk in the early 'sixties. It was said that when work was abandoned in the shaft for want of money to continue it, at a depth of sixty to eighty feet there was a "good showing," and as the situation of the property was right on the line of the Great Mother Lode, Captain Pascoe felt inclined, in view of recent discoveries, to spend a little money on further exploratory work. As for myself, he did not

wish me to make an "expert" report, but only to visit the place, make a general investigation, and advise him by wire if I thought it worth his while to send up a mining engineer and a crew of men to thoroughly prospect the vein. The old shaft had been sunk by Mexicans, and what information Captain Pascoe had was derived from some of them after a lapse of thirty years. Mexicans' information about mining property in the sale of which they have a direct pecuniary interest is, to say the least of it, of more than doubtful value when fresh; when it has the romance of a generation superadded, it is of a kind to make Ananias turn in his grave and groan with envy.

I knew where the old Mexican mine was situated, though I had never been actually on the spot. It lay some two or three miles south of an old trail that led from the Merced River to Coulterville, an important new mining township on Maxwell's Creek, and was distant not more than twenty miles from where I was at Hornitos. Accordingly I telegraphed to Captain Pascoe that I would visit the mine and let him know the result from Coulterville.

A rancher who happened to be passing through Hornitos gave me a lift in his wagon and set me down not more than four or five miles from the old Mexican shaft. The country thereabouts ran out into the foothills that stretch along the lower levels of the great Sierra Nevada. It was bare of large timber. Here and there were a few stunted trees and bushes, but the view was open for miles. In the background lay the great sierras, tier upon tier of dark and ever darker purple, receding on the horizon in filmy white—either snow or clouds, it was hard to tell which. In front lay the great fertile valley of the San Joaquin, with its vineyards, orchards, and farms; while Mount Diablo, in the dim distance, stood sentinel over the valley, and Stockton, the "City of the Sloughs."

It was blazing hot as I walked along. What grass there had been was eaten bare on all sides by sheep, whose tracks ran in every direction. Coming upon a more than usually well-beaten track, I followed it for some distance till it brought me to a miserable broken-down-looking shanty, occupied by a Mexican shepherd and his family. They spoke little English, but enough to indicate the way to the old mine, which was on the top of a little hill, remarkable by the fact that there was on it only one small stunted tree, and that was within a few yards of the mouth of the old shaft.

The Mexican shepherd said I should find it a long walk, and advised my riding, for which purpose he offered to sell me his horse, as owing to the dryness of the season he had no feed for it. I eventually bought the horse, saddle, bridle, and green-hide neck-rope, for twenty-five dollars, and arrived at the old shaft about two hours before sundown. I tied my horse securely with the green-hide neck-rope to the one solitary tree, and then set about investigating the old mine.

On the "dump," as the pile of rock that comes out of the mine is called, I had no difficulty in discovering some rather nice-looking quartz. It was "sugary" ribbon-rock, apparently free-milling, and even without a magnifying glass I could see fine specks of gold. I judged it to be rock that might average ten to twelve dollars of gold to the ton—good enough, if only there were sufficient of it. To form some idea as to that, I had to go down the shaft. The top was covered with some old rotten boards. These I easily removed, and then threw a few stones down. They fell with a "plump" into water at the bottom, and, judging by the sound, I estimated the depth to water level at about fifty to sixty feet. Of course, the depth of the water at the bottom I could not even make a guess at.

Taking off my coat and soft felt hat, I folded them together, and put them down near the shaft, with a chunk of rock on top to keep them from blowing away. I had with me a very small geologist's hammer, a couple of candles, my pipe and 'baccy, and my matches, in a water-tight box. This was my outfit as I prepared to descend the old shaft. As I have before remarked, timber was very scarce in the locality, and I found that what timber had been used by the Mexican miners in the shaft was of the worst description, being what miners call "round stuff"—the limbs of trees and trunks of small saplings from which the bark had not been removed. It now hung in ghastly-looking strips, or had fallen to the bottom.

The ladder by which I had to descend was a very primitive affair. For uprights it had saplings fastened to the walls by wooden pins, and the rungs were pieces of round branches about two feet apart. Weighing something in the neighbourhood of sixteen stones, I looked at that ladder with great disfavour. However, there was no help for it, and I started down, trying each rung of the ladder carefully with one foot before I leant my full weight on it, and holding on by the uprights with my hands.

I had got down about eight or ten feet when away went one of the rungs. I held on like grim death to the uprights, but out came the pins, and away they went too. I dropped about six feet and caught one of the lower rungs. It held me for about a second, and then carried away. I grabbed frantically at a lower one, and it came too. Then another, and another, my

velocity all the time increasing, till I came "souse" into the water, having stripped nearly every vestige of the ladder away in my descent, not to mention a ton or two of dirt and gravel. I went clean to the bottom of the "sump," as the foot of the shaft where the water lies is called. It was about ten or twelve feet deep, and I got to the surface as quickly as I could struggle through all the *debris* that had littered down the shaft. I managed to fix two poles transversely a little above the water, and, scrambling on to them, sat down to consider the situation.

The "proceedin's struck me as bein' highly irreg'lar," as an eminent Californian judge remarked when a disappointed litigant knocked him off the Bench with a volume of the statutes. I was scratched and bruised from head to foot, but a careful examination disclosed no broken bones. I still had my little geologist's pick in my belt, and my candles were safe. It was night by this time, and, looking upwards, I could see the stars over the mouth of the shaft. They seemed quite low down, and just above it.

I lit one of my candles, and made a more careful survey. When I looked down I got rather a shock. The old shaft seemed to be a favourite suicide ground for the animal creation. There were five or six dead rattlesnakes, a couple of coyotes, some crows, an owl, and several other birds, all in various stages of decomposition, floating in the water amongst the broken sticks. Fortunately their perfume was lost upon me, as a bump on the nose in my fall had temporarily unfitted that organ for business purposes. I collected all the sound sticks I could gather, and began to build a scaffolding across the shaft. Then I built another about seven feet above that, and passed the timber of the lower one up on to that, drawing up the last of it with my waist-belt and some string I happened to have in my pocket.

About daybreak, judging by the light at the top of the shaft, I was getting on famously, and must have been about thirty feet above the water when I got into bad holding ground in the sides of the shaft. I leant my weight on a transverse stick, and about a ton of earth came away with it. I followed the earth after a moment's delay, went to the bottom of the "sump" again, and on coming to the surface renewed my acquaintance with the rattlesnakes, coyotes, and other carrion.

I LIT ONE OF MY CANDLES, AND MADE A MORE CAREFUL SURVEY.

I was a bit discouraged, but after a smoke—fortunately my tobacco, being "plug," was not so wet that it would not smoke, and my pipe, though broken, had still enough stem left to get

a "draw" out of it — I recommenced the laborious work of platform-building. My efforts were not attended with success, and I again went into the "sump" in a hurry. It was getting beyond a joke, for it was near the second night out, and it might be weeks before anyone came that way. I had tied up my horse so firmly that there was small chance of his breaking away and going back with the saddle on to the Mexican ranche, and thereby giving the alarm. I was hungry too—and sleepy. I ate a bit of my second candle, had a drink of the water that all the carrion was floating about in, and then, strange to say, slept like a top on half-a-dozen saplings which I fixed across the shaft about two feet above the water.

THEY PULLED ME TO THE SURFACE, TAKING A TURN ON THE ROPE ROUND THE TREE, AND "YANKING" ME UP A FEW FEET AT A TIME.

I must have slept for a long time, for the sun was shining into the shaft when I awoke. I was breakfasting frugally on a small piece of candle, when I heard the most welcome sound I ever heard in my life. It came from the surface, and it was a human voice that called: "Hello, there?"

"Hello," answered I.

"What the deuce are you doin' down there?" came the voice.

"Waiting to get out," said I.

"How did you get in?" queried the voice.

"Fell down the shaft," was the answer.

"More fool you!" was the comment. "Wait here till I come back."

"I won't run away. Don't fret about that," I answered, and then, with a feeling of great inward satisfaction, I lit a fresh pipe with my last match.

It seemed hours before my discoverer came back. He rode my horse over to the Mexican ranche, where he got some green-hide ropes and enlisted the services of the Mexican. Between them they pulled me to the surface, taking a turn of the rope round the little tree and "yanking" me up a few feet at a time.

My rescuer was good old Jim Arkell, a veteran prospector and pioneer in Mariposa and Tuolumne counties. He had seen my horse on the previous day when he passed along the trail some distance away. Seeing it still in the same place next day, he surmised that something must be wrong, and on coming over to the mine found the boards off the mouth of the shaft, and my hat and coat lying on the ground.

Old Jim came along with me as far as Johnny Grapes's vineyard, where we had a time of rejoicing. I believe that nothing short of the Jackass brandy of local production would have taken the taste of the water in that infernal pit out of my mouth. I made a report to Captain Pascoe in which I pointed out that I had gone thoroughly into the mine, and had prospected it right to the bottom more than once. On the strength of my report Captain Pascoe bought it. Last time I saw him he said he was satisfied with his purchase. As he turned it into a company of "Eastern Investors," I can well believe he is. But I should like to hear their views.

THE AMERICAN'S REVENGE

by Eugene Mouton.

ON HIS return from Cochin China, where France had not then set foot, one of my friends came to dine with me one day, as well as Congourdan, the captain of the corsair, *La Bonne Mère*. As usual, the new arrival took the lead in the conversation. He described the manners of the Siamese, and, in due course, came to the strange and horrible punishments which, as everybody knows, are among the most marked peculiarities of this very remarkable people.

When a subject of this kind is introduced into a conversation, you know how difficult it is to drive it away—a sort of mysterious attraction always brings it back again. In despair I had recourse to the worthy captain.

"What do you say to those charming traits of national character, captain?" I asked. "To listen to these stories makes me think that it would be better to fall into the clutches of a gorilla or a monster octopus, as you have done, than into the grip of a man!"

"You are right," he replied; "*I've* bought that knowledge at a heavy price."

"You have fallen into the hands of the Siamese?"

"No; into the hands of one of my enemies. But, white as he was, he treated me in such a way that your Siamese and Cochin Chinese tortures are mere ticklings in comparison with what he made me suffer."

I could not help saying, pressingly: "Tell us about it." To which he replied:—

"My dear friend, you cannot imagine what the life of a sailor is. It is not only the accidents of the sea he has to count with. You make a good passage—all goes well; you don't so much as break a hawser; you land your cargo—not a bale damaged. You re-load, and put your bill of lading in your pocket. Good back freight; good crew. You pat yourself on the chest, and say: 'Marius, my boy, you've done a winning stroke of business.'

"Oh! it always comes upon you when and from where you least expect it! A tile as big as a house falls crash upon your head. That's just what happened to me at Mobile, about eight o'clock one fine November morning, and you'll see whether I could have been on the look-out for it.

"My vessel was at the lading-quay. I went on shore over a single plank, almost always alone; for my crew, with the exception of two men to keep watch, were about in the city or its neighbourhood. It was not too hot; it wanted two hours of breakfast time, and I said to myself:—

"'Suppose you go and see the consignee?'

"This gentleman, who was a Marseillais, and whom I knew well, lived about half-a-league out of the city. The way to his house was along the river on a well-kept road, shaded with trees and bordered with country houses and gardens.

"I had gone about a third of the way without having seen anybody besides a sort of red-headed giant, dressed as a hunter, who had followed me out of the city. He passed me once or twice, then fell back, then advanced again. These tactics were beginning to annoy me, because in that country, as you know, one must always be upon one's guard. Continuing my way, and without seeming to do it purposely, I turned round and looked at him, at the same time moving my hand towards my revolver and glancing at my belt, to see that my knife was within easy reach.

"I had not time to raise my head, my dear friend, before I was stretched upon the ground like an ox, half-strangled by a lasso, which the scoundrel had thrown over my head. I put up my hands to save my throat; but, in the twinkling of an eye, he dragged me into a garden, the gate of which slammed to behind him, and I became unconscious.

"When I recovered my senses I was seated in a chair, my arms and legs free, in the midst of a garden filled with flowers. Before me stood a group of evil-looking men, foremost among whom I recognised a tall rascal of an American sailor, who, three years earlier, had almost caused my crew to mutiny. But I had made him pay dearly for his freak, by first giving the wet and then the dry hold.

"I RECOGNISED A TALL RASCAL OF AN AMERICAN SAILOR."

"You don't know what the wet hold means? You are lashed along a spar, then drawn by a pulley up to one end of the main-yard, from which height you are three times dropped into the sea and hauled under the ship's keel. For the dry hold, you are three times made to drop upon the deck.

"He had begged and prayed, and thrown himself upon his knees before me like a child; but I never go back on my word. When he came out of the water the third time he was mad with fear and anger. When they began to haul him up for the dry hold his yells were so frightful as to make the whole crew shudder—I even saw some of them inclined to snivel; but I looked at them, and that *didn't* last long, I tell you! Then he uttered such threats against me as I have never heard in all my life. As you may suppose, I merely shrugged my shoulders—but that did not prevent my keeping a close eye upon him all the rest of the voyage, during which he did his work without incurring any further punishment.

"At the end of the passage, when we landed at Havre, he came very respectfully, hat in hand, to settle his account; but, when he had signed a receipt and pocketed his money, he clapped his hat upon his head, and, seizing my hand, said to me:—

"'Now that you have no more power over me, captain, if you will take a word of advice from me, never let me meet you out of France!'

"I was not much disquieted by this threat, though I determined to bear it in mind, knowing that he was quite capable of carrying it into execution. But in the long run one forgets things, and I ceased to remember him, though I had written conspicuously on the cover of my log-book, on the front page of my pocket-book, and on the outside of my case of charts: 'Beware of the American.' So that, on seeing him before me surrounded by his pals, I was astonished only at one thing—to find myself still living; but I quite understood that that fact did not go for much.

"'Captain Marius Congourdan,' he asked, 'do you remember me?'

"'Enough of that,' I replied. 'You want to assassinate me—do it out of hand. But you are

a coward, and I despise you; and you don't make me fear you in the least.'

"I rose, with the intention of advancing up to them, but felt myself held back, and then perceived that I was fastened by a leathern belt and a long rope to an enormous balloon, secured by four ropes to as many trees.

"'Wretches!' I cried. 'At least you are not going to hang me?—it is only thieves or traitors that are hanged, and all that I have done in this world has been done openly and boldly!'

"The American advanced a step, and replied to me:—

"'Captain Congourdan, the punishment which is about to be inflicted on you is of my invention, and does not in any way resemble the penalties known on earth. For three years I have suffered by your order, and unjustly, for I was innocent. I have spent days and nights trying to invent a torture by which I could bring you to death through sufferings unknown in the history of man's ferocity. At length I have discovered *this!*'

"And he pointed to the balloon.

"'You need not trouble yourself to explain your purpose,' I said. 'You are angry with me—you have me in your power, and I cannot defend myself. Ah!—thousand millions of thunders!—if I only had you for five minutes on the deck of *Bonne Mère*—you and your crew of ruffians!'

"To this outbreak he paid no heed whatever, but bowed his head as if in an effort to concentrate his thoughts.

"'In the first place,' he said, 'understand that, in what I am going to do to you, I shall be carrying out a sentence regularly pronounced on you in accordance with Lynch Law. The men you see about you are American citizens, my friends, and it is in virtue of the verdict found by them that you are going to be punished.

"'As I wish you, if it be possible, to exhaust the measure of what a man may suffer,' he went on, 'you must be made to know, in advance, what is going to happen to you. Do not be afraid of dying too quickly. You just now asked whether we were going to hang you. Bah! that would be mere child's play! I might have had you broken up limb by limb, flogged to death, or inflicted on you one of those Chinese punishments, the mere recital of which makes one feel all goose-flesh; but that would not have satisfied me, and I have found something better. Without shedding a drop of your blood, without touching a hair of your head, I am going to make you pass through terrors and agonies unheard of in the history of human suffering!'

"'I am not afraid of pain,' I said. 'No living man can boast of ever having made me fear him, and that honour will not be yours, scoundrel that you are!'

"To tell the truth, my dear friend, I felt my heart sinking. He appeared to be so sure of his purpose, and the balloon had something about it so strange and mysterious, that, in spite of myself, I changed colour. He perceived this, and I saw in his face a smile of infernal satisfaction.

"'Perhaps you'll be better able to judge as to that presently,' he said. 'To assist you, I'll describe to you some of the torments you will have to pass through on your way to death. You will be slung by a stout belt of buffalo-hide beneath a balloon filled with gas. Shortly, when I give the word, the four ropes by which it is held will be detached, and it will rise, carrying you away with it into the air. It will continue to mount until, distended by the reduction of atmospheric pressure, it will burst and let you fall from a terrific height.

"'You will first feel your feet lifted from the ground, then sweep the points of the grass. Your arms and legs will agitate in space, and your body will swing over the abyss, growing from moment to moment deeper and deeper. You will feel yourself drawn into and absorbed by the void—terror, cold, stifling agony, will hold you for long hours suspended between all that there may be most terrifying in life and death! Now you are going to start! But, first, we'll walk you about for a few seconds to enable you to take leave of the earth. Look well at these trees, these flowers, this beautiful country, and, more than all, at this green sward, on which it is so pleasant to tread. In a few minutes you will have quitted all that, and you will never see it again!'

"At a sign made by him, four men detached the ropes holding the balloon to the trees, and all, keeping their distance, began to move away slowly. A sudden jerk threw me off my balance, but I was held up by the cord by which I was fastened to the machine.

"Then began a scene the mere memory of which makes my flesh creep. In the movement given to the balloon, it rose and fell, making the cord which sustained me now too short, now too long; now taking me off my feet, now causing my knees to bend under me; then jerking me up into the air miserably, like a marionette at the end of a string, the monsters who were inflicting this torture on me laughing all the time till their sides ached.

"Seeing this, I had for a moment an idea that the whole proceeding was nothing more than a bad joke, and that when they were tired of it, they would let me go; but the face of the American did not long allow me to deceive myself.

"When he had gloated on the sight long enough, he cried in a loud voice: 'Stop!'

"The four men halted, and I regained my feet. He then called to one of the gang, who brought him a big bottle, a large piece of roast beef, and a loaf of bread in a net bag. Two men held me by the arms, while a third fastened the bag to my belt.

"'As I don't know how long you will take to die,' he said, 'I should be sorry to leave you to expire of hunger and thirst. Here you will find food and drink for three days. By the way, don't hope to make yourself drunk—the bottle only contains water with a little bandy in it, sufficient to keep up your strength and prolong your existence. Now you have half-an-hour to think of your spiritual affairs—that over, your sentence will be carried out.'

"I cannot describe to you, and you cannot imagine, my dear friend, the horrors of that half-hour! At length he looked at his watch.

"'Let go one rope,' he cried. Then, after a pause, which seemed to me not more than a fraction of a second, he shouted again, 'Another! Another!'

"Held now only by a single rope, the balloon began to sway, but was held down by four strong men. Then, as if to enjoy my agony for the last time, the American came slowly towards me, with one of his gang. He placed himself in front of me so near as almost to touch me. I could easily have seized and strangled him, but I said to myself:—

"'Who knows? There is still, perhaps, a spark of pity in his heart. If I make a gesture he has but one word to say.' He said it!

"Suddenly, as if moved by a spring, he raised his head, flashed at me a glance of triumph, made a sign for the rope to be released, and said to me, with a laugh that could only be uttered by a demon:—

"'Good voyage to you, Captain Marius Congourdan—we are now quits!'

"'Not yet,' I cried, and, seizing him by the hand, I carried him up with me. My American struggled, tried to force open my fingers, but found the attempt to be useless, and as the balloon was rising, was only able to clutch the hand of the friend who, as I told you, was at his side. But the balloon dragged him upwards. Fastened as I was by the waist-belt, the weight of these two men caused me to hang with my head downwards and my feet in the air. But that position, awkward as it was, gave me the free use of my two hands, and I seized

"LIKE A MARIONETTE AT THE END OF A STRING."

him with my other hand. He could do nothing, and hung between the friend he was holding and myself, who would not let him go.

"'Courage, Marius!' I said to myself; 'so long as you hold on, the balloon will not mount far, and there may be time for help to arrive!'

"At that moment I heard a frightful crash on the side of the garden gate—the wooden barrier flew into splinters, and a dozen of my sailors, led by my little cabin-boy, Benoni, dashed across the flower-beds. But the balloon swayed upwards so much that the friend, feeling

ground no longer under his feet, cried to the American: 'I must leave you.'

"As he spoke he opened his hand, but the other gripped it only the more tightly.

"'Let go, or I'll cut your hand away!' cried the friend, at the same time drawing a keen-edged bowie knife, and slashing at the American's fingers, which instantly relaxed their hold, and the balloon, lightened by 150lbs. weight, took flight. All this needed only a few seconds to enact. When my sailors came up, the balloon was yet not more than fifty feet from the ground, and, as the rope was thirty feet long to which I was fastened, and the American was hanging below me, we were only a few feet out of reach. But I was beyond assistance, and could only call out to my men: 'Good-bye, lads!'

"Up, up went the balloon. Below me I saw my sailors turn for a moment, mad with rage, to the spot whence the balloon had mounted; then, like a troop of tigers, they dashed upon the gang of scoundrels, who, with their noses in the air, were thinking only of the American.

"In spite of the frightful position in which I was placed, I could see the whole of the two parties gathered as if into a black ball, out of which issued a dozen pistol-shots. But I had other things to think of. I still clutched the American with both hands. The wretch writhed like a shark on a hook, and roared frightfully. But it was all of no use; no power in the world could make me quit my hold on him; my hands were riveted to his.

"'Mercy! Mercy!' he cried.

"'Mercy? You are a nice fellow to ask mercy of *me!* I shall let you go—but not just yet. Do you understand what I mean by that?'

"'Save me, and I will save you! Hold me by my wounded hand, and leave the other free. I have a revolver—I will fire into the balloon—make a rent for the gas to escape—and in a quarter of an hour we shall reach the earth!'

"MY HANDS OPENED, AND I SAW HIM GO DOWN."

"You must be hanging five hundred feet in the air to realise what one feels on hearing that word 'earth'! In a moment I seized his left hand and let go the other. He drew his revolver and fired. But we had not taken into account the swaying of the balloon, which was untouched, and went on mounting higher and higher.

"He let his revolver fall, and again seized me with his freed hand; but the blood of his wounded hand was gradually making it slip through my grip. I had no strength to hold him; I was exhausted.

"My hands opened — he uttered a shriek—and I saw him go down, turning over in the void, like a bale of merchandise thrown into the sea.

"Down to that point I had remained conscious of my situation, though I had begun to feel dizzy, owing to the flow of blood into my head; but, on returning to an upright posture, I felt like a drunken man become sobered. But, then!—but, then! Hanging face downwards, by my belt, I could have sworn that the earth was above me! I stretched out my hands, my feet, in a mad effort to clutch it—to hold on to it!

"At the same moment, something more terrible still, perhaps, happened to me. Whether it was owing to a rising of the wind, or to the lightening of the balloon by the fall of the American, I began to feel a rolling movement, becoming more and more violent, till my body swayed backwards and forwards over a space of fifty or sixty feet. Every time I reached the highest point there was a jerk which nearly broke my back, and I said to myself: 'The rope will break!' And, indeed, I do not know why it did not snap asunder. As often as I felt the upward sway beginning I shut my eyes and murmured: 'It's all over!'

"How long this went on I cannot tell you, for after a while I lost consciousness—happily, or otherwise I should have gone mad.

"With the recovery of my senses, I began to

"I STILL CLUTCHED THE ARCH CAD WITH BOTH HANDS."

think of all that I could possibly do in my situation. First, I noticed that my girdle had shifted considerably below my waist, and that fact suggested to me the idea that I might be able to get it still lower—into such a position that, by clinging to the rope to which it was attached, I might turn it into a seat. After many efforts, I succeeded in achieving this change of posture, and so obtaining enormous bodily relief. My spirits rose, and, after resting for awhile, I said to myself:—

"'Courage, Marius! You'll be able to save yourself after all, perhaps! You have got a seat instead of being hung. None of your bones are broken; you have a stout rope between your hands—and a sailor can do many things with a rope. You don't want for food, and—talking of victuals and drink—a moment, just now, would be well spent in tasting the contents of your wallet.'

"A quarter of an hour later, after having eaten a good lump of roast beef, washed down with three or four mouthfuls of grog, I had recovered my usual *sang froid*. Looking up at the balloon above me, I said to myself:—

"'You'll do nothing by staying down here at the end of a rope that is bound to break under you sooner or later.'

"I tried to draw myself up to the balloon, hand over hand; but it was beyond my exhausted powers. Half-a-dozen times I repeated the endeavour, but vainly; and the last time my remains of strength suddenly deserted me. I lost courage—relaxed my hold, and fell back, groaning:—

"'I'm done for!'

"If my legs had been straightened out, I should have slipped through the belt, and all would have been over; fortunately, they were hooked at the knees, and the shock which I sustained when they caught in it told me that I was not yet lost.

"As you may imagine, my dear friend, I did not allow myself to remain long in that position; in a very few moments I regained my sitting posture.

"'Thousand thunders, no!' I said to myself, after resting awhile, 'it shall never be said that Captain Marius Congourdan lost his life through being unable to swarm up thirty feet of rope. But what you have first to do is to recover some of your strength, and then to find some means of resting on the road, while you are hauling yourself up hand over hand.' That problem posed me; for I could see no possible way of re-fastening my belt to the rope higher up with less than the use of three hands.

"I believe I fairly howled with rage on coming to this conclusion; I even went so far as to seize the maddening rope in my teeth and to dig my whole thirty-two ivory nippers into it. Miracle! I had found a third hand in my jaws!

"I GRIPPED ONE OF THEM."

"I lost not a moment in setting to work. I advanced gently; one, two, and a grip of my teeth; then, letting the rope go with both hands, I untied the knot at my belt, drew in the slack, and, as well as I could, re-tied the rope, of which there was now three feet less above me. I then resumed my sitting posture, and rested a bit.

"Three times I repeated this operation, and at last found myself hanging only two feet below the cords of the net—near enough to seize hold of them. I gripped one of them, and in a few moments was touching the balloon. In that position I felt almost reassured, and began really to hope that I should be able to save myself. The solid machine, which hid a portion of the sky above me, seemed like a sheltering roof.

"I scratched with my nails the material of which the balloon was made, and found it much stronger than I had imagined it to be;—it was coated with a hard varnish, and was so tightly stretched that it was impossible to make any impression on its surface.

"'The thing to be done now is to make this big ball descend,' I said to myself; 'but how?' More than ten times in succession I repeated, as a way of encouraging myself, the words of the American: 'I have a revolver—I will fire into the balloon—make a vent for the gas to escape—and in a quarter of an hour we shall reach the earth!'

"I repeated those words like a madman. Oh

once again to see trees, flowers, houses, men!—to feel gravel crunch under my feet! Ah, my poor ship—my *Bonne Mère!* To be once more on her deck in fair weather at sunrise, my crew lying right and left of me and singing gaily, while I, lounging on my quarter-deck, with a good cigar between my lips, hum some little Marseillais air. Ah! though I have to tear it open with my teeth, I must—however I do it—make an opening in that great bag of gas!'

"I plunged my right hand into one of my pockets and drew forth my knife—a dagger knife, with a blade sharp enough and strong enough to rip open a rhinoceros. I opened it, and plunged it into the balloon. Misery! I struck the point against one of the knots in the netting—the blade snapped and fell into space, leaving the handle in my grasp. For a few moments I felt petrified, then, seized with despair, I was strongly inclined to release my hold, and so at once to put an end to my sufferings.

"But I am not a man to give in so easily as that. I soon regained my courage, and searched amongst all the objects I had about me for something with which to pierce the balloon. I broke a franc piece between my teeth; but it was not pointed enough. For a moment I thought of breaking my bottle and using the foot of it for a knife, but I reflected that I should deprive myself of the drink which had sustained me, and of which I might still have need.

"After once more vainly searching in all my pockets, with a feeling of despair I passed my hand round my waist-band, and felt a sharp prick in one of my fingers—the buckle of my trousers! With an almost frantic movement I tore it from the band to which it was attached, and found that it had three sharp prongs. These I plunged into the balloon as high as I could reach. Three hisses burst from it, swelling into a whistle like that of a blacksmith's forge. The balloon had begun to empty itself! To say that it began to descend was more than I knew, for it did not seem to change its position in the least. At the end of a few minutes, however, I felt positively that the cold was diminishing, and that I could breathe more freely.

"A fresh uneasiness overtook me. The material of which the balloon was made was rent, and the slit was perceptibly growing longer and longer.

"'If that goes on,' I said to myself, 'the balloon will open from bottom to top, and you and it will fall in a mass!'

"Fortunately, the meshes of the net afforded me a little hope, for on reaching the cord the opening appeared to stop. That calmed me somewhat, and I took advantage of the relief to look below me.

"I assure you, my dear friend, if I had not been in such a cruel position, I should have thought the spectacle which met my eyes one of the most beautiful a man could look upon. All about me was brilliant sunlight, unbroken by the least speck of mist. Beneath me—three or four hundred feet—rolled a sea of clouds, half black, half fire-red, as if I had been descending into a blazing coal-furnace. In a few minutes we reached it and were enveloped in a mist, first white, then grey, then nearly black; then I heard a dull, booming sound, and felt a furious gust of wind: then came a frightful burst of lightning and thunder, with torrents of rain and hail, the stones as big as pigeons' eggs. One flash of lightning passed through, so that I could see as plainly as in broad daylight.

"I was horribly alarmed, as you may easily imagine—and yet, when I think of what I then saw, when I recall how I was dazzled by those morsels of ice, illuminated by the lightning flashes, falling like a shower of inflamed pearls

"A FRIGHTFUL BURST OF LIGHTNING AND THUNDER."

and diamonds, I wish I could see it all again—but not from the cords of a balloon.

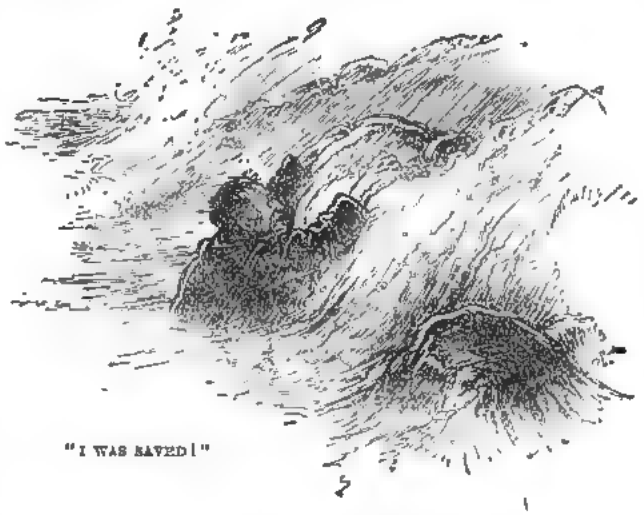
"The thunderstorm lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and then gradually subsided, the clouds becoming every moment lighter. A warm breath of wind shook the balloon and turned it round. The mist grew thinner and thinner, and, by degrees, as through a gauze veil, I perceived beneath me an immense stretch of green and yellow—it was the earth.

"At sight of the earth I went out of my senses. I shouted, I wept, I sang songs, I flung my limbs about as if I had been dancing. Alas! my good friend, my joy was not to last long.

"I felt a burning and powerful wind, and concluded from that that the balloon would be carried swiftly before it. Looking at the sun, which was getting low, I saw that we were going towards the north-west. I was making these observations when, twice in rapid succession, I heard a 'Slish! slish!' and, looking up, saw with alarm that the rent I had made in the balloon had increased over the space of two meshes of the net, and had become at least a foot and a-half long. The discovery filled me with apprehension of the machine descending too rapidly. Against that there was no remedy—I could only trust to fortune, and pray that Providence would not, after all, abandon me.

"On we whirled. The space below me changed colour; one part became a pale and unbroken plain of blue, another a dark green streaked with deep yellow or light brown. I comprehended that the blue part was the sea, the other the land. The balloon gave a fresh 'Slish!' followed speedily by two more.

"The sounds sent a thrill of terror through me, but, on looking up and seeing the increased rent, I only said: 'Split if you must—I can do no more!' But I still hoped that we might reach the ground before the rent extended from bottom to top. At the rate at which we were being sent along, the end of the voyage could not be far off; for I felt the hair of my head lifted by the air through which we were driven. Every moment the colours beneath became more positive; every moment objects separated themselves from the plain. Ah!—a mountain!—a wood!—a rock!—a prairie!—a lake! The lake grew wider—wider; trees sprang up on the borders of it—became enormous. The balloon descended towards it—lower, lower. A flight of birds sped across the water. Sounds came up from the earth—the cry of beasts. The wind made the balloon deviate a little from its course, and it was so violent as nearly to prevent my breathing.



"I WAS SAVED!"

"On, on we are whirled. We are not more than sixty feet from the water! The wind grows stronger, we fly more quickly; but the gas is escaping, the balloon is splitting—is falling lower and lower; we are within thirty feet of the water! Another thirty feet and we shall touch the shore; twenty feet more and I am in the water! A furious gust raises the balloon a few feet; one more—and I am saved!

"The gust exhausted itself. The balloon continued to descend, the wind driving it to within two paces of the shore at the foot of a ledge of rock. I drew my body out of my belt, and, swinging myself with my hands, dropped into the water, swam to the rock, and clutched hold of it. I was saved!"

SOME SCHOOL FOOTBALL RESULTS.

RUGBY.

SCHOOL	Matches				Points For	Points Against
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn		
Blundell's	11	8	3	—	303	48
Bromsgrove	11	7	4	—	?	?
Carlisle	5	2	2	1	56	51
Christ's College (Blackheath)	12	12	—	—	339	30
Denstone	11	10	—	1	383	13
Durham	9	5	3	1	?	?
Epsom	10	4	6	—	175	119
George Heriot's (Edinburgh)	15	12	2	1	153	32
Glasgow Academy	16	13	3	—	280	32
Kent Coast College	26	18	6	2	90	36
King's College School	13	9	3	1	195	51
Launceston	21	15	6	—	76	37
Llandovery	9	1	7	1	38	104
Merchant Taylors'	22	13	8	1	?	?
Mill Hill	16	7	9	—	204	183
Newcastle Modern	12	9	2	1	130	53
Oundle	8	5	2	1	?	?

ASSOCIATION.

SCHOOL	Matches				Goals For	Goals Against
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn		
Aldenham	17	10	4	3	52	42
Bradfield	12	4	6	2	27	24
Brighton	14	6	4	4	42	31
Carpenters' Company's Technical Institute	17	11	5	1	70	51
Cheltenham (Dean Close)	18	11	6	1	73	33
Chester (King's School)	19	12	5	2	107	30
Chigwell	15	12	3	—	66	19
Earl's Colne	15	13	—	2	73	11
Highgate	11	3	7	1	21	35
Lancing	16	8	6	2	44	40
Oswestry	9	7	2	—	50	9
Owen's (Islington)	15	13	1	1	97	12
Portsmouth	15	7	7	1	39	42
Prior Park (Bath)	13	9	2	2	53	18
Reading	12	9	3	—	65	24
Repton	9	6	3	—	34	19
Stonyhurst	6	1	4	1	17	25
Wantage (King Alfred's)	17	10	7	—	48	35
Woolston	29	14	10	5	?	?

These lists were compiled with great difficulty, owing to the unbusinesslike way in which secretaries sent in their results. Returns which have come in since this number was sent to press will be published in our August number.

DRESS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THINKING that the public mind might be interested in the above at the present moment, we have made inquiries at four of the great schools, and append results:—

ETON.

Here a boy wears top hat, "Etons," and a black tie; his trousers must *always* be turned up. He must stick to black boots. When he reaches the height of 5ft. 5ins. he dons a black swallow-tail coat, a low collar, and a white tie. Also his great-coat collar must *always* be turned up.

The first eleven and the "boats" may wear white flannels and white ducks respectively; for all others grey flannels are *de rigueur*.

RUGBY.

Black coat and waistcoat, and black tie are compulsory. No one may wear brown boots, fancy waistcoats, or scarf pins.

CHARTERHOUSE.

The costume is as follows:—Black coat and waistcoat, ordinary trousers, black tie. This must not even have a pattern on it for the first two years of a boy's time. None but black boots are allowed. Even when going home for an *exeat* no "first year" boy may wear coloured tie or button-hole, or carry a stick. No scarf-pins are ever worn, and no fancy waistcoats. Top hats are never used, but bowlers only. All caps have to be worn with the peak behind, except by the first eleven.

HARROW.

All boys in the Sixth and Fifth have to wear a black tail-coat, just like an evening dress-coat. In the Lower School they wear black "Etons." Waistcoats generally black; those that launch out in this line are promptly restricted. The hat is a shallow straw, held by an elastic at the back, and this is worn all the year round. No brown boots under any circumstances. The eleven wear a speckled straw instead of white.

(FROM THE *Eastbournian*.)

BILL STICKERS.

Apropos of a young lady, on seeing the notice "Bill Stickers will be Prosecuted," asking what the poor man had done.

I.

WHO knows not of the "Wandering Jew,"
Pursued till life's lamp flickers?
But sweet his fate compared, I ween,
With Stickers—William Stickers!

II.

He lurks in grimy, smoky lanes
'Mid fumes of noisome "*vickers*."
Where man abides no peace can be
For persecuted Stickers.

III.

In Fashion's parks, where nobles stride,
And swells with golden "tickers,"
The blood-red letters meet the eye—
"Beware! O William Stickers!"

IV.

No saving influence reaches him,
No curates, rectors, vicars;
And headlong, free from fear of sin,
Goes heedless William Stickers.

V.

Some name him low, immersed in gloom,
While quaffing noxious liquors,
But never yet has Christian seen
Ubiquitous Bill Stickers!

VI.

He's never caught, though often seen,
Close leagued with pocket-pickers;
Himself must rest in mystery,
We know him but as "Stickers."

SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

I MUST ask contributors to bear in mind that they must only send *original matter* for publication in these pages.

One year's subscription to THE CAPTAIN is this month awarded to HARRY LEVEN, Ivy House, Farndon, Byfield, Northants, for his poem entitled "Rugger Recessional."

Rugger Recessional.

There's a field among the elm trees
  Where my fancies often stray,
And I hear the fellows shouting
  On a sunny winter day.
With their—
  "School! School!
Oh, well run sir; nicely done, sir.
  WELL—PLAYED—SCHOOL!"

And I draw my arm-chair closer
  Whilst I poke the fire again,
And once more I find the touch-line,
  And I hear, amidst the rain,
Echoes—
  "School! School!
Well picked up, sir; well kicked up, sir.
  WELL—PLAYED—SCHOOL!"

Ah! those days are far behind me,
  And my hair is turning grey;—
Far away the chaps are shouting
  Where the stately elm trees sway.
With their—
  "School! School!
Oh, well passed, sir; neatly grassed, sir.
  WELL—PLAYED—SCHOOL!"

And I might grow sentimental
  As I see that happy crowd,
If I did not hear an echo
  Of a cry—once shrill and loud—
With its—
  "School! School!
Play the game, sir; just the same, sir.
  WELL—PLAYED—SCHOO-OO-OOL!"

HARRY LEVEN.

A Cycle Tour.

"A. K.'s" inquiry in your April number raises the query, "How, when, and where?" as the cost of the tour is so much enhanced if one stays overnight at fashionable resorts in the height of the season.

A friend and I had a very enjoyable tour through the Scottish Highlands last July-August, and perhaps some particulars may be of interest to "A. K."

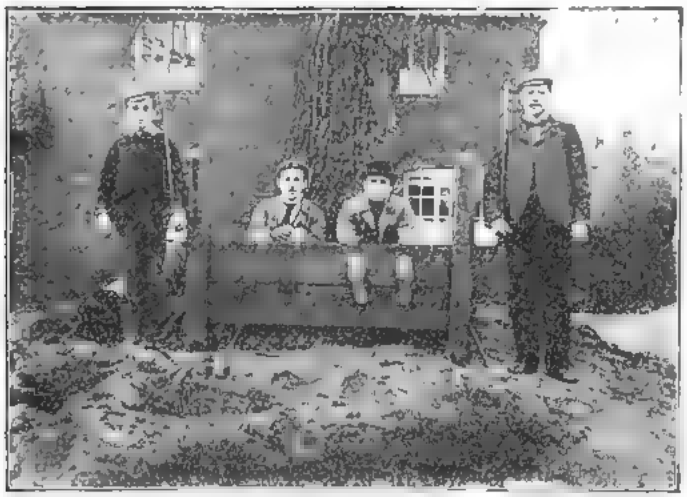
Starting to ride from Dundee, we spent about a fortnight, breaking the journey at the following places: Pitlochry, Kingussie, Inverness, Fort William, Oban, Arrochar, Largs, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Excepting the steamer from Helensburgh to Greenock we rode all the way over good roads. We took a complete change of clothes for each, in a small trunk, which we sent on every morning by rail, and found waiting our arrival in the afternoon. Being members of the C.T.C., we got a discount of 2d. or 3d. in the shilling off our hotel bills, and the total cost of the tour averaged 8s. per diem. This included bedroom, dinner, and breakfast at the hotels, and for lunch we had oatcake and butter with milk at a farm-house *en route*.

ROBERT DAVISON.

With the Mails to the Fleet.

When the Diamond Jubilee Fleet was assembled at Portsmouth, I was enabled, through the agency of friends, to make a trip on torpedo boat No. 72, which was at the time I mention engaged in carrying the mails to the foreign vessels of the immense armament then lying at Spithead. The mail bags were lying in confusion about the deck, each being labelled with the name of the vessel for which it was intended. They were extremely light, and could not have contained more than half a dozen letters each. Passing through the lines of British ironclads, we reached the foreign line, and made our first call at the cruiser that represented Siam. A rope was thrown us, to which the mail bag was attached; it was then hauled on board. We also received in return another bag containing the letters of the crew. This cruiser, which is used as the Emperor's yacht, was beautifully ornamented and fitted up; her officers carried daggers in the place of swords. Next, we ran alongside of the large Italian battleship. "That is the finest vessel in the fleet," observed one of our crew. Well, so she certainly was to look at, but I could not help thinking that all her elaborate gold decoration and beautiful fittings would not stand for much in an engagement.

Passing the Japanese battleship, painted grey, with the peculiar flag of her nation—bearing a



SENT BY ALFRED FELL.

crude representation of the sun—flying at her yard-arm, we called upon the cruiser of the "Dons," and were not prepossessed in her favour by the extreme tardiness of her crew in throwing us a rope, which, in spite of the angry hails and demands of our crew, was quite five minutes before it arrived. This incident, I thought, was characteristic of the Spanish nation. After this we arrived at the U.S. cruiser *Brooklyn*, an extremely fine vessel painted entirely white; her crew were squatting lazily about the deck. She afterwards played an important part in the Hispano-American war.

Passing the French cruiser with her long ram showing above water, and also the Norwegian, Danish, and German vessels, for which there were no letters, we made our final call on the large Russian cruiser *Rossia*, which, having four funnels, greatly resembles *H.M.S. Terrible*. We now returned to the dockyard jetty, and thus ended a very enjoyable and interesting trip.

H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Impression of the Music of a fine Organ.

(Written after losing a sovereign.)

Splendidly loud, grand, and strong.
Majestic, full, and slow,
Like a golden dream the melody stream,
Entranced my heart in its flow.

And as throughout that mighty hall
Thundered the stately roll,
The undefined rose in my mind
And surged in my swelling soul.

Methought I saw dread ghastly strife
Rush shrieking from her den,
Mad with wrath, shrieking forth
Her lust for the blood of men.

Methought I heard the agony gasp
Of weary, straining flight;
Then the swift blast came roaring past,
Glorying in his plight.

Etc., etc.

TOBY.

P.S.—I have just lost £1; it makes me feel awfully soft.

Hidden Places.

Have you read my book? (river).

I should do better than Ethel (island).

Can you take Carl to Newton? (town).

The Cyclists' Touring Club (river).

He came last night, and gave to Ned endless presents (four rivers).

SPHINX JUNIOR.

According to Circumstances.

An Englishman and an Irishman met one day, and the former, wishing to have some fun with Pat, asked him if he was good at measurement?

"I am that," said Pat.

"Then, could you tell me how many skirts I could get out of a yard?" asked the Englishman.

"Well," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you get into."

P. LOGAN.

UNVEILING OF JUDGE HUGHES' STATUE AT RUGBY SCHOOL.

Presence of Mind.

This incident, which has the additional value of being true, clearly shows what great advantage presence of mind gives to the possessor.

Years ago, when my grandfather was a young man, a gentleman friend, who had been studying hard to be a solicitor, called in to spend the night with him and his brother.

They thought that the gentleman appeared very funny during the evening, but had very little idea of what was to follow.

During my grandfather's absence from the room, the gentleman took out a large pocket knife and showed it to my uncle. He gripped him by the wrist and said: "Wouldn't this be a nice knife to cut a man's throat with?"

My uncle replied that it would be splendid, and offered to sharpen it on his own knife.

The gentleman, thoroughly taken in by the straight face which my uncle was keeping, handed over his knife.

My uncle, after searching his pockets, exclaimed:—

"Oh, dear me! I've left my knife upstairs; let me go and fetch it." He then left the room, keeping his eyes fixed on the lunatic as he did so.

When he had got clear, he rushed up to my grandfather, who was very athletic. It was some time before they got the gentleman to bed, but at last they succeeded in doing so, and locking the door on him.

In the morning the gentleman was sent to an asylum.

N. R. Rawson.

A COMPLETE SENTENCE IS GIVEN IN THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION. WHAT IS IT?

(Guy Centaro, Florence.)

More about that Hektograph.

(In reply to "K. R. W.")

The first thing to do is to soak 4ozs. of gelatine (such as used for cooking purposes) or good glue in an ordinary jam jar (gelatine is better, as it gives a much clearer copy) until it is *quite* soft; then strain off the water, leaving just enough, say three per cent., in ratio to the gelatine. Then put the mixture in jar into a saucepan nearly full of water, heat the whole until the water is quite boiling; then add 16ozs. of glycerine, and mix thoroughly, leaving the mixture to get quite liquefied (stirring the whole time); after that, pour in tray and leave in a cool place to set.

The ink is made by mixing: 1oz. aniline dye and nearly 3ozs. of glycerine and water.

Hoping that those whom I have inconvenienced will excuse my mistake, which I did not notice until it was pointed out, I remain, tendering apologies,

T. H. D.

P.S.—The copy will die out in about four hours' time if the ink is made by the last recipe.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

R. Bruce Chambers.—Your verses display distinct ability, but here and there they are halting. Your "Midshipmite" in the May number pleased me very much, and possessed the "swing" which this poem on Ladysmith somewhat lacks. Do not try to climb too high at first. Be simple, natural, and melodious, and never go out of your way to coin loud-sounding phrases. Wait till a poem "bubbles" out—don't *force* the Muse.—**W. W. Goalen.**—Have handed your letter to the writer of

THE SCOTS GREYS IN EDINBURGH.

(Photograph by Robt. Ewald.)

the article. Your steamships are delicately drawn. —**H. E. Inger.**—Kindly inform me whether the anagrams you sent were original or not.—**H. A. Dawson.**—Your writing makes me wink. If a contribution is worth sending, surely it is worth your while to write it clearly in good black ink on nice clean paper. **Ethel Day.**—A little more time, trouble, and pruning would have improved your verses. Next time put each poem on a separate sheet of paper. Your "Lullaby" is the best of the three. Touched up here and there it might be suitable for setting to music. Thanks for your charming letter. **H. B. W.**—"Kelpie" very fair. Try again—something simpler. **T. C. Judson.**—Your hand-writing is considerably improved. I will print your little poem next month. **M. D.**—M'yes! I'm rather tired of poems on the war. Why not write one on "How I Stormed the Stale Cakes in the Refreshment Rooms at Kew Gardens"? **A. Cornali** (Bordeaux).—Sorry can't use the puzzle. Glad to hear French boys are taking to football so enthusiastically. **W. M. W.**—You seem to have had a lively afternoon. See measurements in June number. **A. E. Jones.**—Send a short, simple puzzle. The one you submit would take up too much space.

Contributions also received from: A. de Bear, A. B. Fearnley, S. H. Hodge, H. G. Garland, "H. L. D.," Ralph Wells, A. B. Rosher, J. K. Rankin, "Second Mate," John Cox, L. R. P. T., R. Adams, Charles Eastbury, "Bob-o'-Link" (Ontario), "Beacon," Arthur Maunder, R. C. Tharp, W. Nettleton, H. Barnshaw, "Scriptograph" (no name), J. G. Brown, R. West-Symes, "Quindecim," J. L. Rayner, H. Kitching, Francis English, W. Nunndey, "Oxford," C. Clarkson. M. Child, Crocodile, Dudley Morzley, Ernest Watson, T. V. B., Archie Adams.

N.B.—*Those not mentioned will understand that their contributions arrived too late for consideration in this number. Some accepted contributions, crowded out of this number, will appear in future issues.*

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,

Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by July 12th

No. 1.—"**Mixed Lines.**" Put in their right order the following lines, which I have taken from a London evening paper. This is a more "mixed" paragraph than that one which related to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Three "Swan" Fountain Pens will be the prizes.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

summer, tired though he may feel from
about that in this case work means
when the time has come for him to
mering on the anvil had, and so it comes
over go into his garden and amuse
The village blacksmith rises early, and all
rake, working perhaps as hard at this
cease his labours at the forge in the
about it to that of his constant ham-
why? Because it is a "change," it is
his amusement, his brain is occupied with
his monotonous work, the chances are
work which has a different "smack"
work as he has been working at his forge,
that he will after his "day's work" is
himself with his spade, his hoe or his
but this sort of labour does not tire him.
day long he wields his heavy hammer.
in a kind of way, "rest" to him.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"**Fags' Competition.**" A Cricket Bat (selected by Mr. Fry) will be awarded for the best essay on "Fagging." Not to exceed 400 words.

One class only ... ... Age limit. Sixteen.

No. 3.—"**Portrait of a British General.**" Three Sets of Drawing Materials will be awarded for the three best portraits of a British General, in pen, pencil, or colours.

Class I. ... ... Age limit. Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 4.—"**My Father.**" Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded for the three best essays (not exceeding 400 words) on your father (or guardian).

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"**Description of Kruger**" Competition. For particulars see back of frontispiece.

No. 6.—"**Photograph Comp.**" Three Handsome "Mounting" Albums (for preserving photos in) will be presented to the readers sending the three best photographs of *people* (groups or single figures).

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit. Sixteen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

"**The fault** of all modern labour lies in the fact that there is no heart in anything we do—we seldom love our work for work's sake—we perform it solely for what we can get by it. Therein lies the secret of failure."—MARIE CORELLI.

"**Manners Makyth Man.**"—This is the Winchester motto. Some years ago a friend of mine—a newspaper reporter—went down to report an Eton *v.* Winchester match, played at the latter school. He found that a table had been supplied for the Press. He sat down, and the match started.

Presently a big Winchester boy, followed by a crowd of small boys, approached the table. The big boy felt that he was a very big boy—the small boys, that they were very small boys.

"Oh—ah!" said the big boy. "Are you a reporter?"

"Yes," replied my friend.

"Ah! Do you write for papers?"

"As a rule," said the Old Fag's friend.

"Ah! Shall you send a report of this match to the papers?"

"Yes," said my friend.

"*What* papers?"

"Oh, the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Standard*, and a few more."

"Oh—ah! Does it cost much money?"

"Yes, a good deal of money."

"Oh—ah!"

Then my friend looked up at the big boy.

"Oh—ah!" he said. "Are you a Winchester school-boy?"

"Yes, I am at Winchester"

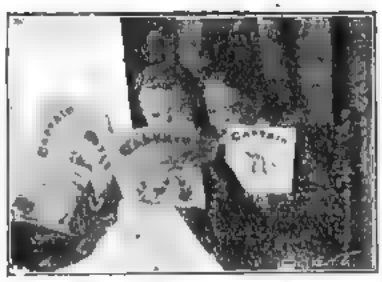


Photo by R. F. Meggitson.

"Indeed! And have you ever observed the motto of your school?"

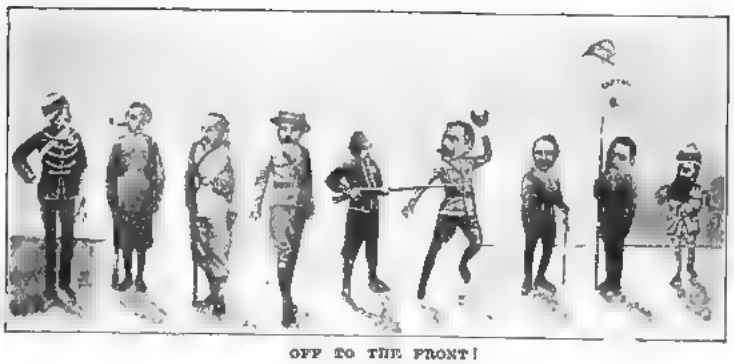
"Yes, occasionally."

"The motto," said my friend, "is 'Manners Makyth Man.' When an impertinent school-boy looks over a gentleman's shoulder and asks him impertinent questions I like to remind him of that motto."

And the story goes that the big boy went away feeling considerably less big, because the small boys laughed at him.

Black and White Work.—As I am constantly receiving queries on this subject, here is a general reply to "One of the Old Brigade," "A. J. Judd," and many others. (1) Work in line—pen and ink—on Bristol board. A drawing is generally made larger for reproduction. (2) Yes; always enclose a stamped envelope, or stamps to cover postage, and always write your name and address on the back of sketches. (3) I advise you to work in line, as so many artists go in for wash drawing, and line will pay best in the long run. For wash drawings use Whatman's board. (4) When you have made a pen drawing, shade very lightly with a blue pencil the part on which you wish a tint to appear. The tint is put on by the engraver; but you should not get into the habit of using it too much, as it is apt to give the drawing a flat appearance. (5) See advertisements in the *Artist* or the *Studio* for the addresses of Schools of Art.

"**Reviews** of School Magazines" are held



OFF TO THE FRONT!
Sent by Gordon Barnsley.
(Each face represents a person well known to you.)

over till next month, as their space is occupied by "Football Results."

General Buller, you will be interested to hear, is probably the only living general—possibly the only British officer—who was educated at Eton *and* Harrow. "The fact is," writes "Harrovian," "he was here for two terms first, after which it was thought better that *his education should be continued elsewhere*, as he broke so many windows—and rules." So he went on to Eton, and the Thames air made him a much better boy.

Tallest Schoolboy.—A Marlborough boy writes: "Last term we boasted a collegiate whose height was *no less than 6ft. 8½ins.*! The most ponderous of the collegiates turns the scale at 14st. Surely this speaks well for the life and dietary that we enjoy here."

Father Christmas O.F.—During the first year of its existence THE CAPTAIN has awarded to his crew a total of 241 prizes. There have been 199 money prizes, which amount to £140 13s. 6d., and 110 volumes of THE CAPTAIN and other magazines. Readers have also been enriched by 1 brooch, 3 cricket bats, 1 watch, 9 fountain pens, 1 kodak, 1 gramaphone, 3 sets of drawing materials, 1 case of scent, 1 study clock, 1 silver-mounted blotter, 1 autograph or stamp album, 4 stamp packets, 8 stamp albums, and to 6 readers he has sent THE CAPTAIN free for one year. These prizes have been awarded in 119 comps.

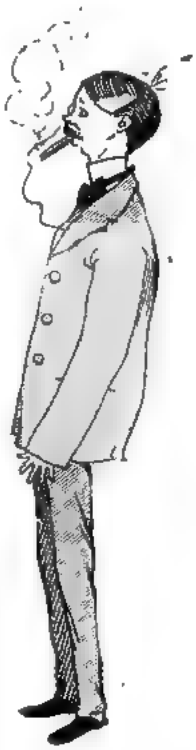
[The above particulars have been forwarded to me by "Second Mate." I hope he has had something himself on this Christmas-tree.—O.F.]

Stock Exchange Cricket Champions.—In the history of the Stock Exchange which Mr. Charles Duguid, of the *Westminster Gazette*, has compiled for the handsome *souvenir* of the institution which has just been issued, there are many references to the athletic and sporting proclivities of the members. A run to the top of the Monument and back to the Stock Exchange was arranged between two members on one occasion, and on another a walk to Brighton. But it is in cricket that the "House" excels. Amongst celebrated cricketers who are members of the Stock Exchange are the Hon. Ivo Bligh, Mr. C. J. Burnup, Mr. Stanley Christopher, Mr. A. P. Lucas, Mr. Gregor MacGregor, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, and Mr. K. J. Key. How many people know that all these are members of the Stock Exchange?

Public Schools and the War.—

DEAR SIR,—You will be interested to hear that even Clifton's splendid record of O.C.'s at the front (to which you draw attention in the current issue of THE CAPTAIN), is surpassed by one of our leading South African schools. St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, has no fewer than 230 of its sons fighting in the war. The Imperial Light Horse, on which the brunt of the hard fighting fell in Natal, was largely recruited from Old Andreans, a company of whom shared with the gallant Gordons the

TODDLEKINS: "Why, what the dooce did the War Office find wrong with *me*?"



By J. Dale.

honour of being the first to gain the crest of the ridge at the Battle of Elandslangte.—Yours faithfully,

W. OWEN JENKINS
(Headmaster, Dio. Coll. School).

P.S.—THE CAPTAIN is much appreciated by our South African "Boys and Old Boys."

A Charity which boys should support is that known as the "National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children," 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London. Over 12,000 poor boys have benefited by the society, which supplies the crews for the training ships *Aretheusa* and *Chichester*. I think many schools might send one Sunday's chapel collections per annum to Mr. Henry G. Copeland, the secretary of this society.

British Amateur Literary Association.—I have been asked to make it known to "Special Pagers" that the above-named association has been established to stimulate literary activity among those who are devoted to literature, either as a hobby, or with the more serious view of ultimately adopting it as a profession. The annual subscription to the association is 3s. 6d. The "B.A.L.A." is in no shape or form a money-making concern—it is honestly and competently conducted, and the officials by whom its affairs are managed have been elected by the membership, and are strictly honorary. Further particulars can be obtained from Mr. E. James, "The Trosachs," Egham, Surrey.

A GOOD ALL-ROUND MAN.
Drawn by Reub. Cohen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ellis says that if you turn the May CAPTAIN upside down and look at "W. G.'s" left foot, there is the face of another cricketer. I have done this, but the face is that of a sleepy Japanese girl, I should say, rather than of so wideawake a person as a cricketer ought to be.

H. Huggins.—If you wish to be a cadet-apprentice you must obtain your parents' consent, and then apply to any of the large shipping firms for particulars. Although you have given up the thought of being "an honest citizen," I hope you will make a truly honest sailor.

A Girl Captain says she may belong to the "weaker sex," but she isn't very weak for all that, seeing that, though only fifteen years of age, she is 5ft. 6¾ins. tall, and weighs 10st. 8lbs.!

Afsa Horner.—(1) You may typewrite your solutions if you like—it doesn't matter. (2) In criticising handwriting one requires to know the age of the writer. As a person grows older, his or her writing becomes more formed. I am not an expert, but I think yours shows character. It is pleasant to read, and so is your letter.

W. O. S. McGowan sends me a photograph of the Royal School, Dungannon, Ireland, and tells me that it is one of the biggest and oldest of the Irish schools, having been founded by James I., in 1604. Many thanks.

Bunny.—I sent your "slaughtering" post-card to the printer. He was very alarmed, and begged me not to give you his address. Unhappy man! But he won't put a wrong page number on "back of frontis." again.

Dorothy Cromey.—I wrote in your album. The verse was inspired by painful memories of indigestible cakes and ill-made beds.

Cyril H. B. (LEEK).—(1) Your stock of rabbits has indeed increased most *rabbitly!* (2) "Butterflies, Moths, and Beetles," by W. F. Kirby, from Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster, 36, Strand, W.C.

V. Dashwood (SOUTHBOURNE).—(1) Both "MacDonald, V.C.," and "Wardour, of Greyhouse," were in the present war in South Africa. (2) I hope the June cover satisfied your military tastes. (3) No CAPTAIN cover would be such without a touch of red in it; that is why the "Old Grey" was given a red instead of a khaki coat.

L. S. Holmes (ANFIELD).—Send 1s. 9d. to the publisher for a case in which to bind Vol. II.

"Darby."—For all entomological requisites write to Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster, 36, Strand, London, W.C.

A Paisley Buddy says our covers give him the jumps and keep him awake at night. Hurrah! Better they should do that than send him to sleep, as some magazine covers would.

C. J. Miller.—Comps. don't go astray in the post. Go on trying and sending in until you see yourself down for a prize or "Hon. Men."

C. A. Rinson.—Your age (16) is just about right for an apprentice. You should apply by letter to some of the large London or Liverpool shipping companies. Enclose a stamped envelope, and they will send you all the particulars you require. The dates of departure of all the largest sailing ships are advertised in the newspapers. A knowledge of navigation will always be of use to you. Why not try and ship out of Hull, where, perhaps, you would know someone? No! I won't advise you to go to sea; but, at the same time, if you really think you would like the life, there is many a worse profession. I cannot think of a good firm just at the moment, but if you experience any difficulty in this matter write again.

Mr. Tom Lloyd has presented the boys of the training ship *Arethusa*, at Greenhithe, Kent, with Vols. I. and II. of THE CAPTAIN, and intends to take it in and send it to them every six months. I think this is very kind and thoughtful of Mr. Lloyd.

E. F. I. (West Hartlepool).—All the books you mention are entirely out of print, and you can only obtain them—if, indeed, they are to be obtained—by advertising in the *Bazaar Exchange and Mart*, or perhaps you may be able to pick some of them up at a second-hand bookseller's.

B. L. B.—The headquarters of the Boys' Life Brigade are the Sunday School Union, Ludgate Hill, E.C., from whom all particulars may be obtained.

BARMOUTH BRIDGE.
Sent by J. N. Arnfield.

C. E. L. (Sheffield).—(1) The best book you can really buy is the volume on "Tennis", in the Badminton Library. The price of this is 10s. 6d., but Messrs. A. & F. Denny, of the Strand, supply it for 7s. 11d. (postage about 5d. extra). I should advise you to get this. (2) We shall have articles on the subjects you mention in time.

Lil.—I will perhaps publish a "Portfolio of English Schools" one of these days.

J. K. H.—(1) Don't smoke; you are much too young to begin yet. (2) Send a stamped envelope to Mr. Manning Foster for the names and addresses you require.

Toby, writing from Germany (and writing well, considering that he has broken his thumb at cricket), supplies me with the interesting information that Dr. Jameson, of "Raid" celebrity, was educated at "Toby's" old school—the Godolphin, Hammersmith.

F. W. B. — Certainly, original photos are accepted for publication in The Captain.

Sydney J. Moses.—(1) Exercise, fresh air, and healthy living will make you grow; this is the only "recipe" I can give you. (2) Tell your pretty cousin to send her photo in for our "Pretty Cousins' Page."

Vernon Jones, of University College School, seems to be a well-built fellow. He is 6ft. 0½ins. high, 38½ins. round the chest, and weighs 11st. 2lbs.

A. S. S.—I will think over "practical" comps.

A Young Angler.—"The Book of the Dry Fly," by G. A. B. Dewar, is published by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, Henrietta Street, London, to whom write for further particulars as to price, etc.

"Fives."—The next time it occurs, use Sanitas Embrocation.

Teerbohm Bree.—I have read your maiden epistle, and I beg to say that if I couldn't walk twenty miles in a day I *should* be a poor Old Fag.

CHALET OVERLOOKING SHANKLIN CHINE.
Taken by "Camera."

Afrikander says Mafeking is pronounced "Maf-e-king," the "e" hardly being sounded at all.

D'Artagnan.—(1) Congratulations on passing the Cambridge Senior! Why not choose "John Halifax, Gentleman," for your prize? (2) My dear chap, I really cannot tell you how to cure yourself of being timid at hockey. Just play up as hard as ever you can, and don't think about yourself; in the excitement of the game quite hard knocks are often passed unnoticed. (3) You don't want to send your back numbers to South Africa because you like them so much yourself? Then I'll tell you what to do. Send your back numbers to Tommy Atkins, and buy a volume for yourself—or win one in a competition. (4) Your 1837 fourpenny-piece is worth, if in good condition, about 6d.; if at all worn, not more than 3d.

D. L. G. (Navy).—I have handed your letter to Mr. Manning Foster.

Scape-goat.—Send a stamped envelope.

A. J. Judd.—Right! Go up top!

Cliftonian tells me that Clifton has now 280 old boys at the Front.

"Give the Boers beans."—You must "wait for weight." Meanwhile, fresh air, exercise, a cold bath in the morning, and good food will make you muscular, and by putting on muscle you put on weight. Nobody expects a boy who has grown fast to be anything but lean. A good many fellows would give a lot to have some of your inches. Be proud of your height—don't deplore it. Don't smoke, use dumb-bells, and write again in six months' time.

V. H. Jones.—(1) Hints to artists in this number. (2) If you tack another name on to yours, you have to advertise the fact in the principal daily papers. (3) Certainly I will put my name in your autograph book.

Wally.—Send a stamped envelope.

R. T. H. (Marlborough).—I got your correspondence re "Old Boys," but had no space wherein to publish it. Many thanks.

Enterprising.—(1) Two articles on "Something in the City" appeared in Nos. 3 and 4, May and June, 1899. (2) An article on "Pets" is coming along. (3) Your writing is very neat and readable.

"Nota Bene."—You should obtain the "Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge," published by Messrs. George Bell & Sons at 6s. 6d.

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"Pyrotechnics."—(1) Get "The Complete Art of Making Fireworks," by Thomas Kentish, published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus at 5s. (2) THE CAPTAIN is published on the 22nd of each month—that is, for the following month. This, the July number, will be on sale on the 22nd of June.

C. R. Harris.—The "Greyhouse Tales" will probably be published in book form in the autumn. Further details as to price, etc., will be announced in due course.

Banns, H. B. Chapman, N. Y. Westall, R. H. Southern, An Old Boy, L. W., Sir Kenneth, A. G. Martin, M. S. Dyer, A Public School Boy, "B. B. J. J. S. S.," "Two Tom-Boys," R. G. Weil, T. P., and our old friend "Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh," all send letters touching on the qualities of girls and boys. I think I will publish a page of extracts from the best of these next month.

Moralist.—Send some more particulars and a stamped envelope, and I will help you if I can.

Strive Aright.—I will take the question of THE CAPTAIN badge into consideration. I am glad to know that I have such a warm supporter as you at Marlborough. By all means consider yourself the official representative of THE CAPTAIN.

J. W. Campbell.—I do not know whether *Truth* published a key to the pictures. You had better order their Christmas number and see.

Centre-half.—You are a grateful boy, I must say.

Also letters from: E. Walter Bligh, "L. M. N.," R. Osborne, A Present Cliftonian, "Fifteen Years Old," "Dark Blue," R. Walker, Skinny (idea for comp.), "Mimosa," "Swift," Gordon, "Bobs," "R. D. G.," "Solitaire," Theodore Priestman, John R. Shires (photo of Ashville College, Harrogate), "Transport," E. Payn le Sueur (Canada), "Ariel," "B. G. S. (photo of Batley Grammar School), L. M., and many others. I thank them all for their kind wishes.

A number of answers held over.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—Best List of "Probable Inventions of the Twentieth Century."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF 7s.: W. H. SUMMERS, 13, Barbican Terrace, Barnstaple, Devon.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF 7s.: THOMAS PARNELL, West Haddon, Rugby.
HONOURABLE MENTION: R. H. B. Clark, Albert S. Livingstone, M. A. Langley.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: PAL. M. BIBES, 48, Weston Road, Gloucester.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: DANIEL A. MCGHEE, 96, Bowman Street, Glasgow.
HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Nettleton, W. E. A. Harris, John H. Jones.

No. II.—Best "Map of Canada."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: WILLIAM LOGAN, c/o Raeburn, 15, Spottiswood Street, Edinburgh.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Harry Locker, Irene Pettey, Ruth Chignell, E. M. Webb, Alice L. Korchlin, Mary Moreton, Maude F. A. Curran, E. Thompson, Henry Marle.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)
WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: FRED INKSTER, 30, Lutton Place, Edinburgh.
HONOURABLE MENTION: R. V. Wheeler, Cherry Pettey, M. Long, Hilda Gilling, H. D. Mundell, S. F. Sweeting, Evelyn Cossart, Florence Macnab, J. F. Harris, W. R. Lawton, Janet G. Moulfaws, S. A. Goodwin, Arthur Kellas, Harold Owen, John Wood, R. Leatham, Violet Duke, H. G. Lee, R. N. Boequet, Marjorie Goodwin, Madge Guild, Thomas Linton, G. E. R. Smith, A. N. Ruddock, P. M. Fremlin, F. Kathleen Mathow, George Kilby.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)
WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: FRED C. PORTER, 40, College Street, Southampton.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Bertha Williamson, Kitty Low, Charles E. Vowles, May Ladell, C. Langslow, Dorothy M. Falkner, M. Hauptmann, Hilda Johns, Dorothy Stewart, H. S. Stokes, G. L. Field, Ethel L. Edwards, Bessie D. Mann, V. S. Longman, Esther Low, Daisy Tennings, H. R. Hodge, H. S. George Maxwell, Henry D. Yates, Amy Hodgson, A. Ibbotson, Alma Uffindell, G. R. Grieve, John Gauld, C. Lister, Robert H. Collins, J. D. P. Collins, Hugh Thomas, Alex. B. Clements, S. W. Grose, A. W. G. Kidd, Mary Stedman, J. Greenwood, Hannah Low, Ethel Gowler, Fred S. Eyden.

No. III.—"A Mixed Line Paragraph."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: W. W. CLARKE PITTS, "Fernholm," Brixham, Devon

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: SYDNEY F SWEETING, 17, Westbury Road, East Croydon; DAVID LOUGHNAN, 1, Rock Terrace, Launceston, Cornwall.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Janie A. Gillespie, Violet Oliver, Reginald W. Fox, J. Drury, F. Morley Ward, Violet C. Andrews, Arthur J. Head.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: O. JANEMIAN, Rue Sagh, No. 1, Pera, Constantinople.
CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: CLAUDE DREW, Trafalgar Square, Truro; SIDNEY PORGATE, 54, Darnley Road, Gravesend, Kent.
HONOURABLE MENTION: W. B. Gurney, Bertram Hardy, Charles T. Winters, Alfred E. Birmingham, Charles D. Green, F. Higgins, A. S. Webster, Leopold A. Field.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: EDWIN BALDWIN, 14, Milton Road, Widnes, Lancashire.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: S. H. MELLOR, Kerridge End House, Rainow, Macclesfield.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Kitty Hirst, William C. Drummond, Charles L. Wood, Margaret Rose, Frank Rogers, Stanley W. Brown, Gladys Harman, Edith A. Anthony, C. Sladen.

No. IV.—"Gentlemen *v.* Players."

As the teams chosen to play in this match will not be known until July 9th, results cannot appear this month.

No. V.—"Best Sketch Out of Doors."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF 7s.: EDITH MARY PORTER, 10, Vanburgh Park, Blackheath.
HONOURABLE MENTION: James Mulligan, C. Claude D. J'Anson, G. W. Brown.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF 7s.: SYDNEY FRANK SWEETING, 17, Westbury Road, East Croydon.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MADELINE MATHER, "Oakhurst," Cheltenham.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Kathleen Rogers, T. A. Chaplin, Sybil Haines, W. J. Daly, Maude F. A. Curran, F. V. Acton, W. S. McNair, E. R. Flynn, B. L. Towle, A. Barker, G. D. Cragges, S. Montgomery, S. O'Neill.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: J. PIKE, St. Lawrence College, York.
HONOURABLE MENTION: L. MacDonald Gill, Agnes M. Parsons, Will Lendon, Marion Hunt, Gladys Lee-Warner, Violet Streatfeild, Marion Monson, Helen C. Stone, A. S. Atkinson, John Todds, K. W. Hirons, T. W. Watkins, Victor Glenmore, Douglas Weaver, R. G. Thorn, Esther B. Mackinnon, Ernest Legard.

No. VI.—"Sphinx's Puzzles." (*Vide* "CAPTAIN Puzzle Corner," p. 393.)

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Strand," "Wide World," or "Captain."

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A SLANDER ON FAT PEOPLE

OBESITY IS NOT THE RESULT OF GLUTTONY.

ASTOUNDING SUCCESS OF THE "RUSSELL" TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

"Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient in some cases may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that on sending 3d. stamps, a book, entitled 'Corpulency and the Cure' (256 pages), containing a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals (British and Foreign), and other interesting particulars, including the 'recipe,' can be had (post free) from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C."—*Belfast News Letter.*

****

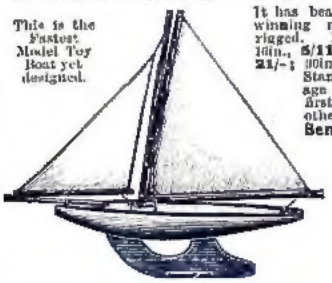
SPECIAL OFFER

To all readers of "THE CAPTAIN" suffering from Obesity.

Mr. Russell will be pleased to forward post free a Copy of his Book, "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pages, in a sealed plain envelope, to all applicants forwarding 3d. in stamps to WOBURN HOUSE, 27, Store Street, LONDON, W.C.

PRESENTS FOR BOYS.

This is the Fastest Model Toy Boat yet designed.



It has beaten all other makes, winning many prizes. Well rigged. Beautifully finished. 16in., 5/11; 21in., 13/6; 24in., 21/-; 30in., 30/-; 36in., 45/-; Stands, 1/- extra. Postage and packing, 2d. on first two sizes, 1/- on other sizes.

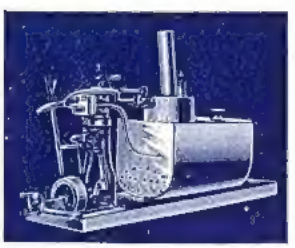
Send 1d. for Large Catalogue

(180 *Illustrations*)

of Boat Fittings, Sailing Boats, Steam Boats, Clockwork Boats, Steam and Clockwork Railways, Rails, Engines, Stations, etc., all sold separately.

WILES' BAZAAR, 38, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

MODEL STEAM ENGINES.



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An Album of Pictures and Photographs illustrating the chief events of the War under Lord Roberts. Part 1, Sixpence, just ready, contains 25 large Pictures, 14in. by 11in., and a Map. To be completed in 12 fortnightly parts.

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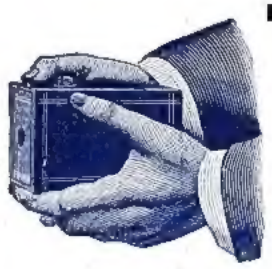
AN EFFICIENT **5/-** FILM CAMERA,



The Brownie

Not a Toy. Takes Photographs 2¼ × 2¼ ins. as clear and distinct as possible. Loaded and unloaded in daylight.

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